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MISSIONARY LIFE

AMONG THE VILLAGES IN INDIA.

BY

REV. T. J. SCOTT, D. D.,

TWELVE YEARS MISSIONARY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN INDIA.

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PREFACE.

WHY another book relating to mission work in India? The returned missionary finds justification for something new, in the surprising ignorance of the friends of missions in regard to mission work and mission fields. Without actual experience it is difficult to get a just conception of the real character of a foreign mission field, and of mission work as carried on in it. It may be safely assumed, that, as yet, by far the great majority of those who are interested in the foreign Mission work have but very imperfect ideas concerning the actual nature of the work. All missionaries, perhaps, find on reaching their field that very many of their preconceived notions are incorrect. This may be sufficient apology for adding one more illustration of the wise man's saying "of making many books there is no end."

A faithful picture of missionary life in India in its pleasures, perplexities, vexations, trials, and wants, may be found in these pages. The portraiture is drawn from "real" daily life and familiar contact with the people. The details of scenery,

descriptions of native character, customs, and opinion will help the reader to a true conception of the field and of mission work in India. Here and there a repetition, or rather similarity, of incident may be found; and should this weary the reader, it will then at least help to an appreciation of what becomes ofttimes a trial in the life of the missionary.

Some of these pages have already appeared in the periodical press. If they conveyed any information or possessed any interest for the reader then, their appearance in a new dress and more permanent form may not render them the less acceptable now. While there are kingdoms to be conquered for Jesus, these things must be kept before the Church.

T. J. SCOTT.

BAREILLY, N. W. P. INDIA,
January, 1876.

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MISSIONARY LIFE

AMONG THE VILLAGES IN INDIA.

I.

CAMP AT DAHEMI.

IF the reader does not care to follow us among the villages where vagrant dogs bark, and the lazy Hindu and bigoted Mohammedan lounge and smoke and talk, and into the groves where parrots and peacocks scream, and the melody of more favored songsters is warbled forth, and across the fields and plains glaring and heated by a fiery Indian sun, and listen betimes to our talks in the quiet village group or crowded, noizy bazaar, then these *notes* of camp-life may be passed by. It may not be uninteresting to *some* readers to run over these notes. We can not promise that they will be very entertaining, yet may assure the reader that if any desire or curiosity is felt to look into the daily life of a missionary in India, and see something of the "ups and downs," the encouragements and discouragements encountered in attempting to propagate the Gospel of salvation among the villages of Hindustan, a somewhat

faithful portraiture may be found in these *notes*. Something may be gathered from them of the "manner of life" of a missionary at his work—something of the reception met with from Hindu and Mohammedan—in a word, these *notes* "sketched on the field" may serve to give those who have the patience to read them a more lively impression of mission work in this country in the daily minuatiæ of real, active life. Finally, these notes may awaken emotions of sympathy for, and interest in, a work to us above our chief joy, and call forth sincere prayer for that work.

December 9, 1867.—Went into camp at Dahemi, five miles distant from Budaon (our home). Camp had been sent on two days before with two native helpers and their wives. Camp in these itinerations means two or three tents, with such bedding and furniture as are needed in this out-door way of living. A few goats are kept along to supply milk, while a coop of fowls and a few sheep supply meat. One of the helpers is Abraham, a converted Jew from Jerusalem itself. He was baptized in our mission and has quite a history. He came to India as a trader with a capital of about $40,000. He had previously traded in Persia, Russia, Australia, and China, and coming to India lost all. With Quaker patience his uncle started him again in business, and he set out for the importation of some cloth and silks from Russia by way of Persia. In passing Afghanistan his caravan was plundered, and he was again reduced to poverty. He had met at Peshawar on the Indian frontier, Lowenthal, a converted Jew

from Poland, but latterly from the United States as a missionary of the Presbyterian Board. Lowenthal had pointed him to Christ as the true Messiah. This "wandering Jew" now began in his accumulated losses and misfortunes to think more of the world to come "where thieves do not break through nor steal." The long despised Jesus of Nazareth rose up before him as the Savior of the world in whom he could trust. He began to look out a place in which he could attach himself to some mission. After a time he found his way into our field, not the Shylock that he was in former days as a merchant here—but a returned wanderer of "the lost sheep of the house of Israel." He was baptized in Moradabad, and after a time became an exhorter. His pronunciation and idiom in Hindustani are very bad. His Israelitish tongue somehow does not frame to pronounce it aright, although he has been here in India for several years now. With many pleasant traits he still shows something of the cunning and secretiveness of his people every-where. He has considerable zeal in preaching the long neglected Jesus to this people.

In the evening we reached camp, and found (as usual) tents and camp equipage in considerable confusion. But we learn after a time to put up with this and "rough it" a little. The delightful mango grove, with its carpet of brown and russet fallen leaves, was a redeeming feature of affairs; and a late dinner served in the open air—while the setting sun sent mellow pencils streaming through the gently rustling foliage—was relished after a jolting drive

across the country At night we went into the village, near which the camp is located, but did not succeed in getting many hearers. Two or three listened restlessly for a time, and then went off to attend to their cattle—as they said—for the night. At times it seems hard, very, to get the attention of the villagers.

December 10.—In the morning, early, sent James (a native helper) to take in his round two villages, while Abraham and myself started on foot across the fields for Goorpooree, a village two miles from camp. When we reached the village, a rough-looking friendly zemindar (farmer) met us near his sugar-cane press, and invited us into the village. A few low cots—the usual seats of the villagers when they sit on any thing—were brought out, and we were "helped to a seat." My only objection to these cots is, that you seldom find them uninhabited, and hardly escape an assault if you sit down on them. But it does not do to be squeamish or cowardly, so we took our seats and were surrounded by a half hundred natives, now our auditors, now our catechisers for the hour. We opened our message by telling them what we had come to their village for, and by trying to impress them with the destitution of their souls and their need of purity and salvation. From the outer edge of the crowd a voice put in—

"Our objection to becoming Christians is, that your Christians are turned out to starve or beg, when you baptize them."

"Where did you learn this of our Christians?"

"There 's Narain Sing, of Khunak (a village near

by), who was a prosperous zemindar, but since you baptized him he has been wandering about begging."

"Why, no, my man; he is in his village looking after his fields, and a happier man you never saw—some one has been lying to you."

"But they say his family have turned him out, and that he is now in a starving condition."

"Turned him out! No, he is living just where he was, eats the same food, wears the same clothing, carries on his farming just as he did, looks just as he did; but his *heart* is not the same. He now has a Christian heart—a good heart, and is going to heaven."

"But how about Ratan Sing?" put in some one. "We have heard that since he became a Christian, his father and mother have kicked him out, and now he is houseless and homeless."

"Not at all; his father and mother love him just as before. When he goes home, they are very glad to see him, and feed him with the best they have. They will not eat with him, because they are not Christians and can not break caste; but they still love their boy, and are not going to kick him out yet."

I then told them my surprise at their believing all kinds of foolish stories, and allowing themselves to be so deluded. It is astonishing how readily these credulous villagers believe any silly story that is put into circulation about us and our work, and there never are wanting evil-disposed persons who invent all kinds of stories to frighten them.

Narain Sing (Lion of God) is a well-to-do farmer, of high caste, baptized nearly six months ago, and

he has been the subject of not a few of these silly reports. For instance, the day he was baptized, the natives had it in every direction that the final act in the process of Christianizing him was to make him drink a quantity of warm cow's blood—a most shocking thing to a Hindu's mind. The result was, as they had it, that his stomach terribly resented the outrage, and most violently conformed to the laws of an emetic all over my premises. That story corrected itself, but now I find it going the rounds that he is starving to death. I promised to show them the man in all his starving condition, as he does not live far away. The fact that he does live within four miles of these villages makes it seem very strange that this stupid falsehood prevails. Ratan Sing (Pearl Lion) is a young man, a relative of Narain Sing, who was baptized a short time after him. Both are now the subjects of much talk.

As we left the village, I was somewhat amused at the way a palanquin cooly followed a short distance, and patronizingly suggested that little by little they would all become Christians. Evidently something had impressed *him* in the conversation which yet he seemed to think had not been altogether satisfactory to us, and in a kind of reassuring way, he attempted a word of encouragment. Doubtless the day will come when the vague impression of these Hindus will be realized; but alas for the Christless, wretched, polluted thousands that will have passed down to death.

December 10.—In the afternoon one of the head cultivators of the village at which we are encamped

visited me at the tent. He was a yielding, good natured fellow, readily consenting to almost every thing said. It was his first visit to a missionary, and, O, how dark his mind seemed. To any one not acquainted with the darkness of an idolatrous heathen mind it is difficult to convey an impression of how dark it appears on looking into that mind. It is when the native's language is so well mastered as to become a complete avenue to his thoughts and feelings that one feels "how great is that darkness."

Every question asked and every reply made reveals more clearly the darkened depths of that sunless soul. In attempting a little instruction so many things seem to need saying, so many avenues of the mind seem closed and need opening and illuminating, so many truths need explaining and illustrating, that one, in view of the probabilities of success in the time available, almost shrinks as from a hopeless task. It is the constant repetition of this that forms one of the missionary's greatest trials, especially when his work may go on for months and years without any visible results. The importance of disseminating the Scriptures and religious books and tracts is very great, as an aid in dispelling the darkness of the people and preparing the way of the Lord.

In the evening, took James and Abraham, and went to Bhurkooeean, a village on the other side of a river that flows near camp. The village is a large one, containing a government school. We took seats, and soon our congregation was present, and I attempted to talk. A village sermon is not apt to

be a very regular or well connected performance. While one is talking all kinds of interruptions, from questions and objections, are often encountered. Impertinent questions, impudent suggestions, and attempted sallies of wit often come up; and grace and wisdom are required to carry a point through and impress it on the minds of the restless hearers. At other times and in other places all hear admirably. We met a good natured Pundit (Hindu religious teacher) here, who constantly broke in on the talk with some question or remark. Meanwhile a troop of monkeys came clambering over the houses, and leaped into a tree near where we were sitting. Flocks of monkeys live here and there over the country, but usually in groves. Here they have taken up their abode, as the villagers say, for thirty-six years among the houses, and prove most annoying neighbors. They often enter the houses and carry off any food they may find. No one ever strikes or beats them, and in consequence they get very bold and troublesome. There was but little satisfaction in our visit to this village, and we returned to camp "by the soft light of the moon." At night we called the villagers together in the chaupal of the village near which we were encamped. Our mode of work morning and evening is to visit the villages one, two, and three miles distant from camp, and at night arrange some rude lights, and hold a meeting in the chaupal.

The reader must not fancy to himself a neat little chapel, with regular singing, prayer, and formal sermons before a devout, orderly congregation. Nothing

of the kind. The chaupal may be called the headquarters of the village, and is nothing more than a rude little mud house, usually thatched, and commonly built on an elevation of earth a few feet above the common level. In this any traveler may stop, and it is often a lounging place for the villagers, and is the point where they assemble when have any thing over which they wish to talk. In the chaupal are often found a few rude cots, sometimes a plow or two, and often the carts of the zemindar. Not unusually a native drum or two are suspended from the wall. There may be several chaupals in a village. The chaupal then is our chapel. In holding a meeting we go to the chaupal, catching up any villager we may meet on the way, and if we can see him, send the village watchman to tell the people that "service is about to commence." The reader may be well assured that they are not very much encumbered with "ritualism."

We take a seat, while the villagers who may be disposed to "hear what this babbler has to say," having tied up their cattle and goats, drop in irregularly, until quite a crowd has assembled. Meanwhile the meeting has commenced, it may be by asking some questions about the crops and prospects, etc., until the congregation is collected. The conversation may pass by an easy transition from material to spiritual things—from things temporal to things eternal. The meeting may consist of nothing more than a free conversation, in which the villagers ask questions and raise objections without fear. All usually sit on the floor or on cots, and if they seem

orderly and well-disposed to listen, a hymn may be sung, Scripture read and prayer offered some time before the meeting breaks up. I often sing verses from different hymns set to native airs, which please the people very much, and intersperse the singing with remarks explanatory of the meaning of the hymn. The point is to manage the meeting in such a way as to keep the attention of the crowd, and impress the Gospel message in the best manner possible. The villagers often listen with great interest; but at other times wrangle and even make an uproar. Our congregation listened very well to-night. One man was disposed to object to the method of salvation proposed in the Gospel. He claimed that all could be accomplished by alms-giving—alms-giving would purify the soul and purchase heaven.

"But," I asked, "do you think alms-giving will cure a lying tongue?"

"No," after a little reflection.

"Will alms-giving take away a disposition to steal?"

"No," doggedly.

"If I kill your child, and give thousands of rupees in alms, will my sin thereby be wiped out?"

"No," promptly, "alms-giving does not wipe out such sins."

"But such are all real sins. Sin is not in eating and drinking food not ceremonially clean, nor in breaking caste."

Here I took up the question of what real sin is, and tried to make the man feel what actual sin, purity, and guilt before God are. He then attempted

to disparage the Christian religion by saying that there are only two religions in the world—namely, the Hindu and the Mohammedan.

"I know of no other," said he. "The Christian religion is nothing. What is it, and where are Christians?"

"But, my friend, you have not been learning. The Christian religion is the most widely spread and most powerful religion in the world."

"What is it, and where is it spread?" with contemptuous surprise.

"There are now thirty-three principal governments in the world. Of these, twenty-six are Christian, while there is no part of the world into which this religion has not spread or is not now spreading. There are not less than seven hundred thousand people of your country who now profess the Christian religion."

All this was rather surprising information to the man, who yet received it in a very sullen mood. He had set himself on opposing our message, assuming the character of a champion before his fellow-villagers, who, however, did not at all seem to appreciate his services. The poor fellow was sullenly indignant at their indifference.

December 11.—A little after sunrise started across the fields, in company with Abraham, to a village two miles distant. At this season of the year a little frost falls, and here and there the ground and grass were slightly white. This is the nearest approach to snow we ever have on the plains. The air was bracing, and I led Abraham in a sharp walk across

the broken fields and over the deep channels washed out by the heavy rains of the wet season. Now a leap placed us down in some deep, dry water-course; now we disappeared in the tall grass hedges that separate the cultivated fields. As we neared the village, we passed a small group of men sitting over a little fire in a threshing-floor.

"What are you doing there?" was the morning salutation.

"We are dying with cold."

"No, you are dying with sin," was the blunt rejoinder, upon which followed a word on the nature, universality, and fatality of sin, and an invitation to come to a meeting just then in the chaupal.

A threshing-floor in this country is a primitive affair altogether, and illustrates impressively some passages in the Old and New Testaments. It is located somewhere on the outskirts of the village or in the fields, and consists simply of a hard bit of ground, where grain of all kinds is collected from the fields, and threshed by being beaten out with heavy sticks or trodden out by cattle. Here it is winnowed by being thrown up in the wind, or more commonly by being slowly emptied to the wind from a basket lifted up at arm's length. The chaff is separated and carried apart, and a few times repeating the process makes the grain quite clean. Sometimes in calm weather a sheet is swung by the hands so as to fan the chaff away as it is shaken down from the basket. Here in the threshing-floor some of the cultivators eat and sleep among the stacks and piles of grain until the harvest is threshed and taken away.

We left the little group of men to shiver over their fire of chaff and discuss that pithy sermon on sin or follow us to the chaupal, at pleasure. As we entered the village, a man, in a tone of surprise, accosted me with,

"Where is your *sawari?*" (conveyances or means of riding.)

"Here," pointing to my feet.

"But have you no horse, no carriage?"

"What better horse or carriage than these?"

"But it is not the custom for Sahibs and big people to walk."

This is the native idea. Men of a little property never think of walking any distance. A pony, horse, or native carriage of some kind is always called into requisition in going even an inconsiderable distance. It is thought degrading and mean to walk.

We hunted up the chaupal, our preaching-place, and a crowd began to collect. Our introduction this time was to ask the natives to show us some club exercises, suggested by the sight of two huge clubs leaning against a tree where we sat down. These clubs were about three and a half feet long, gradually swelling from a stout handle to six or eight inches in diameter at the other end. The club exercise is to swing these about the head by sundry expert flourishes. The exercises over, the villagers were in a cheerful, friendly mood for graver things, and the Gospel message was opened for the first time in this village. They were urged to think of the sinfulness of man's heart and the pressing need of salvation; they were told of God's incarnation and

dwelling among men to open up a channel of salvation for man; they were urged to think of this salvation and seek an interest in it. All this was done with numerous interruptions from questions and objections, frivolous and semi-serious. I felt really sad at the complacent blindness and hardness of these poor, polluted souls, as one villager, seated in the crowd, remarked, with a sarcastic smile, to another passing by, "Come and hear of salvation." His general brutal look and sensual face pointed him out as one of the most needy; and yet, after all that kind talk and presentation of the precious Savior and his great salvation, he, the most needy of the needy, could treat it with a diabolical sneer. He was exhorted not to trifle with things that belong to his eternal peace. He left the little assembly of villagers, saying, "Give me a village, and I will become a Christian." It was not an encouraging talk, and we, too, withdrew.

As we passed out of the village, a grim Mussulman of colossal proportions, with a blue beard, met us, having put on his best coat for the occasion; but he had not deigned to come to the meeting in the chaupal. He asked if I were the missionary, and said that he was farmer of half the village. Already wearied with a long talk, we soon passed on.

It is a common custom for the natives to dye their beards, and often hair too. A kind of tawny red, produced by the juice of a shrub, is the color chiefly fancied; but occasional genuine "blue-beards" are met. Natives become gray early, and the dyeing is done to hide the approaches of age in most

instances, I find. Alien to the hopes and blessed influences of the Gospel and Christianity, they seem to disrelish any reminder of death's approach. They also try to hide any appearance of age, that they may seem the more fit for some kind of employment.

To-day, Narain Sing, the new convert, came from his village to our camp. I had previously arranged with him to look over the manuscript of a little book that he wishes to have published. The book gives an account of his awakening and long search after the true way of salvation, until he rested his faith in Christ and found peace. It also contains a brief exposure of the false pretensions of Hinduism and Mohammedanism. Having reviewed the manuscript with him, I will forward it to our publishing committee for approval, after which it may be published. While we were at work looking over the book, a number of the villagers came up to see Narain Sing, out of mere curiosity to note what effect becoming a Christian had made on his manner and general appearance, and to find out, no doubt, what truth there is in the stories of his starving condition. Their looks of surprise were manifest as they saw in him the same Narain Sing in dress and speech as before. Among the visitors was the surly fellow who attempted to oppose this new way last night in the chaupal of our camp village. He had but little to say, but is manifestly any thing but a well-wisher of our work. The others seemed much pleased with the interview with their converted neighbor, and talked pleasantly for some time, asking many questions and receiving satisfactory answers.

We arranged that Narain Sing come again to-morrow and visit with me two or three villages, that the people may see that becoming a Christian is not becoming a starving beggar. He returned home.

In the evening, sent Abraham to a village in one direction, and took James to cross the fields in another direction. The sun was well down the sky; the air was calm and deliciously mellow. The landscape was charming as we crossed the fields, green with the freshly springing wheat-stalks, through which the Sote, a small, clear stream, flowed at our feet, and with many a meandering turn led away off to the left, flashing here and there from its gently flowing waters the slanting rays of the sinking sun. The level fields came up, without any margin of sand or waste ground, quite to the stream, and the bright green wheat grew to the very water's edge. There is nothing very inspiriting about this kind of scenery, which is very common in the plains of India. It is, however, calm and pleasant to the eye, and very suggestive of quiet, pastoral, or agricultural life.

The village (Burkuia) to which we were going lay just across the little serpentine river mentioned, and, to our surprise and disappointment, we found no bridge. We had been told at the village further down the river that this village has a bridge. An ox-cart coming up opportunely, we climbed on it and reached the other side.

On entering the village, we met an old man, shaking in every limb, and just ready to totter into the grave, and, fastening on him as a nucleus for a congregation, sat down for a word of exhortation.

He was reminded that for him the future world is at hand. He was urged to think about a preparation to meet God, and was told that the preparation needed is a pure heart. Meanwhile, a number of villagers had collected. While urging on these the importance of Christianity, some one demanded how they could leave their work to look after our religion; they had enough to do to look after their own business. We patiently suggested that their most important business might be in looking into the claims of Christianity, and that this is the point we wish them to consider. An impudent fellow put in that if they followed our religion they would be certain of hell.

This village is situated on an elevated bluff, and the green wheat-fields, stretching away below us, with their groves and winding river, in the calm, delightful evening, formed a most charming scene. I thought of the couplet by Heber,

> "Though every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

We seemed not to have the slightest access to the hearts of our hearers, and their vileness was even more manifest when they utterly refused to assist us with a pony over the river. This was outrageously uncivil on their part to us as strangers. Almost any other white man in the country than a missionary would have taught them good manners and civility with a heavy boot or cane; but our weapons are not carnal, and when we can not persuade men, we must shift for ourselves. On this occasion, a fortunate

cart came along to pass over the ford. Without much ceremony, I hopped on, and motioned to the native brother to follow, which he did. In turn, this was not a very civil or courteous act on our part in the eyes of the natives, for there was a woman sitting on the cart; but necessity knows no law, and the case was urgent. When we had carried our point, the cartman took it all good-humoredly. We reached camp after dark, but proceeded at once to the chaupal for a night meeting, which passed off very quietly with talking and singing.

December 12.—Narain Sing came early in the morning, according to arrangement, to visit a village with me. The sun was just pouring his floods of cheery light over field and grove. The air was deliciously cool and bracing to me, but seemed a Winter to the village farmer, who had just arrived, with his jaws and ears tied up in defense against the cold. These snowless, iceless Winters seem nevertheless to pinch the natives very much. They feel the heat much less and the cold proportionally more than we do. We started across the fields, over which a most delightful morning breeze was playing. A slight tinge of frost lay on the grass and bright green blades of the freshly sprouted wheat. The new convert was much surprised when I remarked that in my country snow in the Winter covers the ground several feet deep, and sometimes even buries houses. His confidence in my Christian veracity saved my credit in what seemed a marvelous story.

A brisk walk brought us to the village where I had promised that Narain Sing would pay a visit.

We passed up to the chaupal, followed by some villagers, who were anxious to hear and see what a Hindu metamorphosed into a Christian might be like. A half-hundred more gathered round us when we sat down in the shade of a large tree near the center of the village, and I could see a smile of amused disappointment play on the faces of some as they looked at the convert, as much as to say, "Is that all?" There he sat, clothed as before, and speaking the same tongue. From all sides he was plied with questions as to the how and wherefore of all that had happened. He seemed thoroughly prepared to "give a reason for the hope within him," and in turn questioned his catechisers in such a way as to draw out a confession of the folly of idolatry. "Clothed and in his right mind" seemed so appropriate, as I looked on the face of the man from whom the demons of idolatry had so recently been cast out, and marked its contrast with the faces of that idolatrous group. The one beamed with goodness and a new intelligence, and the others were full of folly and superstition.

We talked a long time, apparently to little effect. Ephraim seemed joined to his idols. Narain Sing urged them to pray that their darkness and hardness might be taken away, and that the true path of salvation might become plain to them. Some one in the crowd was heard saying to another. "Why he is not a Christian. He looks just like he did—wears just the same clothes. Is this being a Christian?"

Most distorted and ludicrous ideas prevail in some places as to the change in food and dress that must

take place on becoming a Christian. Some seem to imagine that they must at once adopt an English dress and eat cow's flesh, which last is most revolting to the Hindu. The adherents of a religion of food and dress and ceremony take in a spiritual religion slowly.

As we passed out of the village we stopped for a few minutes at a rude sugar manufactory. They were pressing out the juice and boiling it down into a kind of damp, compact sugar. I spoke to the workmen of the facilities and extensive scale on which sugar is made in America. To them it seemed fabulous. I then insisted that when they become Christians and cast off their thoughts and works of darkness, they too will make sugar and other things on such a scale. Some smiled at such a result of accepting the new faith.

At two o'clock I took Narain Sing into the village near which we were encamped. I desired the villagers to see the convert about whom so many silly stories were told and believed. A number of villagers came together, and among them a loquacious, broken down, old zemindar, who displayed a frightful scar, from a wound received in the mutiny. Of course he paraded it as a memento of his loyalty in withstanding the rebels; but much more likely he got it in an attempt to pillage some weaker village in those days of anarchy. All seemed pleased with our visit, and agreeably disappointed in finding a new made Christian so pleasant a fellow. Narain Sing urged on them the claims of Christianity and exposed the worthlessness of their religion. All

listened with manifest interest. He then returned to his village.

In the evening I crossed the river alone, to a village visited a short time before. Meanwhile the villagers seemed to have meditated opposition and insult, for when I attempted to talk they began to mock. There is a Mohammedan teacher in the Government school here, although nearly all the villagers are Hindus. These Moslem teachers very often raise a bad feeling against us and our message in the villages where they are at work. Inconsistent as it really is with the pretensions of their religion, yet they would much rather see the Hindu perish in idolatry than embrace Christianity—so jealous are they of its progress.

I could make no satisfactory headway in trying to talk, so persistent were a number of impudent "fellows of the baser sort" in thrusting impertinent questions on me at the end of almost every sentence. I saw that it was useless trying to talk, and was about to quit when the teacher called for some coarse, brazen-faced fellow in the crowd to reply to what I had said, and who promptly stepped forward. I took this to be preconcerted from the way it was done, and knowing that nothing good could come of protracting the conversation, reproved the teacher for his insolence in calling that ill-mannered fellow forward to insult me. With a condemned, guilty look, he fell back in shame, and I turned to walk away when the crowd, old and young, set up an uproarious hooting and clapping of hands behind me. This was meant as "a drumming out of camp," and

was a great outrage to me, as a visitor in the village. I simply turned, and, addressing two or three of those in advance of the crowd, told them that if I would bring such an attempt at insult and mob violence to the ears of the English rulers they would get very severely punished.

There is a wholesome fear of English law in the country, and a word to the wise was sufficient. I then walked away; but the teacher with one of the villagers followed for some distance, and with an air of most abject submission, disavowed emphatically, all part in the uproar or any intention to be uncivil. They were dismissed with a caution for the future, and I wended my way in the thickening darkness of the evening across the now lonely and forsaken fields, feeling that I had been but casting pearls before swine, and reflecting on the blessed security and protection the British power afforded to missionaries in this country. I have often been convinced that we get a safe and quiet hearing in many places simply because there is held out over these places an arm of power which is a terror to evil-doers. I felt disheartened with these villagers.

Reaching camp, we went to the village chaupal for a night meeting. We soon had a crowd, and entered into a friendly talk with them about their temporal interests. One zemindar was bewailing his ill-fortune in having his land recently sold at auction to satisfy sundry claims against him. Much of the landed property of the country is falling into the hands of the bunyas (shop-keeper and merchant) in this way: They lend money at an exorbitant rate to

the land-holders, when they find them in a difficulty; then let it stand until it has trebled or quadrupled itself, and then sometime when they find the careless land-holder at a disadvantage, pounce down on him and sell him out. At this rate, by and by, a very large part of the land will pass from its former holders into the hands of the merchant caste. Having expressed sympathy at the evil fortune of our complaining friends, we called their attention to the more certain riches of the heavenly kingdom. At intervals a hymn illustrating the Christian spirit and sentiment was sung to a native air. All listened with the best of attention, till at last an objector, who seemed to think the tide had gone far enough in favor of the new religion for that time, presented a curious, and as he seemed to think, a final test of its truthfulness.

"If Christ," said he, "be God, and a true incarnation, let him appear and show himself to us this evening, and we will believe on him."

"Do you think Ram a true incarnation?"

"Yes," with emphatic confidence.

"Well, if Ram be a true incarnation, let him appear this evening, and I will believe on him."

This was an application of the man's own argument that he had not anticipated, and he was completely confounded. I then dwelt for a moment on the unreasonableness and folly of setting up our own silly arbitrary tests of the truth, and urged all with unprejudiced hearts to seek for truth and purity as they had never done before, as the night of death might soon cut off all opportunity.

December 13.—Went with James to Shikrapore, in the direction of the village of the new convert, Narain Sing. We found the chaupal on the outskirts of the village; but before seating ourselves for a talk, we walked through the village as an announcement of a meeting. The villagers seemed generally at work, some looking after their cattle, and several busy at their looms. As they cast an inquiring glance at us we invited them to come to the chaupal and hear a very important message. Thither we returned, followed as usual by a chattering group of children, and sat down in the broad, grateful shade of a large neem tree which overshadows what was, for the time, our chapel. Soon more than a hundred villagers were gathered about us, sitting and standing, gaping and talking, but in no very teachable mood, as I found out on trying to tell them of Christ and his salvation. They seemed aggravated at the fact that one of their neighbors from the next village had become a Christian. Almost every statement I made met with some frivolous objection or contradiction, and it was soon apparent that our auditors were of the swine type, and not likely to receive any good from pearls thrown before them. I tried to speak of the folly and wickedness of idolatry, to which some one replied, that the English, at Calcutta, worship *Kali* (a vile, bloody goddess). Again and again have I met this statement, the origin of which I can not find out. It is commonly believed among the villagers that the English, at Calcutta, do offer sacrifices to this goddess. Probably some wily Brahmin invented the story to give greater sanction

to declining idolatry. A similar story is current among the Hindus in regard to the Ganges canal. From Hardwar, where the Ganges emerges from the Himalayas, to Cawnpore, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, a magnificent excavation, with numerous branches, was made, to be fed by the sacred river. Before the water was let in the Brahmins avowed, emphatically, that *Gungajee* (the Ganges) would never submit to the desecration of being turned from her time-honored bed. But when the excavation was completed, helpless as other rivers, the obedient Ganges flowed in, much to the confusion of the confident Brahmins. But now all over the country we meet the story that *Gungajee* inexorably refused to enter the canal until the English had made very costly offerings to her. Some cunning Brahmin has invented this story to bolster up the endangered reputation of the deflected stream. The statement of the worship of Kali was contradicted as a "cunningly devised" falsehood, and we turned to leave these hardened devotees of folly. Immediately a contemptuous uproar of clapping and hissing and hooting was set up in our rear. We walked back and confronting those who seemed to be the leaders in this uproar, I calmly told them that for such a insulting breach of order and quiet they could be severely punished. At once all were as meek and submissive as lambs; not that they cared a fig for us, but there is a power in the country that they have learned to fear. It is well that we can protect ourselves like Paul, by reminding them of a power to which they may have to give an account. Returned

to camp I baptized a low caste man and his wife, who had been inquirers for some time. Their two children were baptized with them, so that they now constitute a Christian family. Both rich and poor have the Gospel preached to them in these villages; but generally the poor as yet give the best attention, and we have most fruit among them. This is as it has always been in the progress of the Gospel. After praying with and exhorting these new converts to stand fast in the Lord, we struck camp and drove home to Budaon.

II.

A CAMPING TRIP TO SHAJEHANPORE.

DECEMBER 16, 1867.—We had sent our camp on to a large village called Daharpoor, fifteen miles distant, and at ten o'clock A. M. set out with Mrs. Scott and our two little girls in a buggy, intending to stop midway to rest the horse. We passed Lukempore, where an inquirer lives, whom the women of the village are more effectually striving to turn away from the faith than did Elymas, the sorcerer, the deputy of Cyprus. It is a lamentable fact that the women of this country are the most bitter and successful opposers of our efforts. At Fareedpore, midway to camp, we halted to let the jaded horse rest. A few miles of the road proved very sandy. Fareedpore is beautifully situated for a plains' village. On an elevation, it commands an unusually wide range of pleasant scenery. A small lake stretched away in front of us, fringed with low palm-trees, while the fields of fresh green wheat were spread out in a most refreshing landscape far as the eye could reach, with here and there an orchard-like grove of mango-trees. We sat in the shade of a tree and enjoyed a lunch of bread and butter, with cake and a bottle of tea.

The zemindar of the village came up and seemed

desirous to converse in a general way. His home is thirty miles from this village, and he was then present, for a short time, to collect his rents. A more perfect specimen of a devotee to avarice I never before saw. He looked the very image of worldly greed, and his whole being seemed absorbed in an unsatiated hunger after wealth. As I talked to him and saw how completely his whole soul seemed taken up with this life, and its cares and gain, I thought of the Savior's words, "After all these things do the Gentiles seek." And they do seek after them with a carking, hungering, all-absorbing devotion and greed, which must be seen, by living in their Gentile midst, to be realized. I tried to turn this man's thoughts to his soul and to a consideration of the life beyond. Manifestly this was completely foreign to his habit of mind. When I asked him what he thought becomes of the spirit at death—"O," said he, with an air of indifference, "it goes out like that," sending a whiff of air from his mouth, "and that is the end of it, I suppose." I urged that it might not be the end of it, and that it would be wiser at any rate for him to act on the safer supposition. He confessed, with a frankness that was sad, his darkness on this subject. I told him of Jesus and the life and immortality he has brought to light in the Gospel; but he seemed hopelessly enthralled in darkness and in the world.

While we were talking, an inquirer came up, who is acting as a colporteur in our work. His sack of books was slung on his back, and I asked him to rest with us for a moment by the wayside.

He is a Mohammedan, but did not refuse to eat a bit of cake offered him, although most Mohammedans in India are so far conformed to caste notions that they will not touch food with a Christian. Hindu converts to Islamism have retained much of their former superstition and caste prejudice. It is hard to tell, sometimes, whether Islam has put on Hinduism or Hinduism Islam. It is very difficult, too, to keep Christian converts free from caste prejudices, so powerful is the force of example and sentiment. This inquirer seems to approach the Christian faith very slowly, yet I hope securely. Time alone will tell, such hidden and complex motives often actuate these people. He swung up his books and made for a village across the fields, while we pushed on over the remaining seven long, dusty miles of our drive to camp. It was dark night when we pulled up before the tent, in the bright light of a fire of crackling brush. On the field for to-morrow.

December 17.—Was up early in the morning and off to a village called Ismaelgunge, in which we have the name of Ismael of old. The name has been given by the Mohammedans, who claim Ismael as their ancient progenitor. A very large crowd assembled to hear what was to be said, and all listened very quietly for some time. A good impression apparently was made, and at last, with commendable honesty, a villager, in a very sincere tone, suggested that if they leave their gods they will surely take revenge on them. I referred him to many countries where idolatry has been abandoned, and the people enjoy greater security and prosperity than

before. This is a most common objection among Hindus to giving up their gods and idols.

In the evening went to a small village called Baharepoor (village of Spring). A number of villagers assembled, and listened in an assenting spirit to what we had to say. One man, in a very gracious, patronizing way, pointed to his boy, who is reading in the government school, and remarked that he is a Christian, having entered our religion. This was said in a tone of fun and flattery, which sometimes we meet in certain characters. I replied to the man that he had yet but very little conception of what Christian means; to which, still in the best of humor, he answered that he and those about him were simply oxen, but they hoped for better things from their children; to which I added a hope even more strong, and then urged him, however, not to neglect his own soul. I assured him that his gods and idols could do nothing for him, upon which he set up a flippant defense of them both, showing, after all, how little hold they have on his better judgment. He then referred to a wealthy man in a village near by, and said that when I would make him a Christian they would all follow. But little impression seemed likely to be made, and we returned to the camp village, reaching it as night came on.

A large crowd assembled in the chaupal, where we read the Scriptures, and tried to instruct them in the way of life. Several rude fellows manifested an almost insufferable amount of impudence in asking impertinent, and even insulting questions, in such

a way as to interrupt our talk. A silly attempt at ridiculing some doctrines was made. At last I thought that by singing a hymn, such as often had pleased the natives, I might arouse in them a better spirit; but to my confusion, when I had sung a verse and looked off the book, I found my hearers "laughing in their sleeve" at the attempt. I laid down the book in despair, and began to tell them that they seemed lost not only to their want of salvation, but to all courtesy (on which every well-bred native prides himself), when the very fellow whom I had caught winking at the rest and laughing at my attempt at singing, impudently asked me to sing another song, affirming that I was a most excellent singer, accompanying his request with a sly, fun-making look at the crowd. It was manifest that our hearers were of the swine type, and that instruction would only be trampled under foot. I asked James to close the meeting with a word of friendly exhortation, which he did, telling our rude audience that their wickedness would lead them to hell, to which ready reply was made that it would be no improvement to become Christians, as there was Moses Peters (a native Christian living in the village), the greatest liar, rogue, and most licentious man in their midst. They were told that he was a lawless character, not recognized by us as a Christian now at all. But making a good impression seemed a hopeless task, and we turned away. I felt heart-sick at the brazen hardiness and self-satisfied blindness of these villagers, and went to my tent to pray for them and for grace to preach the Word in the spirit of Christ.

December 18.—Was up before the sun, and, with James, on our way across the fields to a village called Dholeeppoor. We passed through the garden, where some orange-trees were loaded down with their ripe golden fruit. We helped ourselves to several delicious oranges from these trees, which have been planted by a half-caste, a Mr. M'Clean, who has a small house here. He is one of a class of people, multiplying in the country, who socially are a kind of pitiable compromise between the native and the European. They are pitiable in every sense of the word. By no fault of their own, they find themselves on the stage of being with a blood legitimately or illegitimately mingled with that of the native, much to their social disqualification and discomfort. Besides this, they are apt to have, from the force of nature and circumstances, a sad blending of the native and European vices. No wonder that the late Bishop of Calcutta, a noble Christian minister, took the case of this class of the Indian population actively to heart. He was planning extensively for their education and general welfare when he met an untimely and lamentable end by drowning. We passed on to the chaupal of the village, eating the oranges, and soon had our congregation. By walking two or three miles, we are able regularly to observe Mr. Wesley's rule of early morning preaching. I visited this village in the morning nearly one year ago, but find (what is unusual) that no one recollects a single thought or word then uttered. Surely, here is stony ground and shallow earth.

I see from my journal that that very morning I read and tried to enforce the parable of the sower. I upbraided them with their forgetfulness, saying that if I had told them of some plan to make money, in long years they would have remembered it. All listened very well, and at last an honest, rustic-looking old fellow, in all apparent sincerity, proposed becoming a Christian if I would give him a village! I smiled at his *naivete*, and urged that he must accept the kingdom of heaven from higher motives, and labor for the meat that perisheth not. Through two thousand years, the most palpable motive for following Jesus of Nazareth is the loaves and the fishes. Nor is it wisdom to deal too sharply and severely with this, for often the selfish disciple becomes the bold and devoted Peter or the loving John. After all, there is something hopeful about this village. The people seem docile and unresisting, and say, too, that when they understand the matter better they will join us.

In the afternoon, I visited the government school of the village near which we are encamped. It is kept up in the chaupal where we had such an unmanageable audience last night. After examining the boys in their reading, arithmetic, and geography, I talked to them awhile on religion; and, seeing that a number of the impudent hearers of last night had assembled about the door, I whipped them sharply, over the shoulders of the boys, on the matter of good manners. A well-bred native is very sensitive on this point.

In the evening we went to *Papur*, a village near

by. An educated Hindu lives here, under whom I studied Hindustani* for a time. He has abandoned idolatry, and lost faith in the sacred books, but does not see salvation in Christ. His belief is a rayless, vacillating something between pantheism and atheism. He is an intelligent, mild-tempered, gôod-humored man, and we used to talk over the matter for hours apparently to no purpose, until I gave him up as lost in mental mists and vague fancies. A goodly number of villagers assembled to hear us, and we met the irrepressible story of Narain Sing's (the new convert) starving condition, and the general ruin supposed to be brought on by his baptism. Of course we soon dressed the story up until it was quite a different affair, and our friend stood in a truer light before his commiserating countrymen. But it was manifest that they would have been better pleased if the former story had been true. As we left the village we could hardly record, "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica." They heard with a great deal of silly contention, except one cringing fellow, formerly the patwari (village clerk), who seemed to see some advantage in cultivating a good understanding with us. He, with his son, a lad of fifteen years, followed us for nearly a mile, affirming his undoubted conviction, all the while, of the absolute truth of all that had been preached, and depicting in a most glaring manner the shocking vileness and connubial infidelity of his neighbors and fellow countrymen generally.

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*The name by which the dialect of Northern India is called.

"Caste," said he, "is not observed, for all associate in the most wicked and promiscuous manner." Afterward James told me that all he said was literally true; but the key to his conviction of Christian truth, and his appreciation of the appalling depravity of his neighbors, he put into my hand, as he turned to leave, by asking me to try and have him, or at least his son—the lad with him—appointed as village patwari. It was the loaves and the fishes again.

At night we repaired, for a meeting, to the chaupal of our camp village, and found a much more orderly audience than the previous night. The villagers seem to have become ashamed of their insolence, and perhaps are trying to do better. The village pundit (Hindu religious teacher) was present, and from time to time put in a feeble defense for his religion, as it was assailed in some point of our talk. I could but mark the striking difference between him and the native helper, James, as they came into collision. It was calm truth and enlightment on one side, and narrow bigotry, superstition, and confusion on the other. The pundit soon became silent and withdrew. A good impression seemed to be made.

December 19—Revisited *Ismaelgunge* early in the morning. A group of natives were sitting on their heels around a little fire, and lazily smoking by turns a hukka (pipe). Natives are nearly all inveterate smokers. The hukka, a long pipe so constructed that the smoke is drawn through water in reaching the mouth, is the first thing in the morning, a *sine qua*

non the day long, and the last thing at night. The mechanic has his hukka filled and convenient nearly all the time; a little smoking bit of fuel, about the field somewhere, points out the place where the cultivator repairs to inhale the much loved fume; the traveler always has his smoking "traps" complete and at hand, that a coal from any village passed may send forth the smoke of this universal censer; and he is poor and niggardly indeed who is not able and ready to present the lighted hukka to a friend when he calls. Our native Christians reply with a look of perplexed sadness to our arguments against continuing the practice, "How will we entertain our friends?" Their next objection is, "*pet phul jaega,*" which means, dear reader, that their abdomen will swell if they leave off the pipe. Men of one caste pass round the same pipe and take their turn; those of a different caste take off the bowl of the pipe, and making a stem of the hand, soon have the odorous wreath curling about their head.

I began to talk, and the group of smokers were soon joined by others. I told them that I was in their midst again to invite them to become Christians, as there is no other name than that of Jesus whereby men may be saved. Some of them replied that if I would give them a village they would join us at once. The folly of such a motive was urged. Then some one rehearsed the story of the new convert, the reply to which I have quite by heart now. Meantime a zemindar rode up on a fine horse and put in—more for fun, I thought this time, than any thing else—"We will all become Christians for vil-

lages." He emphasized the *all*, and said that they were ready. A contempt for humanity can hardly be kept down sometimes where one sees it so much, acting simply from low, selfish motives. There is every reason to believe that if we could present Christ to this people "with houses and lands" the masses would flock after him. So they were ready to do when he moved among the villages of Palestine eighteen hundred years ago.

Returning to camp, I had an interview with a zemindar, who seemed to be a serious kind of a man, but not inclined at first to grant the universal claim of Christianity on the race. I explained to him how that already many peoples had abandoned idolatry and accepted Christianity, and that in the end his people would most certainly do the same thing when they come to understand how great a blessing it is. He left in a friendly spirit, and we set out for *Dara*, a village on the banks of the Ramgunga River, ten miles distant. One tent had been sent forward in the night. Preached midway, in the streets of Datagunge, a large central village. A crowd heard, having gathered in from their shops and work. They were urged to labor more for the meat that perisheth not. A young Mohammedan, swelling with conceit and fancied importance apparently to a point of discomfort, pressed through the crowd, and, pushing up conspicuously in front, demanded:

"Why did Christ come into the world?"

"To save sinners and you."

"Why did he stay just thirty-three years?"

"If his mission on earth was accomplished in

thirty-three years why should you or I presume to question the propriety of this or any time?"

"But what proof have you that the present New Testament is the original one?"

I then gave him a few reasons for believing this to be the original New Testament, and urged him to study and to learn more about Christ. After a little talk the fellow turned away in affected disgust and left us a quiet audience again. It is surprising how some Mohammedans presume on the ignorance and stupidity of Christians. They seem to think the doctrine of the trinity and the divinity of Christ absurdities which they can expose and leave untenable with a few short sentences; so of the uncorrupted preservation of the Sacred Scriptures. They have, in their own fancies, so often exploded these and other doctrines, in their boastings and conversations among themselves, that they imagine shame and confusion of face must be the fate of any hapless Christian they may attack. Often a mere lad rushes in, when we are talking, and with an air perfectly confident of victory, demands how God can have a wife, or how three can be one, or how God can assume a human body with its impurities, etc. An attempt at answering these foolish questions may be any thing else than satisfactory, if one does not succeed in calming the excited interrogator so as to get his attention. If he can be curbed to soberness, and the crowd keep quiet, he may go away feeling that the Christian system after all is not simply folly. Our Mohammedan friend went away somewhat sobered. A fakeer appeared in the crowd with a broken head, the result

of a quarrel about some land, which did not speak very well for his profession of being lost to earthly cares and tempers.

We pushed on to camp, which was located in a mango grove that reminded me very much of an apple orchard lying in a meadow. It was a delightful spot in which to encamp. An old fakeer lives in one corner of the grove in a hut. He said he planted the trees thirty years ago, and hopes to reap his reward in the future world. To plant trees or dig a well is deemed a very meritorious act among the Hindus. Both certainly are blessings in a land so hot and thirsty as this is a large part of the year. In the evening, went into a village near by with James. We hailed the choukedar (village watchman), and requested him to call the people to the chaupal.

"They know where your tent is and will come to you if they wish."

"But we wish to see them now at the chaupal."

"All know you, and that you have come to make us Christians."

We assured him that it was only to persuade men, not to force them, that we had come. After a little parleying he went off into the village, and some hearers were soon about us. In urging them to turn to the true God, some one replied that they now worship the true God. We then called their attention to the character of the vile, filthy divinities which they worship, and asked them if this is the worship of the true God. Still a loquacious villager insisted that through these they do worship the true God. He was the most complete ranter I

ever met, and it required great patience to get on with him; yet by talking to him calmly, in the end he became quiet and even interested in what we had to say.

We passed from this to *Dara*, another village near by. Here I found a man lying partly paralyzed, just as I met him two years ago when I visited this village. He then seemed intelligent, and was attentive to what I told him about Christ, and I find has not forgotten it. I rehearsed how Jesus died to save sinners. He was attentive, and only He who knows all hearts understands the impression made on that poor paralytic's heart. It is a comforting thought to the missionary that perhaps many heathen souls hear the word in sincerity, and from the force of surroundings never connect themselves with the Church, yet in the last hour, and even before, turn trustingly to Christ. The antipodes of the paralytic was a silly garrulous fellow, who, with swelling braggadocio, affirmed that he did not want Christ's salvation. He preferred, he said, his own religion with hell to making any change. How could he leave the time-honored paths of his fathers and eat all kinds of stuff with Christians? The import of hell was laid before him, that he might comprehend what he was braving with such paraded daring, in standing by the old paths of his fathers. He was informed, too, that being a Christian does not entail the duty of eating all conceivable kinds of food, although "meats defile not a man." He became in the end more reasonable and thoughtful. It was night when we returned to camp. I had preached in

four villages during the day. Constantly reiterating the same simple truths, and answering the same silly objections, becomes a great weariness at times.

December 20.—At dawn of day, a concert of birds aroused me from my morning slumber. I remembered that two years ago, when encamped under these trees, the hearty whistling and chirping of numerous birds overhead had waked me with the peep of day. This grove seems to be a congenial retreat for these children of the air. The mina chirped away most lustily of all. It is a bird in size and appearance somewhat like the American robin, and is a cheery, familiar little fellow, always found about the fields, in the garden, and hopping and chattering about the door. One variety learns to talk with more facility than the parrot.

I was soon out in the fresh morning air and among the birds. The old fakeer to whom they are indebted for their happy, quiet home, was busy looking after his cows. I gave my *salam* (peace, a word of salutation), and looked into his quarters. He is much more mindful of his cows than of himself, for he has turned out and sleeps under a small, half-rotten grass roof by the door, while the cows occupy the comfortable little house. The unappreciating kine ruminated with an air of comfort, thoughtless enough of the self-sacrifice which their old friend was making for them.

"Why do you live this way, old man?" said I.

"O, to take care of these trees."

"Do you expect salvation from this?"

"No."

"How do you expect to obtain salvation, any how?"

"O, I don't trouble myself about that; but I suppose, just as my actions deserve, my case will be dealt with."

This led to a short talk on the worthlessness of human acts or words as a source of salvation. Meanwhile some neighbors of the old man had come up, one of whom, looking forlorn enough, affirmed, in a tone challenging sympathy, that he was but the wreck of his former self. It was the old story of lands devoured by the greedy, cunning *bunyas* (merchants). He had heard of Narain Sing, the new convert, and was satisfied, he said, that he had taken a wise course, having thought over and studied the subject well.

Went with James to Bela, where we talked to the people last evening. As a number of villagers collected, some one recognized James as having passed that way with a cart which had stuck fast in the mud. Some of them had laid to a helping hand and aided in getting the cart out. Turning the incident into an illustration, said I,

"When a cart sticks fast in the mud, what does it need?"

"Some one to help it out."

"Now, you helped the teacher's cart out in that difficulty, and we have come to help you in turn."

"In what way?" promptly asked a half-dozen voices.

"Your soul is fast in the mud of sin, and you need a strong arm to help you or you will never get

out. Are you able to get out of the mud of sin yourself?"

"No."

"Well, we can't lift you out, but we know of One who can. Jesus Christ has lifted thousands out of this mud and filth of sin, and he is ready to help you too."

"O, Ram and Krishan and our other incarnations will help us. We don't need Christ."

"But Ram and Krishan and all your incarnations are themselves, as you can see, in the mud of sin, and as helpless as you."

They were then showed the vileness of their hearts and their helplessness in sin. Christ was set forth as "mighty to save."

One tent had been sent forward in the night, to be ready at a place twenty miles distant. The remaining tent was struck, and we pushed on, crossing the Ramgunga on a bridge of boats. Once over the river and clear of the sands that skirt in such abundance all Indian rivers, ten miles of the march were soon passed, and we pulled up in a delightful, sequestered grove of mango-trees, begirt with clumps of tall bamboos that lifted their long, feathery branches in a high, close screen nearly all around the grove, making a pleasant, shady retreat for a midday rest. The village watchman brought us seats, while Elma and Alice ran about, happy as the birds that warbled among the leaves above us. A withered old woman, from the village near by, crept slyly up and joined the children, smiling as she heard their merry voices and saw their happy faces. After an hour's

rest and a lunch, we pushed on, reaching camp at sundown.

One tent was pitched, but the cart containing the cooking-utensils and food was sadly delayed, and we had to make the best of it in getting something to eat. That very day I had read in the *Christian Advocate* an item styled, "Getting Dinner Under Embarrassment," relating how one of our missionary secretaries had fared once upon a time. His was a laughable affair, as a naughty door-fastener had so incarcerated him that he was almost "too late for the train." A timely bookman had demolished the stubborn, tricky lock, and the liberated secretary leaped into the coach and started for the cars, with a hasty plate of dinner to be disposed of in the most convenient way available. I laughed when reading this, and thought, when dining that evening, that the missionary secretary would have laughed in turn had he seen the "dinner under embarrassment" of missionaries. This dinner was simply a chicken and some potatoes stewed in a pot, the only cooking-vessel at hand. Our table was all the way from New York, and consisted of the narrow top of a pine box now used as a camp-trunk. Our "snowy cloth" was a large hand-towel, whose snow had melted away in several successful efforts to remove the "dust of travel." Two rude pot-lids were our plates, a huge jack-knife cut a fortunate loaf that we had along with us, while Dame Nature furnished other knives and forks. The children thought it was fun and laughed, and I fancy our swarthy cook laughed, too, when he thought of our unskillful

attempt at fingering our food in true native style. Of chairs we had none, and we took our position as we best could around the aforesaid table. A small earthen dish, holding a little oil, into which was placed a shred of cotton tent-rope for wick, cast a merry light on the scene. "Hunger is the best sauce," and a more savory dinner I never enjoyed. In itinerating about the country, we often have to take dinner "under embarrassment."

Our tent was pitched at a village called Khairpoor (city of prosperity), and after dinner I took a lantern, and, with a villager to point out the way, went to the chaupal. A number of Mohammedans gathered in and gave good attention to what I had to say. As a general rule, Mohammedans are more enlightened in their ideas of God and religious truth than Hindus. For all this they are indebted solely, in reality, to the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, as there is hardly one original truth in the Koran. The Mohammedans are slow to see the poverty of their pretended revelation when stripped of what it has drawn from Jew and Christian. The measure of truth there is in Mohammedanism makes it all the more plausible as a religious system, demanding a very different treatment from Hinduism. The Mohammedans profess great abhorrence of the idolatrous religion of the Hindus, but seem never to reflect that in moral character they are not a whit better than Hindus — nor even as good. After a half-hour's friendly talk, I returned to the tent.

December 21. — Had a miserable night's rest. Constantinople can not be more populous of dogs

than this village seems to be. All night long they kept barking and howling and yelping, to our complete discomfort. Several intruders came prowling into camp, and even entered our tent. The sly, pilfering habit of these dogs is surprising. Old Paul declares that they muffle their feet in some way, so noiselessly do they move about the premises and into the tents. For a camping-ground, give me the fakeer's grove which we left yester-morning, with its shady retreat and chorus of birds.

Before breakfast, I went to the village school and examined the boys in arithmetic and geography. The teacher is anxious for promotion, and tried to make a good display of his pupils; but it was not in them, and I had to tell him that they were not studying well. The only inducement that at all prompts these teachers to application and effort is the hope of increased pay. When done with the examination, I talked first to the boys, and then to the men who had come in, about the salvation of their souls. I tried to impress them with the importance of the best of all knowledge—knowing the will of God and the way to heaven. I tried to explain to them the Gospel way. Some of the men urged the sufficiency of the Koran for them. They were requested to examine its claims more closely; but, with a Moslem, here is the difficulty—to examine is to doubt and become an infidel. I left these blind followers of the false prophet, and returned to camp for breakfast.

Breakfast over, we pushed on toward Shajehanpore, our destination, stopping by the way at a large

town called Tilher. Here a native helper is stationed, who seems to be doing a faithful work in preaching to his fellow-countrymen. I have passed through this place a number of times, and preached in the main street. Generally the hearers have been noisy and quarrelsome, but to-day they listened well. The helper who lives here is a quiet and amiable man, and he seems to have made a good impression on the people. All heard respectfully, and even with assent to much of what I said. In almost every village, when preaching is established, at first the people hear impatiently and with much opposition. Gradually the reasonableness and truth of the Gospel overcome their prejudices, until crowds listen with attention, and even assent. Thus the leaven of the truth spreads, and the way is prepared for an open profession of it.

We left the helper, and pushed on the remaining twelve miles of our drive to Shajehanpore. The brethren there had sent out an extra horse, so that, with a good, smooth stone road, we soon reached the mission-house, and received such a welcome as only missionaries separated for months can give. Shajehanpore is the seat of our boys' orphanage, and it is specially to visit and examine it that this trip has been made, with preaching by the way.

III.

CAMP AT LUKEMPORE.

FEBRUARY 12, 1868.—Having planned a short tour in the villages near Budaon, camp equipage was sent forward a day beforehand. Two of the native helpers, old Paul and Abraham, the converted Jew, also went out yesterday. The village of Lukempore, where our camp was sent, is about four miles from Budaon. We started at four P. M., hoping to find all in order and hold meeting in the camp village at sunset. A drive of a little more than three miles, over a good, smooth stone road, brought us to the edge of a thick jungle, beyond which camp had been ordered. I sent the buggy around, while we got down with our two little girls, Elma and Alice, for a walk across the jungle. They were wild with delight as they ran plucking flowers and leaves. In this country children who often languish and are feeble in the house, generally get robust and rosy after a time in camp. Their gambols in the mellow sunlight of the groves act like a charm. Houses in this country, on account of the climate, are built with great, massive walls, and are apt to be wanting in light and ventilation. The open air and sunlight of camp is a blessed change to all, but specially to the more tender constitution of children. Observation

in this country has impressed me very much with the hygienic importance of *sunlight*. The half mile of jungle through which we walked is famous as a *Ziarat*, or place of local pilgrimage. All over the country are to be found old brick built tombs, of so-called "Mohammedan saints." There is supposed merit in visiting and praying near these. In the center of this jungle stands such a tomb on the edge of a small lake, falling into ruins. Were it not for the tomb the jungle would be cleared away and the ground put to a better use. Arrived at camp, where the servants had been for more than a day, and yet they were just pitching the tents; half the tent stakes had been stolen and some of the ropes. A full hour after dark, a little unsavory dinner was brought; but meeting in the village was put out of the question. It sometimes reaches us in this country, that friends at home feel a fault-finding wonder as to what need we have of so many servants. Would that our home friends in the sympathy they wish to extend toward us would feel for us in our "*trials of*" *servants*. Not a missionary but gladly keeps their number at the lowest point consistent with health and usefulness here. But we are on the field for to-morrow.

Thursday, 13.—In the morning, sent Abraham on the pony to visit Gularea, a village about three miles distant from camp. We keep one pony for the use of the helpers in going to the villages more distant from camp. Took Paul with me to Lukempore, near which our tents are pitched. A timid inquirer of the Nicodemus kind lives here. His name, Ajeet Sing (unconquerable lion), does not strike me

as very appropriate; for although he is the head man of the village, and should be able to do almost as he pleases without fear, yet he has been quite turned back by his villagers, so that, for a long time, he has not come near the mission house. Foremost in this work of turning Ajeet Sing from the way are the women of the village, two of whom are his wives. These village women at one time followed him with entreaties and tears, when he set out to visit the mission house, beseeching him not to become a Christian, and threatening all sorts of calamities if he did. Recently when some of the native preachers came to his village the women hooted them and gave them abuse. As a result of their greater ignorance and superstition, generally the women of this country are the greatest enemies to our work. They are, from the customs of the country, less accessible to any enlightening influence, and they use all their ignorance and superstition against us. They often threaten death to themselves or their husbands, if the latter become Christians. So far they seem to have over-awed this man.

When we reached the village, I rang a small gong recently purchased, as an experiment in calling the villagers together. Soon a small crowd came up, and I offered to build a fire at my own expense for them to warm themselves at. Ajeet Sing repelled this as a reflection on his generosity. I had ordered a few cents' worth of fuel, but he sent it away and made his own fire. Old Paul opened our religious talk by presenting an illustration to show the worthlessness of Hinduism. He told a story of a foolish

man who made his wife beat chaff for a long time in hope of getting wheat out of it. The woman raised blisters on her hands, but no wheat came. You are all beating chaff, said the old man, by way of application. You will only damage yourselves but receive no good. It is striking how fond these Eastern races are of parables and illustrations. At one point in the old man's talk he was interrupted by some one who urged the doctrine of transmigration, so widespread among the people of Asia. To this, too, the old man replied by another illustration, pointing to a tree growing by. "When the leaves," said he, "are separated from the tree and fall, they never return and become joined to the tree." He had not knowledge enough of a simple fact in nature to spoil his illustration, nor the villagers to retort it on him; for the leaves *are* making an endless transmigration. Still the illustration perfectly answered its end. I then took up the conversation, and urged the hearers to abandon a religion which could do them no good. It was objected that if they should abandon their gods and demons they would injure if not kill them.

"But why do they not kill us? for we are trying to overthrow them. Why do they not show their power against us?"

"They have no power over rulers."

"What kind of gods are they who are weaker than men?"

"They are such as they are. They can not hurt you, but would make us sick, damage our crops, or kill us if we leave off their worship."

I then told them of the idolatry of the English

and other European people in former days, and how that when the gods Thor, Odin, Freya, and hosts of others were abandoned, they were powerless to do evil to those who had discarded them. Hindus were pointed out who had become Christians while no calamity had befallen them yet. Generally a kind talk of this sort carries, for the time, some apparent conviction. But how soon the demons return to their swept and garnished houses!

In the afternoon, Abraham went off on foot to a village two miles away, while Paul went with me to Kurawle, about the same distance from camp. Our road led us across large open fields of *dal* (a kind of pulse), which, bright with yellow blossoms, stood up to the horse's back and swept the wheels as we drove along. There are very rarely any fences in India. Every animal when grazing has some one watching it, and thus the growing crops are preserved. The highways and byways lie along through the grain fields and groves, yet the vigilance of the herdsmen, and those who watch the crops, keep all in order. We passed, by a narrow avenue, through a jungle of low trees, with broad, stiff leaves. Paul tells me this wood keeps green a hundred years in water. As we enter the village a group of women, with waterpots on their heads, meet us, and each one pulls her shawl or head-covering over her face after the custom of her sex. Poor creatures! thus they seem to veil their hearts, too, from the truth, and are reached with much greater difficulty than the men. Kurawle is rather a pretty village, begirt with groves of mango and palm. A long, narrow pond sweeps

nearly one-third around it, and is now covered with a small reddish water fern, so close that the villagers say their cows can not drink. These ponds are an accompaniment of every village, being excavated for the mud with which the houses are built. During the rainy season the ponds fill with water which may last all the year. In this they bathe and wash their clothes, while it serves also for drinking and cooking purposes. If large, the adjacent fields are also irrigated from it. These ponds, becoming more or less stagnant, are the source of malarious fevers.

When we entered the village a score of men soon assembled. As usual a number of children, with the irrepressible curiosity of childhood, gathered about us. Children the world over are just the same, however widely different, customs and religions may have made older heads. These dark-skinned little urchins, I could but mark, cry and quarrel just the same, stare, and peep, and cling to paternal hands just the same, and in all their little turns and pranks, and childish prattle and pouting, act just the same as the little ones of Saxon blood I have left at my tent. But the systems that Satan and men have invented greatly change the human mind as it takes on years. This we often find to our discouragement.

Our hearers in this village did not oppose our message, but received it in a very flippant spirit, at one time telling us that they are Christians, and again that they would be soon. Some were for coming over at once, if we would give them land. This is an old proposition, sometimes made in earnest, and sometimes just to put us off. As we left, Paul

remarked, that these villagers are yet far away—meaning, "from the kingdom."

At sundown we held a meeting in the chaupal of the village near which we were encamped. James, another helper left behind at Budaon, has joined us, so we are all now "in the field." The gong was sounded to call the villagers together, and while they were coming up I ate a little native sugar, brought me from a small factory near by. At this season of the year, sugar boiling is going on. The juice of the cane is pressed out, and then boiled down in large flat vessels. It is not reduced to a loose grained sugar, but remains in a heavy, semi-glutinous mass. Eaten fresh, it is not a bad sweetmeat.

When our congregation was assembled James read the first few verses of Matthew, fifth chapter, and explained it at large to the crowd. All listened attentively for some time, but at last some one raised the common objection, that if they became Christians they will all have to eat the same kind of food. This called out the oft-repeated explanation, that eating and drinking may be the Hindus' religion, but is not the Christians,' and that when any one becomes a Christian, his religion is not a question of eating and drinking. Another put in the objection that if they become Christians they must all become one caste, to which it was replied that in reality they are but one caste now—that the flesh and blood and bones and humanity of all are alike. But caste was still urged, and its reality stupidly illustrated by the variety among trees; the application of which was, that thus God has also made a variety of castes

among men. The weakness of the illustration was pointed out, and it was in turn retorted on them by showing that among trees there is an actual difference, separating the trees so that they can not be united, while all men possess the same members and faculties and wants, and may cross and intercross interminably.

This point silenced, some one self-complacently put in, that, at any rate, if he was going to hell, he was satisfied with his hell. This is not an uncommon shift with the Hindus when all their silly objections have been calmly and fairly met. We simply, in a pitying way, replied to this fellow by telling the crowd that he did not know the force of his own words. The character of hell was explained to them, and its punishment, as hinted at in the Gospel, portrayed. The fellow who was braving hell grew silent, while a general voice came up that "we will learn what your religion is."

Abraham reported that he had many hearers in the morning at Gularia, but could not find the village for which he had started in the evening, so "turned aside into another little one," where he had some quiet hearers.

February 14.—Early in the morning sent James to Gularia, a village three miles distant, and Paul to negotiate an interview for Mrs. Scott with the women of Lukempore. An effort is needed to conciliate them in some way, in order that Ajeet Sing may not be altogether hindered, and perhaps an opening hedged up in this village.

I took Abraham with me to Sobanpore, two miles

distant. Thus, morning and evening, we distribute our little force for a sally among the villages, trying to reach all within a radius of three or four miles.

This is the most favorable season for "itinerating," as we call it. Now that the cold weather crops are approaching the ripening season, there is not much field work, and the villagers can be found at home. At some seasons many of them remain nearly all the time in the fields.

As we pushed along on foot I observed that our converted Israelitish friend, Abraham, limped, and on asking the cause, he related that once, when taking a camel caravan through Afghanistan to the Russian frontier on a trading expedition, they were attacked and robbed by a band of freebooters. In the skirmish he got a ball through his leg, which causes lameness yet.

Sobanpore is a chumar village. Chumar means a shoemaker or leather dresser. But it must not be supposed that all the inhabitants of this village make shoes or dress leather. Far from it. The Chumars are a caste, and a very low one too. They eat the flesh of animals that have "died of themselves," and are shunned as very low by the higher castes. They are a very numerous caste, in some places occupying entire villages, as the one we visited to-day. They are largely cultivators of the soil, and are not wanting in hard-working industry. We found that old Paul had often been at this village, and the people carry a lively recollection of him and his preaching. I opened our message to them and asked them to believe on Christ, telling them that many of their

people in various places had become Christians. Some one put in, "We are Christians now, for we can eat what we please." We were not at all flattered by their appreciation of Christian privileges, and tried to show them that eating the flesh of animals not butchered in the usual way might be economy but did not constitute them Christians.

These low castes are always more accessible than others, but it is a grave question with missionaries as to what proportion of effort should be bestowed on them compared with other castes. When they become Christians, on account of caste prejudice, they stand more or less in the way of the higher castes. So far our missionaries have worked away irrespective of caste, wherever the way seems to open.

In the conversation on the sin of lying, a man made the frank confession that all lie daily and continually, to which nearly all assented. Christ was held up as a Savior from falsehood and all sin. A fakeer in the crowd then took occasion to bring up his theory that the preservation and fostering of animal life is the grand means of eradicating sin from the heart. Of course, this led the way to an effort to explode his theory (a not uncommon one), while Christ was further presented as our Savior from sin. However, he helped to confirm me in a growing conviction that missionaries in this country have but little business with a gun and hunting propensities. Five years ago I did not see this so clearly, but used somewhat freely a double-barreled shot-gun brought out from Boston, my last personal purchase in America. Wild peafowls, pigeons, geese, ducks,

and wild pigs were considerably annoyed by that gun, and often lost their lives—in the cause of missions, to be sure. I was tongue-tied in those days, and could do but little among the villages. Since getting a Hindustani tongue, and learning more of the likes and dislikes of the people, that Boston gun, crippled by the blowing away of a tube in an attempt to shoot an impudent monkey that had persisted in leading his devastating gang into the mission garden, stands silent and rusted in a corner. With Pauline propriety, a missionary must be all things to all men.

Upon the whole, our morning visit to this village was an encouraging one. A native suggested, as we left, that we select one of their number and instruct him thoroughly in the new way, that he might teach the rest—then all could join us. The suggestion was a wise one, and I appointed a man and requested him to come often to the mission-house. Time will show what can be done. We get so accustomed to disappointment by the natives that faith requires something more than hearing for its foundation.

On our return, we met four men carrying Ganges water from Hurdwar, to be offered at some idol's shrine in Eastern Oude, hundreds of miles from where it was obtained. They told us that they were carrying some to sell, also, when they reached home, and that they would realize about twenty-seven cents a pound for it. This is killing two birds with one stone. They have made a famous pilgrimage and earned some money.

At midday, took Mrs. Scott to see Ajeet Sing's wives, and talk to the women who might assemble there. A white woman in the village was a great show, and no menagerie elephant, passing through a village in America, ever attracted more attention. A motley group of men, women, and children gaped and gazed and followed. I had to drive them away several times before the door of Ajeet Sing's house was reached. When Mrs. Scott went in, custom forbade the men to follow; but a great number of the village women gathered in to look and listen. Meanwhile, I sat down with Ajeet Sing outside, and had a quiet talk to a few villagers, who listened with a good degree of reason. The natives always hear better in small crowds, and better still alone. In large crowds, they often show a great deal of impudent boldness. As Mrs. Scott came away, the same gauntlet of ignorant, dirty villagers was to be again run.

In the afternoon, we distributed our force thus: Paul went to Sobanpore, Abraham and James to Kurawlee, and I set off for a village marked Budwaee on my map. It was a beautiful, sunny afternoon. As I drove across the plain, broad fields of barley waved their bearded surfaces of light green on one side, while fields of wheat undulated and stretched away on the other. The maturing crops are beautiful now. A large brick-made well was passed in one place, carried up several feet above the surface of the ground. A short flight of steps was built for the drawers of its water, and the usual accompaniment of masonry troughs for cattle was

also present. Near this well a mango grove has recently been planted. It is a common custom with natives who have no children to make a good, substantial well by the road-side for the accommodation of travelers, and then, planting a grove of mango-trees, marry the well to the grove. This is done for religious merit and to perpetuate a name.

I found Budwaee to be a clean little village, nestled away among mango and neem trees. Piles of fuel and stacks of grass for thatching, collected on the outskirts, betokened the thrift and industry of the place. I drove up and halted at a sugar-cane press, received the *salam* (greeting) of the workmen, and ate a little sugar just turned out. The place is chiefly occupied by Brahmins, who are not always priests, as my geography of school-boy days led me to believe. In fact, the fewest number of Brahmins act as priests, and the rest are obliged to work for their support as other men, some as shop-keepers, some as cultivators or soldiers, or almost any thing but scavengers and shoemakers. The Brahmins of this village are cultivators, and a thrifty set of fellows they seem to be; but I found them "far from the kingdom." With perfect good-humor, they gathered about me in the chaupal of the village, heard what I had to say, and put in their objections, which were legion. One of these objections was, that if Christianity is what we represent it to be, then Christians are the "friends of God," and should be able to work miracles. A long story was told of a fakeer, who, by austerity and worship, had become a friend of God, and that he could cause it to rain,

blow, snow, and do all kinds of wonderful things. Now they wanted to put me to the test, which was politely declined, on the score that they had no right to force their own tests on Christianity, especially when they refused first to test it in its own way.

Ephraim seemed fast joined to his idols, and, as the sun was lifting his last rays from the brown straw thatches of the village huts, I drove away for Lukempore, where a meeting was held at night. I read the first part of the fifth chapter of Matthew, and explained as well as I could those sublime truths to the boys and men gathered around. All listened quietly. Narain Sing, the recent convert, came up, and the villagers were requested to listen to something from him. He had not talked long before a dozen natives were attacking him with objections and plying him with questions at once. He stood up manfully amid a severe cross-fire for more than an hour, and the enlightenment and power that Christianity has imparted to him was most striking — never losing temper amidst their anger, ever prompt to give a reason of the hope within him. I wish some of our refined skeptics, as Bayard Taylor, who pity poor, honest-minded missionaries for attempting to tamper with the grand old religion of the Hindus, could have witnessed the moral and mental superiority of a converted Hindu on that evening. As we left, all said, "We will hear thee again of this matter."

February 15.—In the morning, sent Paul to visit the village of Rusurea, and James and Abraham to Mujeea, while I drove home to inspect some repairs

going on at the mission premises, and mail a half-dozen letters. After a sharp drive, was back for breakfast at ten o'clock.

In the afternoon, we set off to visit a village bazaar at Amgaon. Green oceans of wheat in head, stretching away on either side of the narrow road, rolled and waved by a fitful wind that anon sent puffs of sand from the road into our eyes. What are called the March winds already begin to blow, and the extreme dryness of the air, with the fine, sharp sand carried by the winds, makes it a trying time for eyes. Blindness and damaged vision are very common infirmities here. Some of our missionaries are greatly afflicted at times from this cause. One brother was distressed nearly all last year with his eyes, and has been ordered six months to the air of the mountains for the present year, that he may be saved to the mission. A little dryness of the eyes, with some pain, admonishes that I must take more care or have trouble.

In the village bazaar, we found a noisy crowd buying and selling and cheating, after the manner of all such bazaars. A village bazaar is one of the institutions of the country, kept up on certain days in the week in the larger villages. It is the country market, where all go to buy and sell. Vegetables and grain, with all kinds of shop articles and trinkets, are exposed for sale in some open place in or near the village, and at market hours hundreds and thousands crowd the place, which is always noisy and dusty in the extreme. We took our stand on a little hillock near the crowd, and certain "vain

fellows," intent on mischief, entered the group that had gathered about us, and pushed up to the front to quibble and divert the listener from what was said. I told them that we had come on a peaceful errand, to tell them things of the greatest value to them; but Satan would not be put about thus, so some of these "sons of Belial" yelled, and did their utmost to raise a disturbance and draw the hearers away. I patiently kept on with the word of Gospel exhortation till I received a sharp rap on the arm in which I held the New Testament, from a missile hurled from the outskirts of the crowd. Stopping for a moment to get the name of the man who dared thus to break the peace, preaching was continued. Several times, nearly all who were listening were drawn away by those who beset us; but as often, when let alone, they gathered around us again.

This is a bad village. A few months ago, old Paul was driven away by a shower of stones, and, as he says, only escaped a severe pelting by putting spurs to his pony and dashing away. Attention of the magistrate must be called to such acts of violence, or they will grow into a serious hinderance to us.

As we preached away, I observed a woman standing near by, at a shop, under pretense of wishing to buy something, and listening for nearly an hour. It is quite contrary to custom for a woman to stop in a crowd and listen to us, so they but very rarely hear any thing that is said. They catch a word or sentence now and then, as they pass where we are talking; and this is all, unless a house

or well be near by—then they do sometimes get a concealed hearing. I have often seen them trying thus to listen, and have always at such times made the best of my voice to reach them. It was pitiable to see this woman, with her head-covering clinched tight in her teeth to conceal her face, while she held her babe under a part of the same covering, and seemed intent on all that was said.

From the bazaar we went to the government village school, to see how things are going on there. I found about thirty very dirty little boys, sitting on a mat of straw, more busy driving away swarms of tormenting flies that kept attacking their filthy faces than in any thing in the way of study. I shamed the little fellows over their dirty faces, and told them they sat there scratching and striking at the flies just like the monkeys of the groves. Not unlike the monkeys, they grinned and slapped away at the flies. A few questions in geography received noisy answers.

A number of natives had meanwhile followed us and collected about the school-house, and religious conversation was struck up with them, Narain Sing leading the way. He held up Christianity as a means of salvation from sin. A Brahmin who was present set himself up for a champion of his religion, and at the end of almost every sentence put in some objection, till at last Narain Sing (Lion of God) turned fully on the fellow and brought all he seemed to know or had ever read from controversial books and tracts to bear on him and his objection. He was soon silenced, and, as the exposure of Hinduism

went on, he jerked himself in haughty silence from the school-house, conquered, but not subdued. Narain Sing then turned to the others, and improved on this episode by saying that this sullen, stubborn unreasonableness is what keeps them from the blessed light and life of the Gospel. He also shamed them for the foolish stories they had been circulating about his having been cast out to wander and beg, in a starving condition. The whole thing seemed to have a good effect.

And thus the battle goes on; but I have been profoundly impressed with the deep-rooted hostility of Hindus yet. As we see the native passing and repassing our homes, and meet them in the ordinary intercourse of life, they seem tame and but little attached to their religion; but, when opposed in it by us as Christian teachers, so that we arouse the full force of their attachment and prejudice, it seems tremendous, and the breaking up of the one and the removal of the other a vast work. Only God's Spirit can be mighty to the pulling down of these strongholds. There must be our trust. Sometimes, after preaching and talking and working many days and weeks, without apparently one encouraging indication among all the villages visited, and among the tens of thousands who have been urged to consider and accept the claims of Christianity, one's heart sinks down weary and almost hopeless. Vast mountains of prejudice and error and superstition rise, towering so wide and high that faith wavers and shrinks. It is no easy thing for us to walk and work for months entirely without sight. It is a rare faith that can do

this; and yet, "Who art thou, O great mountain? Thou shalt become a plain."

When we reached camp, Paul related how he had failed to find the village marked on the map, and how he had struck off a few miles further away to Ujhawli, and there found some low-caste people, who heard the word very gladly. Although they were low-caste, they certainly were more noble than those of the Thessalonica where we had been.

At night we all resorted to the camp-village for our usual evening meeting. Narain Sing, who has been the subject of so many silly stories, was put forward to talk awhile with his countrymen. All listened patiently till he came to the point of urging the acceptance of Christianity, when an uproar of objections began. As something unanswerable, one fellow took the position that if we would order some miraculous thing to take place, and it should then and there follow, he and all would immediately embrace our religion. The proposition was such a novel and startling one that for the moment Narain Sing seemed confounded; but I stepped to the rescue by asking,

"Do you believe the sun ever shines?"

"O yes. Why not?"

"But, now, suppose I dispute it, and propose that if you show me the sun lying and shining before me on the ground or in my hand, I will believe it, what would you think of me?"

"What would I think of you?" with confusion.

"Yes. Would this be a reasonable kind of argument? What right have you or I to set up our

own arbitrary, foolish tests of truth, and then say it must stand or fall by them? You would ask me to lift up my eyes and behold the sun, as we only ask that men use their understanding in a reasonable way in testing Christianity."

The fellow was checkmated, and the talk went on quietly afterward; but with what difficulty the devils of superstition, idolatry, and unbelief are cast out of these wretched heathen!

Sunday, *February* 16.—This being the Sabbath, we did not go out for our usual morning work among the villages, but, at 8 A. M., had a quiet service in one of the tents. At 12 o'clock, we all resorted to the chaupal of our camp-village for a service there also. In village preaching, generally, the Scriptures are simply read and expounded, without any singing or prayer. Occasionally singing is attempted; but singing or prayer can rarely be undertaken in bazaar or village preaching. However, we had announced on Saturday a "regular Christian worship," and had invited the villagers to be present and see how we worship the true God. When the time arrived, a large number of the natives assembled. I appointed Narain Sing to read the Scriptures and pray. James was appointed a kind of guard, to sit with open eyes among the crowd, to check any impropriety that might be attempted during prayer. The best of order was observed through all the exercises. The villagers pronounced the singing very good. We sang native airs to Christian tunes. Our airs are not appreciated by the natives. Hymns set to their airs please them very much, and

the practice of thus using their own airs is increasing. The natives have music of their own, and the time seems distant when they will not prefer it to ours. From childhood, the Christians, too, hear it in the field, on the highway, and in the numerous festivals of the country, so that their musical tastes are preoccupied with the airs of their country. All seemed much pleased with the services. A number of women collected near a window, and listened during nearly the whole time, which is a very unusual thing.

We determined to spend the Sabbath evening in preaching in the surrounding villages. James and Paul were sent to Katra, while I took Narain Sing with me to visit Kurawlea, where I went a few days before. Narain Sing went along particularly to refute in person the stupid, evil-meant stories about himself. We entered the village, ringing a bell to call the people together, and took a seat in the same place where I had before talked to these villagers. This time the zemindar of the village was present, and it seems the villagers do not like him, because they claim that by fraud and falsehood he had wrested the village from the proper zemindar. Once for all, it may be said, by way of explanation, that practically all the land belongs to the government. Still, in greater or less portions, it stands in the name of persons called zemindars, who pay a certain rate on the land to the government, to which they alone are responsible for the rent. They again sub-let the land to smaller contractors or to the cultivator. This zemindar is disliked, because he had

in some way overreached and removed the proper zemindar. When we found that the people would not come to this place, we went to another point in the village, and soon had a half-hundred hearers. The two chief men among them showed a disposition to consider the question of becoming Christians, but it had a discouragingly large loaf-and-fish element in it. I saw this when here before. We told them of spiritual things; but they thought and talked only of carnal things. One of them, formerly the zemindar of the village, quietly, in a mouth-and-ear whisper, asked Narain Sing what he stood a chance to get if he became a Christian. He seemed very much surprised that Narain Sing had received nothing in temporal things. It was formerly the Mohammedan custom in India to reward Hindus for embracing the Koran and its creed; hence, the latter imagine that we certainly do something of the same kind. Our loaf-and-fish inquirers were much surprised to-day, when told that I get nothing from government. They seemed to think that some kind of money speculation must be at the bottom of this wandering about the country. Some have supposed that as missionaries we get a certain sum for every one that becomes a Christian, and that this is the stimulus under which we work. Our interview and talk with these villagers was a little encouraging in one thing, the evidence that here prejudice against Christians is not so bitter as in some cases. In some places, the villagers tell us we may do any thing we like with them—blow them from guns, as was done with the mutinous sepoys—but that they never will forsake

their religion. They even tell us that they prefer it and hell to becoming Christians. We left them for camp, hoping that better motives may yet prompt them to come to the Savior.

James and Abraham reported that in Katra they had a very good hearing. The zemindar of this village is a Mohammedan, and an old acquaintance of mine. For nearly two years, he came to the mission-house regularly as an inquirer, and also frequently attended religious service in our chapel; but I could never be satisfied that he was sincere, and still believe that he hoped to profit in some worldly way by my friendship. When I used to ask him why, if he were sincere, he did not take baptism, he would reply that his wife refused to come with him, and that, as I did not engage to secure him another wife, he could not take the step. So he excused himself, and now says he has given up all thought of becoming a Christian. He is a man of considerable property, exceedingly vain in dress, but pleasant and affable in his manners. He still visits me in a friendly way.

At night, we all assembled in the chaupal for the usual evening meeting. I requested Narain Sing to open with some kind of a talk, which he did in a most intelligent manner. The village pundit (religious teacher) could not stand it to hear his religion stultified, so came to the rescue, and for a time the gods were bandied about in discussion in a merciless manner. The gods fared badly at the hands of a man who had been formerly their warm friend. After a time, the pundit was completely silenced.

It was Hindu met Hindu. I then said a few words in regard to the character of the Hindu books, stating that, before they argue so stoutly from their books, they should inquire into their credibility. This question settled, the character of the argument is determined. The "thus saith the book" is of no account if the book is erroneous or false. Until educated, the question of the credibility of their sacred books never seems to enter the heads of the Hindus. The pundit then asked what our book teaches about the locality and character of hell. As a magnet for to-morrow evening's meeting, I told him to leave this question for the next meeting, and I would give the teachings of the Bible in relation to it.

February 17.—Sent James and Abraham to Majea, and Paul to have a private interview with Ajeet Sing, and ascertain his real feelings and desires in regard to Christianity. It is often very difficult to find out what the natives think and feel on this question without taking them alone. Paul was to urge him forward in duty, and strengthen any good purpose he might have. Mrs. Scott and myself set off to Khunak, Narain Sing's village, that she might have a final interview with his wife, and fully explain to her that, if she wished to be Narain Sing's wife, she must now decide, as he would delay with her no longer. Since becoming a Christian, he put his concubine away, and the lawful wife, also, has refused to live with him. For the relief of converts, where an unbelieving wife or husband prefers "to depart," British law now provides for the divorce of such,

and a new marriage can be contracted. This was the matter to be laid, for a final decision, before Narain Sing's wife this morning. An interview was had with her alone, but she utterly refused to remain his wife, and now he will take the necessary steps for a divorce. It has been a severe trial for the poor fellow. I had the pleasure of seeing where he has laid the foundation for a little chapel. Twenty or more men were erecting the building, not far from a "green tree," beneath which, but a short time ago, he worshiped a stone, which stands there still. The temple of God and the temple of devils will thus soon stand open, side by side, for the worship of these villagers. I took Narain Sing's oldest son to one side, and earnestly urged him to join his father in his profession of Christianity, and showed him the satisfaction this word would be to him, as it would almost certainly induce his mother to yield. This, as well as motives of personal safety, were urged with some little apparent impression. The boy said he was studying Christianity — that his father had told him it is a spiritual religion, and requires the acceptance of the heart. He would study and see.

Before leaving the village, I was called to one side to look at the eyes of the convert Ratan's mother. She has been going blind for a few years. White patches are forming on the cornea, and I told them I could do nothing for her. Medicine can be made of great use in missionary work. Every missionary should prepare himself to administer at least simple remedies, and keep medicines with him constantly. Good done to the bodies of the people

does much to conciliate them, and incline them toward the missionary and his message. I find quinine a most useful article of medicine. Malarious fevers are very common in the country, to which quinine is the great sovereign antidote. The natives now know it by name, and, compared with their remedies, it works wonders. I gave it, in this village, to Narain Sing's uncle, Dharam Sing (lion of virtue), and he was cured of a slow fever of many months' standing, which had made him very feeble. Since his cure, he has been unbounded in his praise of me and my medicine. The Savior's miracles of healing were not simple miracles in attestation of his authority, but doubtless intended to excite the love and attachment of the people. "Medical missions" are becoming popular in many foreign fields.

We returned home, hopeless of effecting a reconciliation between Narain Sing and his wife; but a man's foe shall be those of his own household. During the day, I had a visit from the moulvy (Mohammedan teacher), who has been a professed inquirer nearly two years. He formerly taught a small mission school in Narain Sing's village; but, when he became a Christian, the school was broken up in a religious panic. The moulvy still keeps making visits as an inquirer, and seems sincere—indeed, the most sincere inquirer I have ever met. It seems much harder for Mohammedans to become Christian than for Hindus. To-day the moulvy was very frank, and said that he felt like a man drowning in a lake, who did not know for which shore to swim. He affirmed, in all apparent sincerity, that he had

lost a great deal of his confidence in Mohammedanism, but that somehow he could not altogether commit himself to Christianity. He asked me, with a striking, anxious earnestness, what a man in his condition was to do, and what would become of him were he to die. In answer to his question of what would become of a sincere doubter of his kind, I said that if he had used all reasonable effort to reach the truth, and were making an earnest, honest effort to avoid sin, he might, if cut off by death in such a condition, hope for God's mercy. In regard to overcoming doubt, I told him that, after using all reasonable exertion to settle a question of doubt, it becomes a man's duty to cast in his lot where there is the greatest apparent hope for safety. His own illustration was applied, that, if a man were in danger of drowning, and a number of boats were near, it would become his duty to take the one in which, after due consideration, he would be most likely to be safe, although he might still have some doubt as to whether this be the best. The point was further illustrated by the case of a traveler, in doubt about two roads to a certain city. After due inquiry and effort to ascertain the proper road, he would set out on the one which had the most indications of being right, although he might have some doubts and fears as to its being right after all. The moulvy was then urged to lay together all the evidence he had collected, after years of inquiry, and determine, as well as he could, where the weight of evidence seemed to lie.

In the evening, took old Paul with me to Budwaee, where I had attempted to instruct the villagers

a few days since. We found them in no better spirit. Paul talked, and I talked, to the score or more men who assembled to see and hear. They disputed almost every thing we had to say, and seemed indisposed to receive any thing in a kind spirit. Having talked myself, as I sat there and listened while old Paul exhorted those stiff-necked villagers, I fell into sad reflections over their hardness of heart and perversity against the truth. We come to them in all kindness, talk to them in all mildness, even beseech them "by the meekness and gentleness of Christ," and yet they resist all with an astonishing hardness and opposition to the truth, and even tell us that they prefer their own way with hell to becoming Christian! O, climax of hardness and imperviousness to the truth! The message of love and mercy divine, for which they are perishing, the presentation of Christ in all his worth and loveliness, is thrust away with a sneer, is replied to with scornful sarcasm! And how this hardness and perversity seem heightened, when it is remembered that in some places this satanic opposition is kept up for thirty years! How stolid the human soul can become, how impenetrable to the light and beauty of truth! But we must sow away, even if some seed does fall on stony ground or hard and beaten paths. Nevertheless, our tears will one day be dried, and we will "reap in joy."

As we were about to start for camp, a Mohammedan came up and joined with the Hindus in opposition to our message. "It is a very foolish, wicked thing," said he, "for men to change their religion;"

and he ranted away on this text for a time. All this was simply out of jealousy, and to counteract any possible impression that our words may have made. The Mussulman hates the Hindu as a blasphemous, idolatrous dog, destined to the lowest hell. All intelligent Mohammedans will acknowledge that Christians, as not being idolaters, and as possessing a true revelation, are nearer to themselves and infinitely better than Hindus; and yet, such is their jealousy touching the progress of Christianity among Hindus, that they prefer to see the Hindu wallow and die in his idolatry rather than become a Christian. This impertinent fellow was acting out the real Mohammedan. In a few words, I shamed him on the unreasonable and contradictory position he had taken, and he soon left. During this evening's talk, Narain Sing's case was brought up, with bitter irony, by some saying that he had become a Christian, and had received as a gift all the land about Budaon. By this it was meant that he had been made a fool of; and what had he received for it?

At night, the usual meeting was held in the chaupal, and, as promised, I made some remarks on heaven and hell, as presented in the Christian Scriptures. A large number of villagers were present, and all listened with marked attention. From the description of hell that was given as a place of endless ruin, it is to be hoped that some of the villagers may not be so ready to say that they prefer their own religion with hell to becoming Christian. Natives often have such vague and trifling ideas of what hell is, that they are but little concerned to

shun it. One man attempted, when the description was closed, to oppose the doctrine of transmigration to an eternity of ruin after this life, and from it draw the consolation that, if the present life did prove a failure and end in hell, a new birth and new term of life in this world might result in reaching heaven. This, of course, led to a discussion of the merits of that doctrine, in which—an unusual thing—the opinion of the listeners seemed to go with the Bible teaching.

February 18.—In the morning, I took Abraham with me, and revisited Subhanpore. On seeing us coming, a number of the villagers assembled, to whom the story of sin and salvation was rehearsed. All listened with close attention, and when asked, "What think ye of Christ?" some one very sincerely inquired in what country he was born. "In that man's country," pointing to Abraham, the converted Jew, "and only a few miles from his native city." This point was settled apparently to their satisfaction. "And where is Christ now?" put in another, to which the reply was made that he has with his body "ascended up on high," but that in his divinity he is every-where present, even knocking at their hearts for admission. These villagers are very teachable; and we then explained at length what it is to be a Christian. The question is often asked, "What kind of food and clothing must we adopt if we become Christians, and what kind of work must we carry on?" We tried to explain that the kingdom of God is not "meat and drink," and that all kinds of honest labor are honorable. It requires great

patience and "aptness to teach" to hear and reply well to all the questions and objections that are started in these village talks. The constant rehearsal of the same simple truth, the constant answering of the same questions, and the constant refutation of the same silly objection, becomes sometimes very irksome, and only a strong sense of duty and a pitying love for perishing men prevents it from becoming an intolerable weariness. As we were about to leave these villagers, they became very attentive, and some one called us gods. This, of course, led to another lesson; but, unlike Paul's hearers of old, they did not turn against us, but besought us that a teacher might be sent to instruct them. They affirmed that for nearly five years they have not worshiped idols, and I subsequently found out that this is true. Something has impressed them with the folly of idolatry. A change is most certainly going on in the country on the question of idol-worship. The same want of confidence in the wisdom and benefit of this that caused the altars of Rome to be abandoned is at work here.

When we returned to camp, Ajeet Sing was present for an interview, as we were to break up camp here and go to Budaon. He was very teachable, but seemed to think himself helpless in being alone as an inquirer in his village. I urged him to be true to his name (unconquered lion), and follow his sense of right and truth at all hazards, assuring him that God would help him.

After breakfast, at 10 o'clock, we started for home, leaving the native helpers to follow in the

evening. Midway, I left Mrs. Scott to drive on home with the children, while I took a foot-path across the wheat-fields, to preach in a village which I could take in my way. A half a mile, wading through the waving grain, brought me to Majea, where I intended to preach. Near the village is a little hillock, rising, by a gradual slope, eighty or one hundred feet high. Ascending this, I had an expanded view of the country, stretching away for many miles, with its sweeping panorama of waving grain-fields, green, clustered groves of mango-trees, and a village here and there at random. In a country made up of vast plains, like India, it affords most pleasing relief to find a hillock like this, where a little elevation breaks the monotony by extending the visual range. A few such hillocks or wide mounds are found, chiefly near villages. Broken pottery is mingled in the earth of which they are composed, showing that they are the remains of former habitations. The present population knows but little about them more than that centuries ago there were dwellings here. They seem to have been forts or strongholds.

In the village, I found a few willing hearers. They are idolaters, but do not seem to have very much faith in their idols, and are quite ready to hear and learn any new thing that may be proposed. I told them how the next village had abandoned idolatry. This they confirmed as a fact, and said they were ready to learn, and asked me to come from time to time. Generally, this docility fails them when it comes to accepting Christianity, with

all its holy restraints and requirements, and they go away undecided, if not sorrowing.

When I left the village, I struck across the fields to the hermitage of a famous fakeer, or religious hermit, of whom I had often heard. On the border of a square, artificial pond, fifteen or twenty rods over, I found the retreat of the fakeer in a clump of trees of various kinds. These trees are surrounded by a thick, matted hedge of thorns and bushes. The whole locality is a fit place for the home of such a recluse. A half-hundred little dome-capped, square brick buildings tell the story of as many widows burned alive in the darker days of Hinduism. This was the spot selected for the terrible rite of the suttee, before the arm of British power had stayed this fearful cruelty. Here, where the shrieks of burning widows had rent the smoke-dimmed air, this man lives. I had heard that he never allows any one to approach him—that with a club he threatens every one who ever attempts to come into his inclosure—excepting some person who brings him food from time to time. Perfect seclusion he is making a part of his austerity. At all hazards, I determined to go in, if possible, and see how he was living, and talk with him. As it happened, I came up at the only side of his lair by which I could at all gain access. I discerned, by a little, beaten path, leading down to the water's edge from among the bushes and trees, just where I might find my way in. By clambering over and pushing aside some thorn-bushes that had been hacked down and piled into a fence, I reached this little path,

and ascended within the inclosed clump of trees. Through the branches of tree and bush, the old fakeer's visage, with long, matted gray hair and beard, gleamed like a grim goblin. He was moving about, and I called to him,

"Peace on you, old man."

"Who are you?" with gruff surprise.

"Who am I?" advancing.

"Yes, who are you, thrusting yourself in here?" savagely.

"I am a missionary, old man, come to see you."

"Why have you come here?" threateningly.

"Come to see you, my old friend."

"No one is permitted to come here."

"You see I have come," I said, with good-humor; and the grim old man's face also dropped into a smile.

He had been looking very cross before, and was evidently much puzzled by this strange intrusion. I told him I had come to talk with him a little, but he persisted that no one was allowed to come there, and looked for me promptly to turn back; yet I kept my place. He was a venerable-looking old man—a perfect type of this kind of devotees. His long, unkempt gray hair and beard hung in matted tufts about his weather-beaten neck and breast. His only covering was a black, coarse blanket, thrown over one shoulder and drawn round under the other arm. A hasty glance showed that he lives in one of the small, dome-capped tombs, erected over the ashes of a funeral pile, where were consumed at once the living wife and the corpse of her husband.

There, for thirty years, he has slept, and dreamed his wild, vague dream of working out, through severe asceticism, his final absorption into deity. He was confused at my bold, unheralded intrusion on his unnatural seclusion, and seemed hardly to know whether to rave at me or indulge a little talk. As I looked at him, and asked a few questions, and he replied, his countenance played between frowns and smiles in a most amusing way. He told me that he called the magistrate once, and petitioned that no more cows be killed; and, in his fancied self-importance, he said that he supposed the petition had gone up through all the subordinates to the queen. He was looking for the results. These fakeers sometimes acquire most inordinate conceit, allowing themselves to be called God, and receive the worship of other Hindus. I asked the old fellow if he had a wife and children, at which he flew into a rage, and ordered me not to use such language there. Pardon was asked, and the old man assured that no insult was meant. He smiled, and requested that I leave him, and, starting, led the way out, opening for me a passage in the thorn fence. As I passed out, I asked him what he eats.

"God feeds me," with an air of mysterious importance.

"Do you eat the fruits of these mango-trees?"

"Do the trees bear fruit twelve months?" sharply.

"But who feeds you?" I persisted.

"God, I tell you," more sharply.

"Good-bye, old man," and I turned away from this curious specimen of religious hallucination.

Near by outside, I met a little, superstitious old man, who had wonderful stories to tell of the sanctity of the fakeer within. He would have me believe that he lives without eating, and that he could work almost any miracle. "No," said I, "you are a better man than he, for he seems to be very ill-tempered, indeed." The simpleton bowed, and looked flattered.

I turned away home, reflecting on a strange element that the human mind seems to possess. Every religion has produced some kind of asceticism. Devotion to God seems to be an instinct of the heart. Asceticism, as a marked expression of this devotion, has a strange charm for many minds. Something in it seems to speak of indifference to the allurements of things earthly and human, and of a concentration of the soul upon the Divine Being. A specious consecration to him is thus established and kept up, which pleases and flatters the soul's vanity. Heathendom has these devotees by tens of thousands; so has Christendom. Such are the nuns and monks of Rome, deceived by the same "show of wisdom in will-worship and humility and neglecting of the body not in any honor to the satisfying of the flesh." Many of these shut themselves up like this old man. Lazaroni, or religious mendicants, wander all about Italy, represented by the wandering fakeers of this country.

IV.

CAMP AT BANGAWAN.

FEBRUARY 20.—We started, in the afternoon, for Bangawan, seven miles away, intending to encamp there for a few days. Tents and camp equipage had been sent on in advance. The road lay just in the direction of the declining sun, which beamed full in our faces as only an Indian sun can beam; besides, the stone road was hot, and the radiated heat added to our discomfort. I reached camp fatigued, and with a severe headache, from the heat and glare of the sun. To all, the very common annoyance was added of finding our tents but half-pitched, and every thing in perfect confusion. They were located, too, in a low, rough bit of ground, where a pond had formed during the rainy season, and after months had dried up, leaving great fissures, so that it was utterly unfit for a camping-place, especially with children. Servants are among the greatest trials of missionaries in India. Our allowances do not enable us to secure competent aid for these camping tours; hence, we often have to "rough it" in the roughest of ways. As it was late, we had to occupy the half-pitched tents for the night, planning better things for the morrow. Some of the head men of the village, having seen us drive

up to camp, came to make their *salam* (salutation). These men have been calling occasionally at the mission-house for more than a year. They are high-caste men, and seem very approachable. Some time ago, one of them gave me a hint that for a grant of land or for money, he and others would become Christians. I more than suspect that all their friendship and docility is in hope of loaves and fishes.

Missionaries are often associated, in the imagination of the natives, with the English rulers of the country, and natives make these tentative offers of becoming Christians in hope of reward. Mohammedanism, in the days of its power in India, made thousands of converts by giving grants of land and lucrative employment to Hindus, and they wonder why we do not use the same policy. Were the British government to favor it, and missionaries to adopt the policy, thousands and tens of thousands could be made Christians for worldly gain. But "let every man take heed how he buildeth. Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus." He never tried to attach men to himself by merely worldly motives, but firmly rebuked such motives when uppermost in the minds of his followers. Romanists did not scruple to employ these lower motives to make converts in this country; but, alas! tens of thousands of their communicants most need the Gospel's saving power. Protestantism, in many places in India, is doing their work over again. The true foundation is "Christ Jesus." Jesuit cunning and worldly chicanery spread Romanism in Mexico, South America,

and largely in India, and are spreading it in China and Japan to-day; but the work of true evangelism is yet to be done in the wake of all this effort. Yes, with "gold, silver, precious stones" we must lay our foundation in Christ Jesus, slowly though it be. The "wood, hay, stubble" will not endure; but the true temple, reared in toil and tears, will yet receive its head-stone, amid shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it!"

February 21.—Was up early in the morning, and helped to remove the tents to a better locality, in a clump of immense mango-trees, which, stretching their mighty arms aloft, form a thick arbor over our camp. After a couple of hour's work, pulling ropes and driving stakes, I was too tired to walk to any of the neighboring villages, so took the native helpers for a talk in the village where we are encamped. A score or more men assembled in the chaupal to hear what was to be said. We had a quiet talk until a map-drawer attempted to withstand us. He is stopping in the chaupal, making out a map of the village lands for government. Being a Hindu, he tried to object to Christianity on the score of inconsistency. He said that our teaching in regard to stealing, lying, licentiousness is all very good, but our conduct and teaching touching the destruction of life are abominable. Hindus hold the destruction of animal life to be a sin, although many of them do not practically carry out their ideas of sin in this particular, but kill and eat some kinds of game. However, this fellow, in order to make a point against us, took up the Hindu theory. I replied to him that it might be written in his sacred books

that all destruction of animal life is a sin, but that it is not so written in the book which we teach; but, to the contrary, it contains instruction for the slaying of animals for our use, and for the slaying of men, too, when they do not behave themselves. It was further urged that the requirements of his theory could not possibly be maintained, because every drink of water or bit of food taken entails the destruction of life. Every time he walked across the fields, he destroyed some worm or insect. The unreasonable and impossible requirements of his religion were made to reflect on the religion itself, and in the end he gave up his undertaking in confusion. To one not acquainted with the chattering, interrupting, spasmodic way the natives have of talking in an attempt at controversy, it is difficult to conceive how unpleasant some of these talks are. You are interrupted in the midst of almost every sentence. Apparently no attention is paid to what you say, but a separate medley of ideas is kept up and pitched in abruptly here and there, so that hardly two uninterrupted sentences can be put together. Often I have just stopped short and told the native to go on and make out his point, taking the lead without interruption, and then, when it was his pleasure, to let me know, and I would present my statement, but that I must not then be interrupted. The native would then talk on to his apparent satisfaction, and, leaving off, tell me to speak; but half a dozen sentences would hardly be uttered before he would unceremoniously dash in with some objection or question. Again the

opportunity for him to speak would be politely granted, with the request to finish his "say" and let me speak. All right. Again he would say all he seemed to have to say, and then tell me to speak on; but I would hardly be on the way before he would dash right into my sentence again with some kind of interruption. When rallied with the folly of such a way of talking, sometimes an opportunity to say something at length would be secured. My opponent to-day was a fair specimen of these controversial guerrillas, and, after considerable effort, I got him reduced to regular warfare, so as to give him a hearing and get a hearing myself. The words of Paul are always in place as a qualification for the missionary among this people: "Gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth."

During the day, one of the leading men of the village visited me at the tent, with a view to getting me to aid him in some way in obtaining employment in government service. His hopes were fixed on some office among the police.

In the evening, sent James and Abraham to Basoman, a large village to the east of camp, and took Paul with me to another village called Aheerwara. Near this village are pits, from which a kind of calcareous earth, mingled with small shells, is dug. When burned, it forms a lime, commonly used in building in this country. A large crowd assembled in one of the streets to hear us. I was

much amused at Paul's exposure of the folly of idolatry. Among other objects of worship in this country are the peepul-tree and a bird much resembling the blue-jay of the United States. Said Paul: "You regard the peepul-tree as a god, and adore and worship it as a protector; but, while you put the sacred thread round it, and are standing worshiping at one side, along comes a camel, and, stretching up its long neck, proceeds to make a meal from your god on the other side. Your god can not save himself from being devoured by an animal. Again, you see that bluebird perched somewhere, and, putting up your hands, proceed to worship it, while from the other side up comes a thoughtless boy, and, with a sling, hits it a rap with a stone, when down tumbles your god at your feet, more helpless than yourself. Think how you shut and lock your temples at night to keep thieves from stealing away your miserable, helpless stone gods, who thus require your protection." These villagers manifestly were not very enthusiastic in their devotion to the animal, vegetable, and mineral divinities, for they laughed heartily at the ridiculousness of the whole thing, as I did myself, while the old man threw such an air of absurdity over this senseless worship. A large crowd had listened, and, as we left, they asked us to return, apparently pleased with the merriment that had been made at the expense of their gods.

At night, we went to the chaupal of our camp-village. The map-drawer was still there, but he evidently had been thinking over the conversation previously had, and seemed changed in manner.

The subject of religion and salvation was again brought forward, and this man put in some questions, but in a very changed tone. Old Paul handed him a copy of the New Testament in Hindu, and, pointing out the twelfth chapter of Romans, that glorious inculcation of Christian virtue, requested him to read it then and aloud. He did so, with apparent admiration, asking questions as he went along, which opened the way for hortative comments for the benefit of a group of hearers who gathered in at the sound of our bell. All seemed pleased, and we withdrew for the night, hoping that some seed had fallen in good ground.

February 22.—Was awaked, in the morning, by the carols of birds in the immense mango-trees that spread their great branches over our tents. The wild peacocks screamed as they sailed down from the branches to feed in the grain-fields near by. Dove cooed to dove as they sallied forth from the same leafy retreat above our tents to the loving fellowship of the day. The rumbling of distant thunder told of approaching rain, although the sun beamed out from the east with dazzling splendor, such as only an Indian sun can shed forth.

After a cup of tea, I took Paul with me to Busoman. We struck across the wheat and barley-fields, following the convenient foot-paths left by the cultivators. A pony was to follow for old Paul, who was tired enough, and sweating finely, when we reached the village. He, however, walks very well for a man of eighty years, especially in view of the fact, too, that for nearly forty years he kept himself

in the closest seclusion as a religious hermit, part of the time remaining nearly motionless. Entering the village, we went to the house of one of the head men, who at the time was absent. Near the open gate-way leading into the court-yard attached to all the better native houses, we found his son, who showed us the greatest contempt by sitting quietly and smoking away, without the slightest recognition of our presence. To feel the force of the insult he wished to show us, one must know the habits of the better-class natives in rising and showing respect to strangers who may present themselves at their doors. Especially, when a European appears in their midst, do they make an effort to treat him with respect; but this insolent fellow sat and smoked until I asked him for a seat, and then, without removing his mouth from the long stem of his *hukka* (pipe), he grunted out a lazy signal for a seat. Once seated, another and another villager came up, while the impudent fellow smoked on in silence. Our congregation was soon collected, and among them was a brother of the smoker, who, with better breeding, however, made some show of courtesy in the native way. He listened with others for a time, and then put in the objection of fate to all that had been said about sin and human responsibility. Hindus, as well as Mohammedans, are fatalists, and it is surprising how universal the idea is among them, being an excuse for sin in the mouth of all, from the highest to the lowest. The popular idea is that just inside the forehead, on the cranium, all the actions of a man's life have been traced by the hand of fate, and that these

are irresistibly worked out just as written. To the self-comforting apology of fate thus offered for all misdeeds, the reply was made that the doctrine greatly dishonors God, who is held by the Hindus also to be a God of purity and justice. All seem to hold that fate must originate with him; hence, he becomes the author of all the misery and sin of humanity. When I detailed at some length a catalogue of the sins so common in all these villages, and asked the young man if he intended by his doctrine of fate to charge all this on God, he shrank from the conclusion and settled into silence. While we continued to address the large crowd now assembled, the father of the young man just silenced—a great, corpulent fellow—came strutting up and took a seat. He soon began to ask questions, and, among other things, wanted to know what there is in heaven and what in hell. We indicated to him briefly what the Christian Scriptures teach, and he, also, then urged the doctrine of fate, which had just been discussed and passed by; but it must be "line upon line," and the same arguments against fate were repeated; and in answer to the question, "What is truth?" he was told that this world is a place of learning and preparation for another world, just as his village school is a place of learning and preparation for after life. A blind man, standing in the crowd, listened during all the talk with the profoundest attention. Poor and blind, physically, mentally, and morally, he was a perfect picture of destitution, and I prayed that the divine Son of David might find in him another Bartimeus. We urged all our

hearers to lay to heart what they had heard, and returned to camp.

At noon, I took Mrs. Scott and Sarah (Abraham's wife) into the camp-village to have an interview with the women. It is all-important that the women be conciliated, for they are the main pillars of idolatry in the country. Women every-where seem more religiously inclined than the "sterner sex." In heathen lands this peculiarity is seen in their greater superstition and devotion to idols. When children get sick or die, nothing is more common than for the wife to charge it on the husband for his neglect of the idols; and she will be found stirring him up, by entreaties and threats, to make the necessary sacrifices and offerings. Every thing that can be done to enlighten and conciliate the women opens the way for the spread of the Gospel. It is important that missionaries' wives and the wives of their helpers gain access to the women in their houses, and, by kind words and friendly bearing, impress them with the truth. Mrs. Scott and Sarah went into the chief villager's house, and found a half-hundred women assembled to see and hear. I remained without and talked to a group of men, who, with true village curiosity, had come together to see an "*angrez*" (English) woman. I tried to entertain them with a description of agricultural implements in enlightened countries. Some of my descriptions of plows and mowers and reapers and threshers seemed to them almost beyond the possible. They were highly delighted, and wished to know why such things are not brought into use here. I told them

to abandon all false religions and walk in the Lord's ways, and all kinds of blessings would be added unto them.

In the afternoon, went to Ojhanee, a large town of about ten thousand inhabitants, with James and Abraham. We have been preaching in this place now, from time to time, for five years. It was bazaar-day, and amid the noisy, busy throng, beneath the branches of a large neem-tree, we stood up to declare again "all the words of this life." The day was hot and dusty, and I felt as if, while trying "not to be weary in well-doing," I would literally "faint" in the midst of the throng while talking. For the first time in this place, after more or less preaching for five years, I saw something like an encouraging sign. A *bunya* (shop-keeper), who formerly was in the habit of wrangling with us in defense of his gods when we preached in this place, came forward while I was talking, and frankly acknowledged that he had no faith in his gods, and that bathing in the Ganges is of no use. He was undecided, however, as to what should be done for salvation. This concession may seem insignificant in itself, but it is very significant of the progress of truth, and shows us that our teaching and preaching are not in vain. When the guns of well-placed batteries, apparently without making any impression, have been playing away for days on the massive walls of a fort, the first sign of giving way on the part of the fort is hailed with joy. The slightest shattering of a wall, the dismounting of guns and cessation in firing, apparent preparation for a truce

or surrender,—all these bring satisfaction and hope of success to the besiegers. For five years we have preached in this town, apparently without making any impression. Now an intelligent man comes forward, and in sincerity avows his disbelief in the gods and the sacred river. All heard quietly and with attention. Thus the walls are at last apparently shattered, and we see that some headway has been made.

A late dinner, and we went for a meeting in the chaupal, in a new part of the camp-village. From that direction the villagers have grumbled that we have not given them a meeting yet. The bell was rung, and soon a motley crowd of at least a hundred villagers of all ages were assembled. We do not say "all sexes," for women are not allowed to be present in such places. They are always supposed to learn, if at all, at home. Not one objection was urged to all we had to say at this interview. The head man of this part of the village bethought him of his dinner before we were through, and, hungering less for the bread of life than for the meat that perisheth, he left before we were done, saying, with an assuring nod of the head, that he would do whatever the rest did.

Sunday, February 23.—The warning thunder of yesterday proved the harbinger of a tremendous rain. About 10 o'clock last night, it began to pour, and it was pour, pour all night long. The precaution of digging a trench round the tents was neglected, in the expectation that but little rain, at this season, would fall; but "the windows of heaven"

seemed to be literally opened, and in the morning, when we awoke, the low ground where our tents were pitched for a better shade was completely flooded with half a foot of water over the tent-floors, while the muddy ripples were gently plashing among the legs of bedstead and chairs. All without looked dreary enough as the fast-falling rain dimpled the little lake that spread around the tents. The whole was a most unpleasant termination of plans for the day. We had intended to hold two Sabbath services for prayer and preaching in the village. At 8 o'clock, the rain ceased. The cook waded into our tent with a hot cup of tea and some buttered toast, which we disposed of sitting on our beds, above the flood that had spread through the tents. I then waded out, while Mrs. Scott was carried to shore on a chair, and the children in arms by servants. The native helpers were sent to stop in the village, while we drove home and found, O such a house! The new roof had leaked badly; carpet and floor were all wet; walls, overhead, every thing covered with dampness and mold. Fires were set ablaze in each chimney to reverse this state of things, while we partook of a humble breakfast, at 11 o'clock, of boiled potatoes, bread, and tea.

February 28.—In the morning, I started alone for the village where we were recently washed out by a heavy rain. Already the wind was up, though somewhat early in the morning. It came driving in my face almost with the force of a hurricane, and I drove in its teeth with much difficulty, holding the lines with one hand and my hat with the other. In

this month, the west monsoons often blow sharply. When I reached the village, I found the native helpers comfortably lodged in the chaupal. They seemed glad to meet me again in the "tented field." After a considerable drive against that steady wind, I relished the food they set before me. But whew! how hot it was! The Mexicans, famous for their peppery dishes, would weep over this food, as I did quite freely. The hot lunch over, we repaired to the camping-place to put the tents in order. Where they stood was a slough of despond, and they were accordingly removed to firmer soil; but, in repitching them, we pulled and the winds pulled for the mastery, and for a time it was hard to tell which would conquer. A few stout stakes were driven into the ground, and to these and the giant trunks of the mango-trees the strong ropes were lashed, the wind was outdone, and my house was again in order; but it was order full of dust, for the persistent blast poured along the stretching plains, carrying clouds of dust, which eddied into my tent through every nook and corner. Undismayed, I settled myself for the work of the day.

First came a Mohammedan, who for some time has been an inquirer. I had nothing new to urge upon him, nor did he seem to have any thing new to ask; but it must be line upon line, precept upon precept, so I repeated something of what I had often urged upon him before. Next came Doulat Sing (lion of wealth), a tall, broad, herculean fellow from the village near by. Doulat Sing had often called before, and sometimes wanted to talk about religion;

but to-day his conception of his wants seemed to rise no higher than his stomach. He had often, he said, heard of the virtues of tea, and he begged me to give him a little in the dry leaf, as he was suffering from a severe cold. The tea was given, and he was then told to think more of the disease of sin from which his heart was suffering. He left, promising that he would think more on this subject.

Late in the afternoon, we wended our way across the now ripening wheat and barley fields to a large village called Narau. On reaching the chaupal, we found it already occupied by women "whose steps take hold on hell." Harlotry is not a disreputable profession in this country. At this season of the year, when gifts of grain may be more readily given, courtesans move among the villagers, stopping for a short time in each place, meanwhile enjoying the marked hospitality of their friends. They go away laden with gifts of money and grain. A large crowd assembled, to whom the Gospel message was delivered. Numerous questions were asked, and answered apparently to the satisfaction of the listeners.

At night, we held a meeting in the chaupal of the camp-village. The villagers assembled, and listened with unusual interest. Some of the natives had kindled a fire, which filled the place with smoke; and my eyes, already irritated by the wind and dust, caused me such pain that I was glad to return to the tent. Soon in came my old friend, Doulat Sing,' with a large plate of *purees*, a kind of thin cakes, fried in butter. He had taken my tea, and now, in return, I must eat bread with him, which I did, of

course, to please the man. He sat and talked while I disposed of several of his *purees*, and then, taking his *salam* (peace on you), I let him depart. I retired to my dusty couch with a throbbing brain and smarting eyes. The hot, dry, driving wind, the penetrating dust, the sun, and the smoky chaupal, had been too much for me.

February 29.—Had a bad night's rest. Suffered from neuralgic pain in the side of my neck that had been most exposed to the wind in yesterday's drive. Usually, I sleep soundly and sweetly beneath canvas, and awake fresh and vigorous for a morning round among the villagers. Not so to-day. Nevertheless, we were soon off to Narau, having been invited to come back, that they might hear us again on this matter. As we walked across the fields, between the plats of wheat, a simple-hearted old fellow hailed us with,

"No one intends to become Christian in the village where you are stopping. They are deceiving you. Do n't trust them."

"Very well, old man," said I, "time will show."

Subsequently, I found out the secret of the old fellow's remark, which was that he wished to check our friendship in the other end of the village, with which his end has a quarrel.

Reached Narau, and a few strokes of the gong soon brought up a half-hundred hearers. These I tried to impress with the evil of sin, as being the way that leads to hell. Some one in the crowd tried to retort the charge of sin on the English rulers. The government, he urged, is full of avarice in the

way it collects land-rent and taxes. I explained to him the object of the collecting of revenues, which seemed very satisfactory to all. The stupidity of the natives touching the object and policy of the government is sometimes very remarkable. Some one then put in that they have no time to be religious and serve God, much less to learn what Christianity is and practice its requirements. The point was that they have enough to do to look after the wants of their stomachs and backs, without even attending to their own religion; hence, *a fortiori*, it was out of the question to study out and put on a new and strange religion. I then illustrated to him how the new religion would bring with it such blessings, having the promise also of the life that now is, that they would have more time for religious duties than their fathers ever had. They were astonished with the marvelous stories I told them of the plowing, sowing, reaping, and mowing of Christian countries. I then hung up a map, and pointed out the countries into which this "new religion," as they called it, had spread. It was light pouring into darkness as these ideas beamed on their minds.

We returned to the camp-village, and selected and marked out a site for building a small helper's house. My object is to secure a permanent residence for a native helper in this place. The villagers seem pleased, and give the ground cheerfully. After ten o'clock, the wind rose to raging pitch. The ropes groaned, and the tent-pole quivered like the rigging of a storm-driven ship. What clouds of dust rolled through the murky air! I had intended

to drive to Ojhanee, a large town a few miles away, and preach in the bazaar; but, in the face of such a tornado, it was impracticable, so I contented myself with meeting whatever natives came to the tent during the day. Among these was a tall, lank *thakur* (the warrior caste), with a nose fearfully aquiline. He annoyed me much with the sneering way he treated Christianity. I hardly know why he came. Toward evening, the wind fell, and the clouds of dust subsided.

I took James, and crossed a strip of low jungle to a petty, starved-looking village just beyond. We ascended a large mound near by, and had a delightful view of the agricultural landscape that lay spread out far around us. The sun was setting, and the now calm air was mellow and refreshing. In the village, we met a warm reception in a military sense. The villagers fought for their idols and devils to the last. They are chiefly low-caste, and seemed possessed and demented with idolatry and devil-worship in a pitiable degree. We talked more than an hour, apparently into the air. The moon was pouring its silvery light over the quiet, deserted fields as we trudged away to camp; but our day's work was not over.

We repaired to the chaupal of the camp-village for a word of exhortation and instruction. The gong called up our congregation, and motives for accepting Christianity were again urged upon the hearers. One old man listened to all with marked attention, and then came forward, and, with great deliberation and earnestness, went on to state his objection to

their becoming Christians. This was the difficulty they would encounter in getting their children married when they once changed their religion. "Where will we go for wives for our sons, or who will come for our daughters?" He was told that there are now many Christian families growing up in the country, and that this difficulty could be met, and need not stand in the way of doing right; but he could not see it, and left us apparently convinced that he had stumbled upon an insurmountable obstacle. The old man mumbled over his difficulty with an air of triumph as he tottered away.

Sunday, *March* 1.—I did not awake as promptly as usual this morning. Weary from tramping across the fields to the villages, and fretted with the wind and dust, I was prepared for a good, sound sleep; and then, at eight o'clock in the evening, a coolie had come from Budaon, bringing a batch of newspapers—the New York *Advocate*, the Pittsburg *Advocate*, and the *Missionary Advocate*—so that, weary as I was, these kept me from bed till a late hour. No wonder that the golden sunlight was streaming over the fields and through the trees, and beginning to play beneath the side of my tent in on the rough sackcloth carpet, when I opened my eyes. "Beloved" or not, the Heavenly Father had given me most refreshing sleep, and made me forget all my weariness and sorrow, too, at the hardness of men's hearts. What a lovely morning it was! Emblem of the blessed Sabbath that will dawn by and by! "Happy as a bird" seemed to be true enough among the feathered creation without. The green

parrots screamed as they started from the branches and winged their swift flight to the fields of ripening grain. The gentle doves, so varied and numerous in India, cooed and cooed, in plaintive responses to each other, among the branches that stretched over my tent. Mingled chirpings and twitterings of sundry songsters supplied more cheery tones, while some crows, so tame and saucy here, hopped about and cawed their discordant notes among the rest. Taking a brass wash-bowl and a towel, I went forth among the trees, and performed my toilet in the open air. That calm, cool, mellow, sunny air was delicious, and in refreshing contrast with the dry, dusty, murky, storm-driven atmosphere of yesterday. Like a giant, the wind rushed and raved nearly all day long, whirling dust in maddened puffs along, pulling and straining at the tent until I feared it would be hurled to the ground, tugging and wrestling with the huge mango-trees that stood around at the risk of dashing them on to the tent. Æolus, with his storm-fiend, was gone, and a most delightful calm had settled over all.

At eight o'clock, we prepared for Sunday worship, like our fellow-Christians of other lands; but how different ours from the Sabbath services of many in Christian lands! They to-day assembled in their stately churches to sit on cushioned seats, where perhaps the organ's "sea of solemn sounds" swelled forth on the morning air, where, too, the Word of Life was dispensed from a "sacred desk" befitting well a "beautiful temple" of the Most High. We repaired to the rude village hut, with

its mud walls and brown straw roof, where our seats were a few rough-made cots, answering at once for bed and seat. Our congregation was a few ignorant Hindus, who, from curiosity, had come with us to see how these Christians worship. Our music was a Hindustani hymn, sung to a native air, all in keeping with the place and circumstances of the hour's service. We bowed there in that humble place and addressed our Maker, and asked his blessing upon us and the dark souls that surrounded us. There, seated with the hearers, I read the first chapter of Romans, and emphasized the latter part, so true in the case of this people. Doubtless, some of those hearers were well acquainted, by observation or practice, with all the sins of that terrible catalogue. The missionary Ward relates that a Hindu remarked to him once, as he read that chapter, "Why, this must have been written about us." As set forth in that chapter, I explained to them their guilt in forsaking God and "changing the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things." I pointed them to Christ as able to save them from all those sins and lead them to a world of purity and eternal bliss. All listened with profound attention, and, with the apostolic benediction, the little meeting was closed.

Many, doubtless, in Christian lands, enjoyed their fine music and solemn service in magnificent sanctuaries, surrounded by all that could add grace and comfort to worship. While thanking God for the religious elevation and refinement, the security and

comfort that the Gospel of Christ has brought to lands and peoples once rude and savage idolaters, I did not envy the favored worshiper in Christendom, as I turned away from our humble effort at a Sabbath service in that rude village hut, with its thatch of straw and walls of mud. The missionary, true to his work, with all its discouragements as "the day of small things," finds many a charm binding him to it. The Heavenly Father seems to make the birds and trees and fields and streams contribute new and peculiar pleasures to his heart. All his comforts, rude as they may be, seem to have new elements of enjoyment in them. The greater the discouragements that at times beset him, the more forbidding the circumstances that at times surround him, the brighter beam the rays of hope when they come, and the more enjoyed any prosperity or comfort that may be afforded.

At twelve o'clock, we went for a meeting to a different part of the village. The two ends of the village seem at loggerheads, and we can not collect them together. The gong sounded an announcement that we were present, and the villagers, such as were disposed, dropped in. It was a much ruder place for a religious meeting than we had in the morning. A pile of chaff lay in one corner, a bundle of fodder in another, while some primitive agricultural implements lay here and there. Groups of naked children peeped and stared. A number of villagers gathered in, some with *lathis* (clubs) in hand. Some, on their way to the fields, had with them instruments for cutting grass. I sung and prayed, and then, in a

general talk, recommended Christ to them as a Savior from sin. As the talk went on, amusing interruptions occurred. "*Salam*" (salutation), some would say as they came up. "That's true," was occasionally put in, in assent to some remark. A hearty laugh was provoked betimes by some ridiculing thrust at idolatry. The meeting was closed with an apparent good impression, although a Brahmin, annoyed at the plight into which the gods for the time had fallen, attempted to come to the rescue. A well-put hint, that he had the interests of his pocket more at heart in this zeal than the good of the people, carried with it the expressed assent of the hearers, and the Brahmin was hushed. Idolatry is losing its hold here.

In the evening, I took old Paul with me to a large village called Sikree. A jungle of unusually large trees, for the plains, skirts the village in one direction, terminated by a long, placid pond, the resort of numerous wild water-fowl and cranes. The village has a pleasing air. We took a turn through the streets as an announcement of our presence, and then went to the chaupal. A very large crowd assembled, and listened with good attention. It is surprising how the same story, the same exhortation, meets sometimes with a quiet, interested hearing, and at other times provokes opposition and dispute.

March 2.—Was up early, and packed part of my camp equipage for a march, keeping one tent behind for the day. Went with James for a talk in a village called Udhoule. We found but few hearers. Here the oft-told story of land lost to the

rightful owner by the cunning and sharp dealing of the *bunyas* (trader caste) was repeated to us. We tried to turn their thoughts to God and eternity, but they savored only of the things of men.

Returning to camp, I breakfasted, and sent off the loaded cart, keeping back a book or two and a tea-pot to beguile the mid-hours of the day, intending to follow camp in the evening. True it is that each country generally produces the food and spices most needed in that climate. The mountains in the north of India grow fine tea, which proves a most grateful beverage in the climate of India. It is sometimes difficult to get wholesome water in the villages; but from the laboratory of the tea-pot a refreshing, thirst-quenching potion can always be evolved.

At midday, two of the best thakurs of the village came to my tent, as they said, to bid me good-bye. They expressed pleasure at my visit to their village, and hoped I would return soon. They talked about the prospects of their little village when the population increases, saying they could not tell where they would all find employment and land to cultivate. I suggested that when they become Christians, and learn the best modes of cultivating the soil, and become acquainted with sundry arts and trades, they would find plenty to do and increased means of livelihood. Natives are often very lazy and shiftless in their habits; and, although much of the soil is almost boundless in its capabilities, crops, from careless and slovenly cultivation, are often poor. Regular and well-sustained labor is not

the native's idea. He works by fits and starts. The sowing and harvesting seasons are his busy times. Between these, the ordinary cultivator loiters and lounges away much of his time.

In the evening, when the heat of the sun had subsided, I started for the new camp. A number of the villagers followed me a little distance in a friendly escort. To these I gave my *salam* (peace), and, mounting, drove away, at some distance passing through a village called Ismaelpoor (city of Ismael). On the outskirts, a pretty little whited mosque stood in striking contrast with the brown mud walls of the village huts. Ismael City! How many villages have the name! Little did the Egyptian bondmaid think in her distress, as she sat down in the wilderness of Beersheba, that the half-famished lad left under the shrubs would furnish a name for towns and cities over more than half Asia.

Through the village, and on I drove, now in a scrubby jungle, with the low branches of the palm-trees scratching and rapping on the buggy-wheels (a two-wheeled conveyance), now through the sand of some low-lying ground, till I pulled up for a talk in a pleasant village midway to camp. The sun, now low in the west, flung a golden sheen over the still surface of a little lake that came close up to the village chaupal, where I dismounted and took a seat. I admired a large white crane that stood out in the water, quietly watching for prey, while its long shadow was mirrored upon the placid surface. There is something about the scenery of some of these villages that one gets to like, although in

general it is monotonous and little attractive. After preaching some time to a large crowd which had assembled, I hasted away to camp, as night was coming on; and I had reason to repent my delay, for the rest of the road proved very bad, being broken and cut up by the cross-beds of wet-weather streams.

After thumping and bumping about in my seat till pommeled into a state of distress, I reached in the dark the village where my tents were pitched, in no mood to suffer further; and yet a contemptible fellow, whom I asked the way to my camp, maliciously sent me off in a direction that brought me to a deep ravine, necessitating a long circuit to reach the tents. I found that the cartman and servants had been deceived in the same way, and met with great difficulty in extricating themselves. Fortunately, it is not often that natives are actuated by any mischievous feelings toward us. Still, where the missionary is not present, sometimes the native helpers are greatly annoyed. I found the tents pitched in a large grove on the banks of the Sote (sleepy river); and, after a late and wretchedly cooked dinner, I went to sleep, amid the horrid din of innumerable frogs that up and down the little river croaked and croaked their loudest.

V.

CAMP AT KATINNAH.

MARCH 3, 1868.—Before daylight, I awoke in agitation from a horrid dream. I imagined a huge tiger had crept under the tent and savagely seized my arm in its mouth. A terrible struggle ensued, during which the spell was broken and the tiger vanished. All kinds of frightful visions and terrible fancies reside in late, heavy dinners. Sleep had departed, and I lay till the peafowls began to scream and sail down to the grain-fields to feed. When dressed, I stepped out, and, having arrived in the night, saw for the first time the situation of camp. All was delightful. The sun, with half his disk above the wide-spread plain, poured a flood of morning light over village, grove, and field. The river Sote, with many a tortuous and whimsical turn, flowed lazily down the plain, and far off in the blaze of the rising sun. Around me were the great old mango-trees, planted when the oldest man of this generation was a child. In front, and beyond the river, fields of ripening wheat came down to the lazy water's edge, where a solitary palm-tree here and there raised its feathery head. Some poppy-fields were in sight, with their calm surface all white with snowy bloom. To the left, beyond a deep ravine,

on a slight elevation, somewhat broken, lay Katinnah, our camp-village. Take sin away, and earth has many a paradise still. "Man alone is vile."

Having taken a cup of tea, I started for my morning walk. In crossing the fields, I came up with a young fakeer, who, coarsely and scantily clad, with a gourd cup slung over his shoulder and staff in hand, went singing cheerily along in fancied sanctity, without a care. This wandering, useless life has a strange charm to many of the natives. It was manifest that the asceticism of this fellow's life was not oppressing him severely; for he was fat and sleek, and at once struck up a conversation in a merry, good-humored tone. I tried to impress him with the worthlessness of his method of procuring moral merit, and talked to him of Christ and his great salvation from sin and death. As if not desiring to be disturbed in the pleasant, free-from-care dream that he was indulging, he soon lagged behind and gave his *salam*, while I pushed on, in a brisk walk, to a village just ahead. Arrived, soon had a crowd of hearers, whom I found to be chiefly a low-caste people. They listened with great attention, not raising one objection to all I said. Such docility is not found in every village. After an hour's quiet talk, I returned to camp and to breakfast.

A number of villagers were present for an interview. I mentioned the shameful conduct of some one, last evening, in misleading me and causing trouble to the cartman. They disavowed emphatically any kind of connection with the act. During the day, other groups of villagers called at the tent,

all expressing great indignation at the conduct of the mischief-maker.

In the afternoon, went with the helpers to the village near which we are encamped. On an elevated spot, near the center of the village, we found the chaupal, more ample and comfortable than places of its kind usually are, and profusely furnished with plows, drums, rude cots and chairs, and a cart. A private Mohammedan teacher was instructing a few lads in reading and writing. A crowd gathered in, and I noted that many of the men seemed larger and better fed than in some villages. Their caste accounts for this, as they are *thakurs* (the warrior caste), and use a generous diet. All heard in very good spirit; but I observed that the Mohammedan teacher seemed silently annoyed at our presence and talk—the jealous fellow.

In the evening, I started for Budaon, to bring Mrs. Scott and the children into camp again. I turned in by the way to a village called Simuria, for an evening sermon. A narrow lane among the mango-trees brought me up to one of the cleanest and most picturesque villages I have seen in India. It seemed delightfully quiet and secluded among the surrounding groves. The villagers are *murous* (a low caste of cultivators), who, with their light, spare frames, were in striking contrast with the stalwart fellows I had just left. In India, one can see the most marked effects of diet and employment and restricted intermarriage. Caste prescribes these, and lapse of time has accordingly produced striking results in the character and physique of the different

castes. You can tell pretty well beforehand the spirit and temper and bodily characteristics of a native by simply knowing his caste. When caste is broken up, and the intermarrying of races and a mixed diet are generally adopted, the population of the country will doubtless greatly improve. My congregation heard quietly, and in a very teachable spirit. I found that old Paul had often visited this village, and some little impression has been made upon the people. They say that they no longer worship demons. A poor, idiotic, epileptic boy came along; and, on asking what was the matter with him, was told that a devil had possessed him. The same ideas in regard to epileptics are found here that prevailed in Palestine two thousand years ago. The villagers told me that on learning further they would become Christians. Drove home, reaching the mission-house after nightfall.

March 4.—In the afternoon, was off again to camp at Katinnah, taking Mrs. Scott and our two little girls. A drive of several miles brought us near the secluded village where I talked to the people yesterday. Turning in at the same lane, I pulled up in a clean, shady grove, and left Mrs. Scott and the children to rest among the trees for an hour, while I went into the village for a talk with whatever villagers I might find. They seemed chiefly to be yet in the fields, and my congregation was small; but all heard in a very quiet and orderly manner—the quietness and order of indifference, I fear. With a caution not to forget the word of exhortation, returned to the buggy, and we pushed on to camp.

The last beams of the sinking sun were dancing over the surface of the tardy-flowing Sote, as we drew up at the ford opposite the tents. The jaded horse quaffed with a relish the limpid stream, when, pushing to the other shore, a half-dozen natives rushed into the water to help the buggy up the steep ascent.

We dined by lamp-light, and then, with the helpers, I went into the camp-village for an evening meeting. A very large crowd gathered into the chaupal, and heard with great interest. They were full of inquiries, and drew me into extensive explanations of places and things in the great Western world. Some things seemed to them fabulous. A religious turn was given to all by showing them that Christianity has been the great cause of the elevation and enlightenment of the West; and then came the application, "These things are for you and your children." As we turned away, it was manifest that the villagers had heard "strange things" to-day. Thus the seeds of truth are deposited and the people set thinking.

March 5.—The unmusical scream of peafowls broke my morning slumber, and called me up for the duties of the day. I unroll a map and mark out the daily round of villages, partaking, meanwhile, of a bit of toast and a cup of tea, my only food till ten o'clock in the forenoon. Old Paul was down sick, and could not go out for his round. Abraham was sent to a village three miles away, in one direction, while James went with me to a village called Jurasee. Away we went in a brisk walk across the broken plain, with a cool, lively breeze

in our faces, now over the broken bricks of a deserted village-site, now crossing a series of deep parallel ruts. The cool, steady wind made my ears and nose ache, so cool is it now; but, a month hence, it will come like the breath of a furnace. Reaching the village, we found a crowd seated around a little, smoldering fire in a small excavation in the ground.

"What are you doing here?" we inquired.

"Roasting our hands," was the laconic rejoinder.

Cots were brought, and, taking a seat, our message was opened. Some noisy, snarling dogs aroused the ire of one of the villagers, when he poured forth on the offending dog such vile abuse as only the natives of India can use. I besought the man never to utter such words again, as he thereby made himself more beastly than the abused dogs. Just as I had again commenced talking, a hawk swooped down and caught a small bird from the ground near by, and the attention of all was called off by the cries of the ill-fated bird. I rallied their attention to the Gospel again by telling them that Satan, just like the hawk, is watching his opportunity to seize and carry them all off to hell, and that, ere they are aware, they may be fully in his clutches. The reply was made that they have assistants and defenders in the gods. I then called attention to the plain fact that their gods seem to stand as much in need of deliverance from sin as they do. Reference was made to the vile character of the gods, as found in their books. To this the remarkable reply was made that such things were no sin in them, because they

possess power and authority to do just as they like. Thus it was urged that, as they are irresponsible, their will and desire is the only standard of right. The fallacy of such logic was illustrated for them by the case of a king, who might set up his absolute authority and will as the only standard of right, and then commit all kinds of crimes and excesses, just because he could. They were asked if they thought his conduct would be deemed right, just because he had the power to do as he did. All seemed to feel that there must be some other standard of rectitude than simply the will of the all-powerful or independent. The gods were once more left in a bad plight. A native musician came along, and was asked to sing and play for us. "No," said he, "when the *holee* comes, then I will play. We keep the *holee*, just as you keep Christmas." The *holee* is a Hindu festival, held in celebration of a feat of one of the gods. The shameless performances often carried on in this holiday are not fit to be related. I explained to the crowd the meaning of Christmas, and the event that it celebrates, dwelling at some length on the story of Christ's incarnation, and the object of his death and sufferings. From my heart the prayer went up that they might see and appreciate the difference between the story of Christ's incarnation and the silly myth celebrated in the obscene festivities of the *holee*.

Closing the conversation, took a turn round the village with the native helpers. Two or three villagers followed. We came upon a shrine of some idols, which were simply some rude stones on a low

platform of earth. They were still wet with the morning libation of water, and strewn with an offering of flowers. I told the villagers who accompanied us that the time would come when the folly of such worship would be seen by all; but my statement only met with a positive contradiction.

March 6.—Was up early, and called for my toast and tea. These were brought; but, while my back was turned, a prowling dog snatched my toast and fled. These wretched animals often annoy us in camp very much. They lurk about with singular watchfulness and cunning, and, when an opportunity is found, seize any thing eatable, and even to one's shoes, and dash off. My toast replaced and eaten (this time by myself), crossed the river with Abraham, and passed through the fields to a village called Mai Budea. A number of villagers were gathering opium in a poppy-field. When the petals fall off, upright incisions are made in the capsules, from which a milky sap exudes, and turns into a brown paste, which adheres to the capsule. This, when scraped off, is, without any preparation, the opium of commerce. The cultivators go through the fields every day or two, and scrape off the opium collected, which is bought up by government for $2.25 per pound.

We found a neat chaupal, inclosed by a mud wall, and surrounded by orange and plantain trees—a great improvement on chaupals generally. The zemindar (farmer) of the village soon came up. He was an old, gray-headed Mohammedan, who showed us no little politeness. A crowd assembled, for

whom I tried to portray the evil of sin, and then point them to the remedy. An objector put in that there is no sin in this village; but a half-score of voices rang out at once, "We have plenty of sin here." The man was hushed.

In the evening, crossed the fields with James to Lohater. The yellow grain is nearly ready for the reapers. We passed a group of *chamars* (a low caste which furnishes the shoemakers and leather-dressers of the country), who were busy flaying a dead ox. The ox had "died of itself;" but this was immaterial to the *chamars*, who are always ready to make use of such animals, if they find them before decomposition has gone too far. A large number of vultures, kites, hawks, and crows lingered around, ready to come in for their share when the *chamars* left. It was amusing to see with what patience the huge, bare-necked vultures tamely walked about near by, or rolled and basked in the sun, quite assured that their turn would come by and by. Still, some, with less composure than others, at times seemed to vent their impatience in brief fights, much to the annoyance of the crows, which they sent cawing and circling into the air. Passing on to the village, we found a few Mohammedans, who were very shy at first; but, with a little persuasion, after a time several came up. They heard very badly. Mohammedanism seems to embitter the heart against the teaching of the Gospel. We were obliged to return, without the slightest apparent success.

At night, went to the chaupal of the camp-

village, where I finished a series of conversations on, 1. Sin; 2. Christ and his salvation; 3. The former moral and social condition of Europe as compared with the present, showing the effects of Christianity. The villagers generally listened well. On a former occasion, the Mohammedan, who teaches a few lads here, was putting in some silly objections, when, to stop him, I quoted in Persian a proverb, which runs that, while one keeps his mouth shut, his defects and ignorance remain concealed. I found out, afterward, that the rogue told the villagers, when I left, that I had in Persian besought him not to put me to confusion before them! I sharply reproved him, to his confusion, at this meeting, for lying.

March 7.—In the morning, I started to Budaon, intending to meet brother Judd, who had arranged for a quarterly-meeting. Already, Mrs. Scott and the children had gone. Accompanied by Paul and Abraham, I passed across a broken plain, in the face of a sharp wind, to a neat village just on the bank of the Sote. Two immense, tall palm-trees in the village, that seemed to push their fan-leafed heads against the sky, made the place conspicuous from a distance. We found a group of Mohammedans smoking, who, as usual, heard the Word with an ill grace. We had some little difficulty in getting over the river, as there were three of us to cross by one pony; and the native groom, to avoid wading in the cold water, had slipped away. An old man, fortunately, came up to the ford, who, for a few *pice*, crossed and recrossed, leading the pony, until we were all over. Pushed on to Downree, where we

found a large, high, airy chaupal, and tried to collect a congregation for a talk; but few came together.

March 11.—In the morning, sent the native helpers back to camp, where the tents had been left standing for a short time. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, started in the buggy, with Mrs. Scott and our little girls, to spend a few days more in tents, before the camping season closes. I turned in by the way at Simiria, where I had been twice before. Seeing a crowd of natives, standing by a kind of furnace, parching grain, I joined them and began to talk, while they kept up the parching, which is done in a number of large earthen pots, in which sand is well heated, and the grain thrown in and stirred among the sand with a small shovel. The heated sand parches the grain very evenly and nicely. The whole is taken out of the pots together and thrown into a sieve, where the sand separates, leaving the grain. Grain is thus parched for eating whole. The natives sometimes brown our coffee for us in this way, and it could not possibly be done better. Quite a crowd had collected, and I urged them to abandon their multifarious gods, and worship and serve the one true God. This proposition met with a stout opposition. The *holee* is near at hand, and Hindus are always more enthusiastic in their religion in connection with their great annual festivals. A man came up with a dreadfully sore hand, which seemed to be literally rotting away. I urged him to go to Budaon, to the government hospital, and save his hand. The natives have almost no correct knowledge of medicine. Government is doing a

good work by establishing hospitals in many of the large towns over the country, and the natives are beginning to learn the worth of English medicine and surgery. Pushing on, we reached camp at nightfall.

March 12.—In the morning, took James and Paul with me to a village called Nagauri. We passed through large, far-reaching wheat-fields, that stretched away in a golden ocean, full of promise for the cultivators. We found the village a poor, desolate-looking, thriftless place, its most prominent building the quarters of "strange women, whose feet go down to death." A crowd gathered into the chaupal, the zemindar came up, and we heard again the old story of insolvency, and lands sold to liquidate unfortunate debts. I charged all on their laziness and wickedness. While we were talking, one of the villagers brought in an idol, and, holding it up, with a silly grin, said, "This is our god." It was a small, nude, hideous female, cut from stone, and considerably gnawed by the "tooth of time." I laughed, and, taking the thing in my hand, set it up in one corner, and went on to expose the extreme folly of worshiping such a pitiable object. All set up a clamorous defense of idolatry, and I thought, for a time, we were to have a repetition of Paul's experience at Ephesus. All were quieted, however, and the shabby image was remanded to its place outside, under a tree. I then reverted to the great wickedness of the villagers in setting up the "strange women" in honor in their midst. "This is their god-appointed trade," said

one; and he undertook a defense of the whole matter, in such a way that I gave up in despair. All seemed hard to an unwonted degree.

Returning to tents, found the chief zemindar of the village where we are encamped, present for an interview. He was frank to confess the great wickedness of the people, and said that it was his intention to reform. He would give up sin, but remain in his own religion. I tried to impress him with the hopelessness of this reform, unless he would go about it in God's appointed way, and directed him to Christ. At that stone he stumbled. It is certain that our preaching is awakening in the minds of many a sense of sinfulness. The man left, and I urged the native helpers to be more earnest in preaching salvation from sin, and to show the truth of their preaching in their lives.

In the afternoon, some villagers came, asking the privilege of having a dance in the grove where we are encamped. The dancing is always done by those bad females that infest the country. At first, I refused to have any such thing in the same grove where I was encamped; but, as they urged that this was the only suitable place for the proposed dance, and as the grove was theirs, and we were in it, after all, only by sufferance, I consented that the dance might be held, but at a distance from our tents.

In the evening, crossed the river and went to a village two miles away, where we found a mixed congregation of Hindus and Mohammedans. They heard with great impatience, and at last the village *patwari* (writer) jerked himself out of the crowd, in

a great rage, saying that he would not listen to such teaching. We talked on, and the fellow's curiosity soon led him back again; but he remained quiet.

Returning to camp, found the zemindar present to invite me to the dance, which was to take place by torch-light. I refused all countenance to the performance, and requested him not to have it near our camp. Weary and feverish from tramping over the fields in the sun, closed the work of the day.

March 13.—Nearly all night long, the dance was kept up. After all, it was not removed beyond hearing; and nearly the livelong night, the monotonous tenor tones of the dancers as they sang, and the jingling of the bells with which they decorate their ankles, were to be heard. The zemindar, by appointment, was to show Mrs. Scott the way to his house, for a visit in his family; but he did not appear. He has two wives.

In the afternoon, I started, with old Paul, to Gauramaya. A chill was coming on, just as I left the tents, which passed off before reaching the village, and a smart attack of fever set in, which kept me unpleasant company for about two hours. We went to the village chaupal, and I examined the boys of a small school. Meanwhile, a large crowd had gathered in, mostly Mohammedans, to whom I tried to talk, burning all the while with the fever. I urged the manifest sinfulness of their hearts on their attention, and made an appeal to consciousness for the fact of their sinfulness. They were living in open iniquity. Mohammedans are no better than Hindus. Thousands of Hindus have turned Moham-

medans, but are not in the least improved. Arabia, the fountain of Islamism, is no better than India. What is wrong? The religion of these countries. I then told them that I had come more than ten thousand miles to ask their hearts if they are pure. I appealed to them to answer, this moment, the question. The answer was given that "we are not pure yet, but—." I checked the "but," knowing what it meant, and pointed them to Christ as a present Savior from sin. A grim-looking fellow insisted that Christians dishonor God by saying that Christ is divine, thereby setting up two gods. I replied by trying to show them that God is honored and magnified by the Christian revelation and teaching. With the exception of one blind old man, with a long, flowing gray beard, all listened attentively. He came up near, and constantly interrupted me with stupid, bigoted remarks; nor would he, by any persuasion, desist. Returned to camp, weary and feverish. This lazy little river breeds malaria here.

March 14.—In the morning, went with Abraham to Jurasee. A crowd came up, and listened in a very teachable spirit. A *pundit* (Hindu religious teacher) was present, and we found him to be a modest, intelligent man, who had obtained a tract from some of our missionaries in another station. He spoke well of the book. Having had a long, quiet talk, we left the village; and, as we passed away, I looked back, and saw that the villagers were having a noisy conversation over what we had said.

Returned to camp, and found a native present, called Girdari. Girdari is a high-caste man, said

once to be wealthy; but, as the popular saying has it, a mental screw got loose in some way, and for many years he has claimed and taken the liberty of eating and associating with whom he pleases. Some months ago, he made the acquaintance of old Paul, and now he often visits him. In physique, he looks odd enough, with his great, broad feet, shambling limbs, and cadaverous jaws. With a coarse blanket over his shoulder, hot as it may be, and a gourd cup swinging on his back, he is ready for almost any journey. Girdari eats with Paul; and, in short, his Hindu relatives call him a Christian.

In the evening, we broke up camp at Katinnah, and started for Budaon. I left the buggy for an hour, and turned in, at Dawari, for an evening sermon to the villagers. A large crowd collected, and all were urged to abandon idolatry, repent of sin, and turn to Christ, the true incarnation. The reply was made that "the gods will surely destroy us in anger." "If they have any power to harm any one," said I, "let them destroy us first." This silly fear will not last forever.

VI.

CAMP LOST.

MARCH 18.—Started, in the afternoon, for another short tour among the villages. The road lay in the direction of the declining sun, the increasing heat of whose rays plainly shows that the camping season is quite over. Up to the middle of March, tent-life is pleasant. Beyond this time, canvas is not a sufficient protection from an Indian sun. I started to reach some villages in a direction where I had not yet gone. The road led over the Sote (sleepy), a quiet little river, which, true to its name, creeps lazily along, hardly making its presence known, until one, descending the very gentle slope by which its valley falls below the general plain, stands upon its very brink. As I crossed the short bridge of boats, the long sweep of golden wheat and barley fields, far up the valley, made a most delightful vista—full of promise, too, in these times of high prices in grain. Months ago, from a stand-point further up the river, I looked down upon the same scene; but how changed now! Then the fields were clothed with a bright green carpet of the freshly sprouting crops; now these crops wave in golden plenty, "all white to the harvest," and the busy reapers are beginning to go forth. A lazy

fisherman sat on the bank, with his line cast beneath the boats.

"What are you doing here?"

"Fishing," with a grin.

"What have you caught?"

"Nothing, yet," patiently.

"How long have you been sitting here?"

"Since 12 o'clock" (four hours and a half, and not a fish).

When the patience of the Hindu becomes sanctified by the love of Christ, he will be the world's exemplar in this virtue. As I drove on, a man came running after me, saying that his child was very sick. He evidently took me for the government civil surgeon. I told him to take the boy to the hospital, and pushed on. A half-mile of ascent, so gentle as hardly to be perceptible, brought me up on to the monotonous plain again, with its field upon field of yellow grain, in places falling before the reapers. The amount of grain grown in India is immense, as it must be to feed so large a population where but little meat is eaten. Some idea of the population may be gained from the statement that villages of from two hundred to five hundred or one thousand inhabitants dot the plains, in this district, in all directions, distant from each other only from one to three miles. But comparatively few of these people eat meat; hence, only broad and bountiful grain-fields can supply sustenance for life. A failure in crops often brings fearful famines, as in Orissa, last year, where hundreds of thousands died of starvation. It will be a happy day for this dense

population when their religious prejudices are swept away, and they are free to use a mixed diet. The *thakurs*, a caste who use freely a mixed diet, are, perhaps, the largest and healthiest class among the people.

On and on I drove, over the hot, dusty road, expecting, at each village, to find my camp; but no tent was to be seen or heard of. I had pushed on at least twelve miles, when I began to suspect something was wrong; for I had ordered the tents to be pitched about six miles distant from the mission-house, and had passed the village intended for a camping-place. The fierce luminary of day had disappeared from the west; villagers, driving their cattle and goats, or carrying bundles of grain, wages of the day, were wending their way across the fields to their village homes; the star-spangled curtain of night was drawing gently over the sky,—when I came to a halt, satisfied that there was a mistake somewhere. A hospitable villager urged me to turn in and "honor his home." The best thing I could do was to accept the hospitality of this man, and make the most of it for the night, and then renew my search for camp the following morning. I had gone five miles past the place where I expected to encamp.

Turning in at my host's village, he gave me a cot and blanket for a bed, ordered grain and grass for my horse, and for my dinner—an important item just then—he brought buffalo's milk and *chapatees*. The *chapatee* is a kind of thin, unleavened cake, made simply of water and coarse flour, and then

baked rapidly on a hot, convex iron plate, under which a fire is kept burning, while the cakes, often "sad" enough, are speedily turned off, and stacked up by the fire to keep warm. Well baked, and eaten hot, with butter, they relish finely. I was a little too hungry to heed the fact that mine were cold and heavy; and, having no prospect of any thing better for some time, I ate several, which produced a fit of indigestion. The buffalo's milk was delicious.

Dinner over, I turned to the congregation, which the novelty of my situation had called together, and began to talk about sin and salvation. In the company was a sepoy, a stalwart, six-foot Sikh, from the Punjab. He came down with the native troops that aided in the capture of Delhi, and, preferring service in this part of India, has not returned. Inquisitive as a Yankee, he had all sorts of questions to ask, such as, "Where is God? Where is heaven and hell? How do you worship?" etc. Each of these questions led to an exposition of the Christian idea on the subject, to all of which he assented, in the end, as reasonable. As I talked on, others, from time to time, threw out remarks, confirming the assertion that all over the country the Hindu faith is shaken by the permeating leaven of Gospel truth, slowly though it may seem to our impatient minds.

Having talked myself tired, I closed the word of exhortation, and sent the villagers away, and turned to the pages of the Calcutta *Review* for an hour's reading. Fortunately, I had put it into the seat of my buggy, that morning, with my portfolio. A

little earthen saucer, filled with oil, supporting over its side a shred of cotton cloth, shed a friendly light over the interesting pages of the *Review*, dealing, as it often does, in questions specially interesting to the Indian missionary. A few natives, friends of my host, sat a while, bubbling and bubbling away at their *hukkas* (pipes). The sound is caused by the pipes being so constructed that the coveted smoke of the weed comes through a little vessel of water in reaching the mouth. It is thought that this purifies and improves the smoke; and much it ever needs the purifying. By and by the rude lamp burned low; and the medley of sounds, kept up, in every village, at this festal season of the year, consisting of the rattle of little drums and the singing of women, was hushed into silence. Two or three of the natives wrapped themselves up in their quilts for the night, while I pillowed my head on the *Review* and portfolio, and joined them in the oblivion of sleep; and perfect oblivion it was to me till nearly morning, when I awoke with cold feet, from not having sufficient covering. The moon's mellow light was beating full in my face, through the open, shed-like structure in which I was sleeping. Another short nap, and I was fully aroused by the morning songs of birds in the neem-trees near by.

March 19.—I determined to start in the direction of Budaon, in hope of finding the missing tents, thinking that, by an oversight, they had been left behind, in some village near the road over which I came yesterday; but, before leaving this village, I called together the villagers who had not already

gone forth to the fields to reap, and spoke to them about Christ and the salvation of their souls. They listened with the most discouraging apathy, and without saying one word for or against what I had spoken.

My way back led directly toward the rising sun, which poured its fiery beams full in my face. The busy reapers were at work, while the screaming of wild peacocks, from out the standing grain, showed that they, too, were after their daily food. A drive of two miles brought me back to Barah, where I had expected to find the tents yesterday. Fresh inquiry brought no light; but I "improved the occasion" by preaching in the village. Our chapel was a clean, sunny chaupal. I appreciated the cleanness, but left the sunny side of the house for the natives, who, even at this late season, prefer to sit in the sunshine in the morning. The zemindar of the village affected great hospitality, and, bustling about, ordered a large bowl of buffalo's milk, with sugar in it. This is a common way the natives have of presenting refreshment to one newly arrived, and it is not thought wanting in cleanliness if the sugar is conveniently stirred in with a black finger. On this occasion, a small stick, picked from the well-trodden ground, served the same purpose. Through with my refreshment, which relished well, I tried to turn the thoughts of the score or more villagers, who had assembled, to the meat that perisheth not. I urged them to think of the depravity of their hearts, and told them of a perdition for sinners, and of a heaven, through Christ, for all who come to him for salvation

from sin. At length, one fellow, in a half-confident way, suggested that the only heaven and hell there are, we have in this life. He did not assume the defensive very tenaciously, and that position was soon turned. At this point, some one patronizingly remarked that the truth of our teachings must be making headway, for not more than half of the idolatry of the Hindus now remains. Certain it is that the dawn of a better day is breaking over this people. The twilight rays of truth are penetrating the darkness every-where; and, slowly though it seems to our impatience, the day comes. God grant that the sun of righteousness may soon shine forth gloriously! But we have all sorts of auditors, and a less docile spirit, at this point, took occasion to state, in terms a little too plain to be called simply an insinuation, that we people (connecting me with the British government) sin very grievously in the aid and comfort given to thieves and other evil-doers.

"In what way?" I asked, in surprise.

"A man steals," said he, "and you take him off to comfortable quarters [the jail], and feed and clothe him better, perhaps, than he fared at home."

Here my objector had evidently touched a profounder question in civil government than he himself appreciated.

"How would you deal with thieves?" I quietly asked.

"Cut their hands off," was the laconic reply.

This was no newly sprung theory. Native rulers, in former days, actually did practice this cruelty. This mode of punishment and its results were passed

in review, and the conclusion soon reached that there is much less stealing under the present government, even if the thieves are clothed and fed for a season. I tried to impress on them the fact that there is some blessed element of order and security present in this Christian government that they never had seen under any native rule. All was referred to Him "whom we preach" unto them.

My visit in this village was rather an encouraging one; and, promising to come again, I drove on to Karaw, still toward Budaon; but no tent was found. The best thing I could now do was to content myself here during the day, and drive home in the cool of the evening. From the heat of the sun, and not having had sufficient and proper food, by this time I had a severe headache, and was glad, on driving into the village, to find a comfortable chaupal in which to rest till evening; but the villagers seemed shy, and not particularly disposed to hospitality. It was after 10 o'clock, and I was thoroughly hungry. When the zemindar came in, I asked him what he intended to eat to-day, and told him, if he had no objections, I would help him in disposing of his rations for the day. He took the hint, and smiled, and soon ordered some food, consisting of potatoes, spiced goat's-flesh, and *puvees* (wheaten cakes fried in butter), from which I made a hearty breakfast. The pages of the Calcutta *Review* afforded mental food while some of the hot midday hours passed away. I was much annoyed by swarms of the universal little house-flies that infested the place. This is the same troublesome little fellow that swarms

in houses, in Europe and America, in the warm season.

Breakfast over, I sat and talked, for a time, with some villagers who had assembled; but they did not hear with much attention. It is to me, so far, unaccountable why a distance of only three or four miles makes such a difference in the tone and spirit of the natives. An ignorant *pundit* set himself to oppose my instructions, and it required no little patience to bear his impertinent interruptions. He urged the common apology, that men sin for their stomachs' sake, and hence are, in a measure, excusable; but I pressed him with the manifest fact that the worst men in the country, too often, are the wealthy, who have no need to sin for the abdominal god. I tried to impress him and his friends with the fact that the "dismal stain lies" deeper than the stomach, and urged them to seek a Savior who can free them from sin. There was something, apparently, unpalatable in such instruction; and, with some petty excuse from the *pundit*, my little audience suddenly left, to a man. I looked after them, with a really sad heart at their obduracy and blindness.

"While I pondered," sad "and weary," in came, not a raven, but the nearest approach to it, some saucy Indian crows. Ever displaying their thieving, hungry habits, they hopped about, snatching and fighting over a few crumbs that had fallen on the floor. They would hop up within a few feet, and look at me, as only crows can, first with one eye, then with the other. To one familiar with the habits of crows in America, it is very surprising how

tame these are. With but little shyness, they hop and caw about the door, ready to fight with the dog over his bone, or snatch away any stray bit of food that may fall to their lot.

By and by, the "lengthening shadows" of the mud houses showed that the sun was far adown the sky, and I started home, with an aching head. When I arrived, I found that the cartman had mistaken the name of the village to which he was ordered to go, and had carried my tents in another direction; but my experience of the heat, while in search of them, told me that the season is getting too far advanced for safety in camp; so I ordered the tents in, and "closed the campaign." Reader, in your closet, pray devoutly that the spirit of the Almighty may watch over and bless the seed sown.

VII.

CAMP ON THE GANGES.

OCTOBER 22, 1868.—We had resolved to begin the itinerations of the season by attending the *Kurkora Mela*, a great annual fair of the Hindus, held on the banks of the Ganges, and attended, often, by two or three hundred thousand people. The place where the fair is held is eighteen miles from Budaon; and, for our first march, tents were sent out to a village called Ramzanpore, half-way. At 4 o'clock P. M., started, with Mrs. Scott and our two little girls, Elma and Alice, for camp. We drove part of the way over a good stone road; then the children were taken into a palankeen, and carried by coolies, while Mrs. Scott mounted a pony, and I trudged off on foot over the remaining five miles of the way. Though late in the day, the sun was warm. Mellow Autumn days they are, at home in America—cool and comfortable; but here, even yet, we carefully shun the treacherous sun. I could but mark the scanty, shriveled crops, almost ruined through lack of the annual rains. Every-where, the villagers hailed me with, "Sahib, we are dying"—an Indian hyperbole, which we learn to understand. Still, with a scant third of a crop for this dense population, there will be hard, hard times before the

season comes round again. Reached camp after nightfall, tired enough from a tramp of more than five miles over a sandy road. We are again in the field, and the campaign is inaugurated. Now, for weeks, it will be preach and persuade, persuade and preach, in trying to turn the ignorant, stolid Hindus, and wicked, bigoted Mohammedans, into the way of life. Our hope is in God alone to pull down strongholds.

October 23.—Early in the morning, I went across the fields to a small village, but found no hearers, save a lame man, who happened to be passing through. The villagers are in great distress over the failure in the crops. They were out in the fields, trying to save the little that has escaped the severe drought. As I was returning to Ramzanpore, across the rolling, sandy fields, a few natives came running after me, and begged that I would intercede for them and have their land-rent remitted, as they could by no possibility pay it this year.

Went to the chaupal of Ramzanpore, which is a large village of about one thousand inhabitants. The chaupal is built on a high mound, in the center of the village, quite above the common houses. A school of thirty pupils is taught here by a Mohammedan. I examined them briefly in geography and reading, and found them making but little headway. At the close of the examination, I talked to them, and the villagers who had collected, on the great importance of acquiring the best of all knowledge—the knowledge of the true way to heaven.

One of the native helpers had come up; and, as

we returned toward the tents, a crowd of men and boys followed, begging books. Colportage operations are kept up, in connection with missions, and, formerly, large numbers of tracts and Scriptures were distributed gratuitously; but it was found that many of them were wantonly destroyed. Particularly, Mohammedans would take copies and destroy them, out of pure hatred to our work. Boys have been found making tracts and Bibles into kites; others have been found making them up into fireworks. This has led to the policy of selling the tracts, books, and Scriptures at small prices, such as may check a vandal destruction of them. The men and boys, who followed us, begged for books *gratis*, but refused to buy. As they returned to the village, they met a man, just coming from Budaon, bringing bread and vegetables for our camp. He was insulted, covered with dust, and beaten, in a most disorderly manner. The evil character of the natives finds expression in unheard-of ways.

In the evening, I returned to the village chaupal; and, on making inquiry into this cowardly action, it was denied, with a most abject avowal of the impossibility of such an action taking place in this village. Found a number of pupils present, and urged them, and others who had come in, to read the New Testament, and learn of Christ, who had declared himself as "the life, the truth, and the way" for sinful man. All listened well.

October 24.—Was up, in the morning, while the stars were still twinkling down through the leaves of the great mango-trees, among which we were

encamped at Ramzanpore. While day came on, I helped to undo the tent-ropes, to hasten an early march. When it was fully light, we took our tea and toast, mounted our horses, and were off for the fair-ground — the children carried, in a palanquin, by coolies. Away we went, down the sandy road, through the drought-blasted fields; now among sand-drifts, piled and curled into fantastic forms; now along the bank of an offset of the Ganges, where a ghastly human skeleton was bleaching on the sand. The air blew a delightfully cool breeze, when we started; but the sun, which rolled up from the haze-dimmed horizon, mild enough at first, beamed down hotly on us, at the end of a nine-mile ride. Our own tent, sent forward the previous day, was not pitched; and we were greeted with the story of cart turned over in the night, and camp furniture smashed up. Fortunately, the magistrate's tent was ready; otherwise, we would have been sorely tried with the sun before getting shelter ready. Mr. Hanson made us welcome.

Our camp is located in a pleasant place, although entirely without trees. The tents are pitched near the Ganges, on a grassy plain. In front, at our feet, rolls the stream, sacred to multiplied millions of souls, and which has been, for ages, the trust and hope of unnumbered millions more, now gone to the eternal world. For some distance, the river comes down in front of us, and then bends off, just at our camp, to the left, and winds away, between its low, sandy banks. Here and there, a boat is lashed to the shore, along which, far down as the

eye can reach, stand the little grass booths of the Brahmins, who are present to receive alms from the multitudes, who come to perform religious ablution, during this great bathing festival.

In the evening, I went into the bazaar and native camping-place to preach; and, finding a group of Brahmins quarreling, rode up to them as the nucleus of a congregation. They were fighting over the right to a strip of land, running down to the river. The *Mela*, or fair, reaches at least three miles along the bank of the Ganges. For three weeks or a month beforehand, these Brahmins are present to mark off the bank of the river, in little portions three or four yards long, as their respective places. From these limits, reaching back from the river, through the fair-ground, they dig little trenches; and it is understood that all who come down to the river, within the boundaries of these trenches, give their offerings of money, or whatever they may have, to the Brahmins seated on the bank within the said limits. Over these demarkations, they have bitter quarrels. Sometimes, during the fair, a Brahmin will realize as much as five hundred dollars from the bathers; although, in some parts of the fair, but very small sums are received. I appealed to the men who were quarreling as Brahmins, who claim to be the most holy caste among the Hindus, to recognize the fact that, although they had been lingering on the banks of their sacred river for months, and bathing daily in its deified stream, and with its water cooking their food, and making it their constant drink, still, it did not seem to have

the slightest effect in checking or removing the evil impulses of their hearts. Gradually, all cooled down. Even a furious fellow, who was foaming at the mouth with very rage, began to listen, with an appearance of soberness. In this mood, I left them to listen to the words of exhortation from the native preachers, while I pushed on to another part of the fair.

Near the water's edge, on the white, sandy beach, I found a few men, who seemed to be in a good place for a quiet talk. Riding up, I began to question them on the object of their coming here, and to turn their minds to the fact that, after all the visits they had made to the deified river, they could not recall a single moral benefit ever received. A group, somewhat interested, gathered about me. Several times, some one made an attempt to disperse them, when it was seen that I was calling in question their time-honored religious customs and rites. At last, a hot-tempered, bigoted fellow came up, and, with great, swelling airs, strode into the crowd, to make it appear that "great is Diana of the Ephesians." He drew himself up before me, in fancied importance, and, with a dogmatic flourish of his right hand, affirmed that Ganga Jee (the Ganges) is a great goddess, to whom we English people also do reverence.

"How?" I asked, in a conciliatory tone.

"See how you have all come here, too," said he, pointing to the tents of some English government officials, who are present at the fair.

I explained, to his satisfaction, that they are present with a very different object in view from

worshiping the river. He then "went off" in lavish praise of the river, touching its great benefit to man.

"But," I said, "grass, also, is of great use to man. Why not worship it?"

"You try and live on grass four days, and you will see of what use it is for man," with an air of triumph.

"And you try Ganges water for four days, and see how useless it is as food."

After a moment of silent confusion, he rallied by saying that the Ganges water is so pure, that, if one would keep it for a hundred years, it would not breed worms, while any other water, in a few days, would be full of them. I simply asked the man not to be deluded by any such follies, as they were unworthy the intelligence of any educated man, as he pretended to be. He left, and, after a few closing words, directing the hearers not to trust in mere water for salvation, I returned to the tent, feeling strangely sad at the power idolatry yet has over this people.

"Wholly given to idolatry," seemed so true. In a peculiar manner, at these great fairs, where a vast multitude is drawn together by one mighty, idolatrous impulse, one sees and feels the hold that idolatry yet has on the common heart. Thus, when I sat down in the tent, I felt my "spirit stirred" in me as never before. The opposing force of idolatry seemed so mighty, and our appliances so weak. Fast-falling tears came, and, for some time, I could not refrain from weeping. Comfort came in

the words, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit."

October 26.—Was up at daylight, and, after a cup of coffee, went to the tent of the native helpers, which, for more convenient access to the people, they have pitched, far down the river, in the midst of the immense throng. Our camp is located a short distance from one end, as we could hardly endure living in such a crowd. I found the helpers still in the tent; and, having prayed with them, we went into the bazaar, and took our stand in front of some shops. I talked for a short time, urging upon the crowd, which had assembled, the uselessness of bathing in the Ganges, in the hope of washing away sin. A shop-keeper left his shop, and came forward to present his view of worship. Said he,

"I worship the sun. It is the source of all blessings."

"You, too, then, are a great idolater."

"But you English people, also, worship the sun, and have a day set apart for it."

"Not now. We have learned the truth from Christ, and no longer worship the sun."

"Why not?"

"Suppose you hang up a lamp, in your shop, to give light to your purchasers, and some one should come along, and, instead of saluting you, should salute your lamp. What would you think of it?"

The amused look of all indicated that they saw the absurdity of the thing; and I then carried out the illustration, by showing them that the sun is

only a vast lamp, which God has hung out to give us light and heat.

An excited Brahmin came up, who seemed to be enraged at our thus standing and teaching a new religion. He was one of those who have come to receive alms on the bank of the river; and, knowing that through our teaching the hope of gain from the bathers is lessened, no doubt he was all the more vexed. He lost all control of himself, and began to use vile and abusive language. When we refused to talk with him, he turned away and left. The native helpers remarked that he was in a partial state of intoxication, from smoking a drug very commonly used. Smoking is almost universal here; and, very often, the natives mix opium, or some intoxicating drug, with the tobacco.

In the evening, took another turn in the bazaar, with the native helpers, in trying to impress the multitudes with the folly of idolatry, and to set forth the hope there is in Christ. The bazaar reaches at least three miles along the bank of the river, and consists of two nearly parallel streets or lanes, with rows of shops on each side. The shops are simply stands, exposed in the open air, or under temporary awnings, and present for sale every article usually found in the cities. Between these streets, the natives are crowded by tens of thousands, very closely, in little grass booths, or canvas tents. All day long, they parade up and down these streets. In this mixed crowd, this perfect "vanity fair," all classes of people in the country are represented, from the old, bigoted, orthodox Hindu, who verily believes

the Ganges can cure all maladies, moral and physical, to the sharp, money-loving shop-keeper, who cares only for his wares, and the thief and vagabond, who come only to steal and work evil. The sneering Mohammedan, too, is here, pursuing his own interests of pleasure or trade. The women chat and sing, in the little tents or booths, or in groups in the open air, many of them enjoying a freedom granted only on such occasions. Women, who, for months, do not go beyond their own thresholds, here pass among the public throng. Up and down these streets, amid the crowds, we take our stand to preach. The fair lasts about a week, closing with the morning of the full moon. It affords a good opportunity to sell religious tracts and books, with Scriptures. We carry a good supply with us, when we go out to preach, often selling a number at a time. Having talked ourselves tired and hoarse, in the dusty crowds, we returned to our tents for the night.

October 27.—In the morning, was off to the bazaar, just as the lurid sun was rolling up from the murky haze so peculiar to an Indian horizon in dry weather. I went, first, to the tent of the native helpers, where we engaged in prayer for divine aid to preach the word in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; then, repairing to the thronged bazaar, we took our stand at two points, and urged the claims of the Christian religion on the crowds who came and went. The audiences to which we speak, at such times, are constantly changing; but few remain during the entire time we

continue talking, which is often three hours. We speak by turns, relieving each other, as it is very tiresome, talking to a crowd, in the noise and dust. Our hearers, in the morning, listened very well.

During the mid-hours of the day, a strong wind blew down the river, which filled the air, much to our discomfort, with a haze of fine sand. It grew calmer in the evening; and I met the helpers, again, in the bazaar. Our presence called up a crowd, in which were two pugnacious Brahmins. One of them was the most unreasonable, rattling talker I ever heard. He asked me for the proof of Christ's existence, and tried to compel me to rest my proof on the fact of having seen him myself. I tried to show him that but a small part of the objects of his own confident belief had been subjected to this test, and referred him, for illustration, to the perfect certainty of particular kings having lived, and his complete trust in the fact, without his having seen them; but he rattled and talked, and talked and rattled, at such a bewildering rate, that I gave up in despair. He evidently caught the drift and pertinency of my attempted argument; for he suddenly slipped away, and was lost in the throng. The other Brahmin was more calm and reasonable, but without much reason for the singular position he took. He affirmed that, to all who believe the Ganges to be a saving power, it is a saving power. This was a reply to my statement that thousands of thieves, robbers, liars, and murderers bathe in the Ganges, and return straightway to their wickedness. I urged that mere belief can not transform realities—as that believing stone is

bread, will not turn real stone into real bread, which will relieve the hunger of a starving man; neither would believing an inanimate, insensate river to be a saving god, turn it into a Savior from sin and guilt. He would not stay to hear and feel the full force of what I was trying to make out, but, catching the drift of it, gave his *salam*, and turned good-humoredly away. After talking, by turns, for a long time, and selling a number of tracts and portions of Scripture, we returned from the literal dust of the battle-field to our tents, for the night.

October 28.—Awoke early, to the sound of drums, and the monotonous singing of natives, coming to the fair. Most of them come in early in the morning, apparently making their march in the night. On they came, drumming and singing, happy once more to see the sacred river. Rude carts, full of women and children, fantastic native cars and chariots, riders on horses, camels, and elephants, all moved heavily over the sandy roads, and poured in to the great fair. I joined the native preachers, in the bazaar, where we took a stand upon a slight elevation, and began to talk. These thousands have come to worship the Ganges; and, in our discourses in the bazaar, they are constantly referring us to their wonderful god, the river which flows near by, and we as constantly attack it, as perfectly useless for the purpose of purifying the soul from sin. We affirm that no one is ever conscious of having obtained any moral improvement from bathing in and worshiping it. It is a common saying, among the Hindus, that, if any one simply forms the

resolution to visit the Ganges, the sins of years are remitted; and, by actually bathing in the river, ages of sin are blotted out. This statement has reference to sin that may have been accumulated during several births of the soul.

We found, in one Hindu, a most perfect specimen of a native wrangler. He was singularly tricky and wily, in all his talk. His most successful fallacy, as I saw, in his talk with the native helpers, was that of "shifting ground." When any of his positions was closely pressed, or rendered untenable, with remarkable tact, he shifted the discussion to some neighboring point. I asked his attention, for a short time, and, once for all, made him define clearly his position, and state, categorically, what he did believe. This, after some attempt at evasion, he was obliged to do; and the conclusion was soon reached that there is one true God, and that there must be a true faith and correct worship of God. I then gave him a copy of the New Testament, and asked him to compare it with all the other religious books he knew of, and form an opinion as to its merits.

Having talked a long time, I returned to my tent, at ten o'clock, for breakfast. The wind rose again, and blew furiously till evening. The quivering of the tent-poles, the flapping of canvas, the moaning of ropes, and the dust-dimmed air, reminded me of a stormy day at sea, when the driving wind fills the air with foam and spray.

In the evening, we returned to the bazaar. Alexander opened our message to the crowd that soon gathered about us. A group of Brahmins, from a

town near by, were remarkably acquiescent in nearly all that was said. Meanwhile, the rattling fellow, who annoyed us so much yesterday, came up. It was my turn to talk, and I took him again in hand. He was less noisy than yesterday, and much more disposed to be reasonable. He urged, as an objection to Christ's divinity, that, if he is all-powerful, why had not all been born in a Christian country? Why were not all Christians long ago? "For the same reason," I replied, "that ten thousand other things do not occur by whimsical, arbitrary power, but by law and by means." This point well illustrated and dropped, he urged that, when any one could see the salvation of some soul by Christ, he would acknowledge it as a proof of his being the only true Savior. The Hindu's idea of salvation is an escape from transmigration, and a happy passage to *bikunt*, a vague paradise. We replied with a definition of salvation as deliverance from sin, and remarked that hundreds and thousands could be pointed out, whom Christ had delivered from sin, their holy lives being the indisputable proof of the fact. They could point out no one whom Ganga Jee (the Ganges) had saved thus. This was a kind of argument for which the fellow was not prepared; and, in an excited manner, he railed out that it is not a good work, going about the country, destroying the faith of people. "Not if the faith is a bad, foolish one?" I asked. To this he made no reply, but pushed through the crowd, and went away.

It was night, and the long line of shops, on either side, far down the bazaar, with their little oil lamps,

reminded me of a street lighted with gas. We learned that some haughty rajah was taken up, and bound over, to keep the peace, by a large sum of money. He had been showing his pride and haughtiness by causing some of the government sepoys to be beaten. His pride was considerably humbled by being ordered before the English magistrate, and bail demanded for his good conduct. Native princes, and men of rank or wealth, are fond of making a display in these fairs.

October 29.—Was up before sunrise; and, after a good cup of tea and some plantains, I pulled down the river, in a canoe, to the place where the tent of the native helpers is pitched, nearly two miles below our camp. They were on the bank, waiting, having seen the canoe coming from a distance. I sent it back, by a coolie, with an order to bring my horse, not being disposed to try rowing to camp against the stream. We went into the tent, and engaged in prayer for aid in preaching the Word. Abraham is laid by, for the time, with a very sore nose.

Once in the bazaar, a crowd was soon collected. We try to make the burden of our discourses rest on two great points—the sinfulness of the human heart, and the salvation provided by Christ. The natives have very imperfect views of sin and their great need of a competent Savior. The endless questions and objections, proposed by the hearers, render it difficult to "keep to the text," so that a discourse be not frittered away, to little purpose, in the vague, indefinite round where their questions would lead us. The query was put, Why do the

English worship the sun, and have an appointed day for this worship? The trace of abandoned idolatry, in the word Sunday, was explained. An apologist for idolatry and polytheism argued that, just as in our government there are sundry grades of officers, by whom the government is carried on and the ends of justice secured, and just as the people secure the ends of law through these officers, so they attain intercourse with Deity, and secure the ends of religion, through obedience and submission to the "gods many and lords many" of the Hindu pantheon. I urged, in reply, that there is no parallel between human and divine things, in this case; that human finiteness necessitates what divine greatness does not require; that God is every-where accessible to our penitence and worship, without the intervention of innumerable inferior divinities. The point was yielded at once, although an ingenious apology had been presented, which, too, might have been much more strongly urged.

While we were talking, troops of dancing-girls, with the "impudent faces" mentioned in Proverbs, passed and repassed us, trying to attract the crowd we had collected. They are always accompanied by men, with little drums and tambourines and weak-toned stringed instruments, who play and sing, while the dancers "trip on the light, fantastic toe," wheeling and swaying, now backward, now forward, now round and round, generally awkward and unseemly enough, but often with a not ungraceful motion. In the middle of the street, they strike up their music, swing off in the dance, and frequently attract

large crowds, who give them money for the performance. The dancers envied us our crowd, but could not draw it away.

In the afternoon, I visited a fakeer down on the sand, by the water's edge, of whose learning and sanctity I had heard in the crowds of the bazaar. I found him sitting in a little straw booth; and a splendid-looking fellow he was, with his herculean frame and massive limbs, fine oval cranium, and really benignant face. He was sitting almost entirely naked, and entered, at once, into pleasant conversation. I found him to belong to a class of mendicants, who profess to have entirely abandoned the world, and are living in complete contemplation of the Deity. The conversation revealed in him a fine mind, and well versed in the ancient lore of the Hindus. He talked only Sanskrit, and our conversation was conducted through an interpreter.

October 30.—Went early to the bazaar, and found Abraham already at work, in the midst of a crowd. We generally get a stool from some shop as a pulpit. I often sit on my horse, in the midst of the throng, thus securing a better elevation for speaking. An interrogator called out from the crowd,

"What benefit will we receive, if we become Christians?"

"What kind of benefit do you want?"

"Food and clothing and lands."

"But do you crave no other good?"

"What else do we need?"

The wants of the soul were mentioned—its need of purity, and direction in the way to heaven. It

was urged that the Hindu's religion supplies all this. I appealed to the fact of their blindness—the confusion of their religious notions, and their acknowledged wickedness. To this the wicked conduct of some Europeans in India was opposed. A long talk put this whole subject in a light that seemed to be somewhat satisfactory to the hearers. The immorality of some European nominal Christians, in this country, is a fearful stumbling-block to inquirers. Through them, the name of God is blasphemed among the heathen. Returned to the tent, with a severe headache, from exertion in the dust and hot sunshine.

In the afternoon, I passed over to the sand-bar, to see my friend, the fakeer, again. A long talk with him showed his familiarity with the most ancient and perfect system of Hindu philosophy. He is a Vedantist. God, he said, is eternal and perfect. By his fiat, the universe was developed, in this order: Space or ether, air, fire, water, earth, then animate beings. Depravity is the result of ignorance. Restoration to purity is to be effected by the acquirement of knowledge and the infliction of punishment. Final salvation is absorption into Deity. I opposed the real existence of moral evil to the doctrine of the soul being a temporary emanation from a pure God, and urged and illustrated the inefficiency of mere knowledge and punishment to correct the depraved soul. I pulled back, in a canoe, to camp.

October 31.—Early in the morning, a man came from the native helpers' tent, and reported that a

thief had paid them a visit in the night, carrying away several articles of clothing and a pan-box. Pan is a kind of leaf, which is rolled up, with spices, and chewed, after the manner of a certain nasty weed.

Mrs. Scott wishing to see the fair, which is now at its culmination, as this is the great bathing-day, we secured and mounted a very large elephant, taking Elma and Alice, and passed down one street and back the other. Such a complete "vanity fair!" Crowds upon crowds paraded the streets, in all conceivable dresses and colors. A confused humdrum of voices and rude instruments of music rose on the dusty air, like the sound of many waters. Here and there, along the bazaar, closely packed groups were standing, gazing at some spectacle. In one place, a grotesque harlequin was performing odd movements; in another, fantastic fakeers were drumming and singing; in another, dancing-boys swayed and whirled. Groups of dancing-girls, also, had drawn their crowds. Wretched beggars wandered up and down, crying for alms. Elephants in rich housings, gayly caparisoned horses, and awkward camels, with bells on their necks, all were carrying their riders through the noisy throng. It was a multitudinous, multifarious mass of life, with commingled motion, flowing up and down that dusty bazaar. A pony became frightened at our elephant, and, dashing into the crowd, knocked down and trampled a poor little boy. Turning the elephant, for a moment, down to the bank of the river, we beheld the bathers; and what a scene!

Far up and down, that winding shore was lined with the bathers, coming from and going to the deified water. Tens of thousands, of both sexes and of every age, were in the stream. Old people tottered into the water; the young sported. Crying infants were plunged beneath the waves, and females were shamefully exposed. Returning toward the tents, we looked into the gaudy shops, and asked the price of a few articles needed.

A Brahmin visited me, at the tent, who seemed to be thoroughly skeptical touching the religion of the Hindus. For some time, he has been thinking over the character and claims of Christianity, and seems now to believe it to be the true religion. He conforms, he says, to the popular religious customs of his people, to avoid giving offense and provoking annoyance. In every country, many keep up the popular religious ceremonies, long after the ancestral faith has been totally undermined. This man seemed restrained, by family ties, from an open profession of Christianity. By becoming a Christian, he would lose his means of support, while we can furnish no sustenance for him in such a case. In numerous instances, genuine inquirers stumble at this difficulty. It is a real one, and will remain so until the non-Christian population cease to combine in depriving converts of their means of livelihood.

In the afternoon, I rowed over to the island, or large sand-bar, for another interview with the fakeer. Our conversation turned on the question of salvation from sin. I asked him how, in his opinion, man could be saved from his depravity. He replied:

"By knowledge. I would have all study the Vedas and acquire useful knowledge till thirty, and then let all marry who might desire to do so."

"This is prospective. How can the ignorant villager of the present, who may be fifty years old, be saved from sin?"

"By punishment. Place before him the law of rectitude, and punish him when he breaks it. He will thus fear, and learn righteousness."

"But this is like telling a weak, sick man to stand, and then beating him because he can not."

I then showed him, at some length, from the history of the world, that there is no power in human wisdom and learning and legislation to purify the depraved soul. I tried to make plain the fact, that, when "the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe" in Christ. The man did not seem to lose confidence in his theory, however; and I proposed another visit, when I would present more fully the Gospel plan of salvation from sin.

Went into the dust-clouded bazaar, in the evening, again. One of the native helpers, Sikandar-Mirza, was quite hoarse, and unfit to talk. We found large crowds of hearers, as usual, and kept up preaching till dark. At night, a rajah sent a lot of fire-works to our camp, as a compliment to Mr. Carmichael, the district magistrate. We had a brilliant display of rockets, fire-balls, wheels, flower-pots, and many other glowing, flaming, scintillating, whizzing contrivances of the pyrotechnic art. They flashed, darted, whirled, and blazed, till our

bewildered eyes were quite weary. We were treated to several loud explosions, in imitation of cannon. Six or eight beautiful little hot-air balloons were sent up, which gracefully rose away against the moon-lit sky, save one that soon took fire, and, falling, was within an inch of setting one of our tents ablaze.

Sunday, November 1.—In the morning, I went to the native helpers' tent, and engaged with them in prayer, before going into the bazaar to preach. Crowds of bathers were still performing religious ablutions, up and down the winding river. In the bazaar, we had throngs of hearers; but, as the great bathing-day is over, the vast multitudes that have been dwelling, for some days, in booths, are now in motion. The trade of the shop-keepers is more active, while many are setting out for home. At 12 o'clock, I preached, in our tent, to the native helpers, from 2 Tim. ii, 24: "And the servant of the Lord must not strive," etc. I tried to impress on them the importance of a proper spirit in preaching to their countrymen. They often sadly fail here, through the insults and annoyance brought to bear upon them.

In the afternoon, I made a final visit to the fakeer, over on the sand-bar. I had heard his theory of the fall, and his plan of salvation. In turn, I presented to him the Christian teaching on these great subjects. I showed him that we are rescued from sin, not by a plan of education and punishment, as he proposed, but by a wonderful scheme of love—the offspring of divine love, and the inspirer of love in us—a love which melts and molds our

hearts for a life of love to God and man. This all seemed new to him. I left a copy of the New Testament with him, requesting his careful perusal of it, and that he mark the love with which it is filled, and which it inspired in those who received and trusted in Jesus of Nazareth.

November 2.—Was up before daylight, and started a cart forward to a village nine miles distant. Went early into the bazaar, for a last effort, during this fair, at urging the people to turn to Christ, the true Savior. Although the streets were thinned, from the number that had already gone away, yet we found crowds of willing hearers. We had already worn out our voices, trying to make ourselves heard in the noisy, surging throng assembled here for the last week, and so contented ourselves chiefly with selling books, tracts, and portions of Scripture. Many, who were just leaving, were glad to pay the small price asked.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we started for Bara, nine miles distant, the village to which a tent had been sent forward. Mr. Carmichael's camp was located in the same place. He had very kindly placed a couple of elephants at our disposal; and we sent our horses on by the native grooms, and used the elephants in preference, as they would more completely lift us above the cloud of dust that rose perpetually from the road, filled with men and animals, moving homeward from the fair. Mrs. Scott took Alice on one elephant, and I took Elma on the other. We rode in high cane-worked hunting-howdahs, which rocked and swayed, from the heavy,

swinging gait of the elephants, in a most wearisome manner. Shortly after starting, we passed a long line of lepers, sitting by the wayside. As usual, with outstretched hands, they set up a piteous wail for alms. Some of them had lost their fingers and toes from the terrible disease. I distributed a quantity of *pice* (a coin in value a little less than a cent) which I had by me. We found the road full of people, with many kinds of vehicles and beasts of burden. Several carts were passed, which had broken down, while the occupants, in a woe-begone mood, were sitting by the road-side. We reached the tents after dark. The thoughtful magistrate had a tray of delicious tea, with bread and butter, awaiting us in our tent. All this was most refreshing, after a wearisome, dusty ride. We dined with him, after scouring away the "dust of travel."

November 3.—Was waked, early in the morning, by the yelping of Mr. Carmichael's hounds. Many government officers in this country keep packs of hounds for the chase, as they march about the country. We started early for Budaon, the children in a palankeen, Mrs. Scott on her pony, and I on foot. Three miles brought us to a good stone road, leading home, where we found our buggy awaiting us. A sharp drive of five miles landed us at the mission-house, which seemed gloomy enough, after the activity and sunshine of camp life.

VIII.

TO "CAMP-MEETING."

NOVEMBER 14.—A district camp-meeting had been appointed to begin on the 20th of this month, near Zilhar, a town sixty miles distant from Budaon. Having sent my camp a few miles in that direction, intending to make the distance myself, by a series of marches, itinerating and preaching in the villages by the way, I took Mrs. Scott and our little girls to Bareilly, for a visit with the missionary ladies there. She was to go to the camp-meeting by another route. These visits of missionaries are delightful privileges to those who, for months, are deprived of the fellowship of their own country-people and co-laborers.

From Bareilly, I returned directly to camp, stopping midway, for the night, in a little mud house. When I reached the place, I felt so weary, from the sun and a long drive, that I threw myself down on the low couch, and, in a few minutes, was fast asleep. I had intended to rest but for a moment, and then arrange myself for the night. Morpheus was master, and a good, long nap intervened, before I awoke. I was glad to find my money safe; for I had carelessly left it on the bed, when I lay down.

A good night's rest, and I was awaked by the

boisterous neighing of one of my horses, which was left behind, while the other went forward as a relay in reaching camp. A coolie set off, with my bedding on his head. A sharp drive of four miles, over a good stone road, brought me to my second horse, where, taking the saddle, I dashed across the country to the tents, making speed to get in before the sun would become hot. Away I went, now through the thirsty wheat-fields, where the cultivators, with the regular swash, swash of their baskets, threw up water, from ponds, to irrigate the parched ground; now through low jungle, anon getting a pluck from a thorn and a rap from a branch, where many a bird whirred into the air, and the green parrots, screaming, sped away. I was hot and dusty, and abraded, from unaccustomed riding, when I reached camp, after nine o'clock. A simple breakfast of *chapatees* and tea refreshed me much, after a ten miles' ride.

At midday, the wind rose, and the tents were rendered very uncomfortable, from the driving dust. I found abundant enjoyment in my pen and a box of books. In the absence of wife and children, and surrounded only by this, to us, in many things, incomprehensible race, these books and the pen, with the presence of Him who said, "Lo, I am with you alway," afford abundant happiness. The native helpers, Alexander and Abraham, have been here for several days, and report that they have visited twelve of the surrounding villages.

In the evening, we walked to a village near by, and preached to a number of hearers, in a threshing-floor. Just now, the villagers are threshing and

garnering their warm-weather crop. Our most numerous and attentive congregations are found at the threshing-floors, which are usually situated just outside of the village. We go right in among the piles of grain and chaff, where some are treading the sheaves with oxen, and others winnowing, by casting the mingled grain and chaff into the air, and present the heavenly message. The rural, or village, population, are very largely cultivators; and the threshing-floor often affords encouraging congregations. The workmen are present, and listen, as they turn the patient oxen round and round on the crisp sheaves, or manipulate the winnowing grain, stopping, now and then, for greater attention, as some more striking point is presented. Other villagers come up, and, before the conversation closes, many have heard the word of life. We had a quiet hearing in this place.

At night, we went to the chaupal of Hatnepoor, our camp-village, where we found a few hearers. Among them was a son of the village zemindar, who showed himself to be a frank and apparently honest-minded young man. I felt my heart drawn toward him.

November 15.—When the sun mellowed the cool morning air, we walked to Mosumpoor, a mile and a half from camp. A congregation of some forty villagers assembled in a threshing-floor, where we took a seat. Near by, a "strange woman" had drawn up the vehicle in which she travels about the country, and spread her little tent. She had been here, we learned, for several days, and belongs to a

caste of people among whom the most incredible prostitution exists. How inconceivably depraved it seems that a father would lead his daughters from village to village, to gain his bread by their life of infamy; or a brother convey his sisters about the country, to gain for himself and them a livelihood by their shameless life: yet such things are done here.

Our hearers seemed interested in what we had to say. When I made an allusion to the awful state of morals in the country, an effort was made to conceal the real facts in the case. Natives often seem ashamed, before Europeans, of the fearful depravity of their country, and hence hide, as much as they can, the darkest side of things. I assured the villagers that I now know fully the terrible depravity between which and us they think to keep a screen drawn. I urged their need of an all-powerful Savior, such as was presented to them in Christ. Some one objected that many had become Christians, and are now the worst of men, mentioning by name a native Christian whose life had been reprehensible. It is a sad fact that some native Christians are utterly unworthy of the name they bear. Hindus and Mussulmans understand that we preach salvation from sin by Christ; hence, they often, with Satanic satisfaction, retort the case of bad native converts. No less distressing to us, and damaging to the work of God, is the case of some vile Europeans, sometimes referred to by objectors.

In the evening, crossed the wheat-fields, with Alexander, to a village called Myree. Midway, we

passed two men, digging a well from which to water the needy fields. A little, withered old fellow sat above, on the edge of the well, to receive the baskets of earth handed up by the other, as he sunk the well. The little fellow smiled, as I asked him if he was not afraid the wolves would run away with him. Wolves commit bold depredations in this region. Recently, a woman came to us, complaining that a wolf had met her, and seized away a goat which she was leading by a rope. Children are often carried off from the village, in the night. Alexander tells me that at night, here, he ties one of their children to his waist, and his wife does the same with the others, and thus they sleep. Children are often torn from the arms of their sleeping parents by these desperate animals. Strange as it may seem for wolves, they prowl singly or in pairs.

We had a quiet and very attentive hearing, at the village, in a threshing-floor. The villagers said that often the Brahmins come and threaten them with all sorts of supernatural calamities, if they do not make them valuable presents. The superstitious villagers generally submit to these extortions. A more corrupt, avaricious priesthood the world never saw.

November 16.—Was off, early in the morning, with Alexander, to Bilhut, distant three miles. A brisk walk of a mile and a half, and we mounted our horses, which had been led behind us, and, pushing on, soon reached the village. A government school is kept up here, and I examined the boys in reading and geography. Some of them

have got on very well. I then told them that there is something better than mere secular information, and tried to impress them with the importance of goodness and purity of heart as a fitness for heaven. The pupils listened with attention. By this time, a crowd of villagers had collected, to whom we presented the claims of the Gospel. The usual list of objections to becoming Christians were urged by our hearers, among which that of eating food proscribed by caste was prominent. All objections were answered to their apparent satisfaction.

We mounted our horses, and started in a rapid ride toward camp. Passing through some low trees, I swayed to one side, to escape a branch, when snap went a treacherous old stirrup-strap, and, in an instant, I was dashed to the ground, having swung round under the horse's neck, lighting on my back. The horse, in headlong speed, leaped over me. I was up in a moment, without any hurt save a slight abrasion of my fingers by the sudden snatching of the reins through them. Adjusting the stirrup, we rode on to a village called Khairabad, and pulled up, for a talk, in a threshing-floor. It was an unpleasant talk. In trying to "reason of sin," a Brahmin put in the apology that this is the *Kalyug*, or age of sin; and, sin being the order of the day, it would be useless or unreasonable to attempt shunning it. The Hindus, like most ancient nations, divide their history into four ages, descending from a golden age of perfect purity to the present leaden age of universal sin. A traditional gleam of Edenic purity and the Fall seems to run through the history of the

race in every land. I objected to the *Kalyug* apology for sin, urging that we are all still responsible for our conduct, and presented Christ as a Savior from sin. At this point, a Mussulman, who was present, put in, that, if Christ is a Savior from sin, he has not accomplished his mission with the English. He then related the bad conduct of some unworthy characters he had known of, with the triumphant satisfaction of a fiend. It is, unfortunately, too true that the conduct of many English soldiers in this country is debauched in the extreme; and sometimes men in position seem, as some one said, to have "left Christianity beyond the straits," and here vie with the heathen in forgetting God and morality. Such things are a great trial to missionaries, as the natives often urge them in evidence of the inefficiency of Christianity to effect what it proposes and we claim for it—salvation from sin. The natives, however, are learning, slowly though it be, to distinguish between nominal and real Christians. The villagers in this place heard badly, and we rode away in discouragement. One thing they will not forget, perhaps—that every white man is not claimed as a Christian.

During the day, Narain Sing came to camp. He has relatives in this village, whom he has not seen since his baptism. He takes this opportunity of paying them a visit, and telling them of his conversion to "this new way." They have received him very kindly.

In the evening, we crossed the little creek that winds by our camp, to Husanpore, this being fair-

day. The din and dust that rise from the place where these village fairs are held, led us to our congregation. A little knoll, near by, formed a good speaking-stand, on which we opened our message for the motley, noisy throng. A temple of Mahadeo (the destroyer), third in the Hindu trinity, stood hard by, with its octagonal, spire-like structure covered with fantastic figures of monkeys, lions, elephants, and peacocks, some in statue, others in bass-relief, and all in an attitude of defending the temple. Soon a semicircle of crowded, upturned faces were before us. An impatient, bustling little Brahmin, with his forehead bedaubed with caste-marks, squeezed his way through the crowd, up to the front, and squared himself for a theological fight. Brahmins of all classes are most intolerant of missionaries. Generally extremely bigoted, often grossly ignorant even of their own religion, they fear and hate Christianity as threatening their gain, and the sacred position they hold among Hindus. "You have come," said the Brahmin, with rapid utterance and an agitated air, "to pollute and destroy this people. If any man leaves his own religion, he will go to hell, as he deserves." This last sentence, uttered with bitter emphasis, was meant for the ears of the new convert, Narain Sing. He comprehended the thrust, and, facing the dogmatic little Hindu priest, remarked that Christianity brings purity from sin, and leads to heaven; but the Brahmin rattled and clattered at such a rate that we joined in a hearty laugh at him, which increased his rage to such an extent that he jerked himself from our

detested presence, and was lost in the crowd. Such skirmishes are of almost daily occurrence. Generally, the natives have learned that they can not stand before the patient, searching, unanswerable logic of the truth we preach; hence, pressing to the front, they often simply deliver a sharp, spiteful fire, not unmingled with vile abuse perhaps, and retreat before a fair reply can be made. They shun the reply; but the crowd gets it, nevertheless. Thus thousands of angry or more sober objections are finding a repeated reply, and the mass of the people are learning the truth as it is in Christ. We talked, by turn, until darkness was coming on, and the crowd had grown thin, as the villagers left the fair.

Returning to camp, after a moment's rest, we repaired to the village chaupal for a night-meeting with the villagers. Narain Sing was stopping here, with his relatives, who seem to entertain him kindly. Seats were placed for us on a high platform of earth, where a fire was kindled beneath a neem-tree. A group of natives crowded, in a compact circle, round the fire, while the circle was now and then enlarged by a new-comer, pressing into the curved, compact rank. The fickle fire flamed up anon, as a handful of dry leaves or brambles was thrown on it, causing a weird mingling of light and shadow to flit among the pinnate neem-tree leaves overhead. We had a very satisfactory talk, all listening with the greatest attention.

Leaving Narain Sing with them, I retired to my tent for the night. After half an hour, as I sat reading a little before going to bed, to my surprise

in came Narain Sing, late as it was. He began to talk of the fearful depravity of the people, apparently having a desire to awaken my deepest concern for them. Such an awful picture of human depravity I had never before seen portrayed. His eyes filled with tears which trickled down his cheeks as he went on with the description, which he finished by saying, "And such was I."

The falsehood and deception of the natives seem boundless. Theft is a very common practice, the head men and well to do of the village often being in league with the professional thieves, robbers, and burglars, sharing in their spoils, and screening them from justice. Even the native police and constables, paid by the Government to aid in the suppression of crime, become partners in that crime. Native rulers and officers of justice almost invariably take bribes, to the perversion of justice and the injury of the poor and innocent. Licentiousness is quite universal. To instance one form, adultery is a very common sin. In Narain Sing's own language, "The more wealthy class of villagers will forget and forsake their food, sooner than abandon their daily thoughts and schemes of polluting somebody's home." Murder is a common crime. Pride, anger, avarice, jealousy, hatred, etc., fill up the awful picture, whose fearful shades and delineations grow darker and more distinct to me every year. One can comprehend here, as never before, the necessity and righteousness of that Divine wrath that swept away the apostate antediluvian world, and of the fire from heaven that left the "cities of the plain"

a smoking heap, and of the Divine command that consigned the Canaanitish tribes, whose cup of iniquity was full, to indiscriminate extermination. How sad, how absolutely awful, the state of society, when the conscience of a people seems seared, blasted, by iniquity, and incapable of producing shame for vice, or regret for wrong; when the throat becomes "an open sepulcher," dark and dismal with "deceit," deadly with the "poison of asps," "full of cursing and bitterness;" when the feet become "swift to shed blood;" when "iniquity is swallowed down like water," enjoyed and relished as that refreshing element by the thirsty; when the forsaken "way of peace is not known," and "there is no fear of God before their eyes!" In such a state of society, there is no security for property, no safety for life, no refuge or protection for innocence or virtue. British law in India, in some degree, stays the seething billows of this tide of depravity. Christianity alone can heal its polluted depths.

When Narain Sing closed his description, he proposed prayer, and, kneeling down, prayed most imploringly for Divine aid in the speedy spread of Christianity among his countrymen.

November 17.—Early in the morning, in company with Narain Sing, crossed over the creek that flows near our camp, and visited the village of Mujaree, where we preached yesterday, in the fair. We went to the chief chaupal, where a few boys were reading, under the zemindar's private teacher. The zemindar was lamenting the loss of two thousand rupees ($1,000), through the roguery of a relative, who had

borrowed it from him, and, watching his opportunity, had stolen the receipt that he had given him on receiving the money, and then denied having received it at all. The heartless rascality of the natives knows no bounds.

A number of villagers assembled, but heard our message with a very ill grace. At first, some one urged that Christianity does not save from sin; and, in confirmation of this statement, referred to the case of some Europeans who had been guilty of taking bribes, and of their great licentiousness. This point explained and settled, some one, in an impudent way, proposed that we try the effect, in spreading Christianity, of giving villages to converts. Others, with sincerity enough, naively averred that the plan was a good one, as the Mohammedans had tried it with great success in the propagation of their faith. Some one also, in a sarcastic way, commiserated Narain Sing for not having got any thing in becoming a Christian. To this he made a very befitting reply—reproving their avaricious temper, ever savoring only of the things of men.

As we rode home, Narain Sing confirmed the notorious rascality of the natives, by relating another instance that had occurred in this same village. A certain zemindar had two wives, one of whom was the mother of four sons, the other of one. A common illustration of the evils of polygamy in this and every country: the four brothers by one mother disliked the son of the other wife, and conspired to disinherit him by a most daring bit of fraud. A man was bribed to present himself, in company with

them, before the English magistrate, and, personating the single son, pretend to sell and sign away his right to his portion of the paternal estate. The magistrate did not suspect the bold fraud, and the transaction was legally effected and sanctioned. All was staked on the daring hope that the brother would not hear of the matter for some time, when the magistrate's recollection would not enable him to identify the man who had pretended to sell his portion of the estate. Then, when the true party would come forward, they would bribe witnesses to swear that he had sold his title to the estate, but was now attempting fraud to get it back. Fortunately, the brother heard of the infamous plot in a day or two, and, hastening off to the magistrate, exposed it all. The magistrate saw that he was not the man who had appeared before him. The affair was investigated, and the other parties suffered imprisonment for their pains.

All kinds of fraud and rascality, sustained by perjured false witness, is of constant occurrence here, and excites no kind of surprise. The difference between a country like this, and countries where Christianity has become a power, is, that here iniquity is dominant, triumphant, and rectitude trodden down; there rectitude reigns, while crime is in subjection and control. Without the religion of the Bible, selfishness and wickedness have always ruled, and ever will rule, the race. Where the spirit of the Bible prevails, justice and righteousness triumph.

In the evening, I went with Alexander to Kuar, where a fair was held. Generally, our hearers were

attentive. Two men tried to interrupt our message. One of these was put to shame without much effort; but the other kept up an interruption of silly questions and objections, nearly to the last. He was a very tall man, of immense frame, whom I recognized, by his physique and objections, as a man, who, three years ago, in a village several miles from this place, set himself to oppose the Word, when I was preaching in a fair. He finally walked away, manifestly not satisfied with his success.

As we passed through the village, returning to camp, a group of children, upon whom we came in turning a corner, scampered away, exclaiming, "*Bhago! bhago! yih ate jo Isa sunaut!*" ("Run! here they come who tell about Jesus!") Village mothers often teach their children to avoid us, as we may carry them off to a foreign country. Villagers sometimes have a superstitious fear of coming in contact with us, as if, by charms and spells, we could metamorphose them into Christians against their will. I have seen natives, who had gladly received a tract, after a moment's reflection, nervously thrust it back again, as if some dangerous magic had been avoided. Most probably the spark that exploded the terrible mutiny of '57 was an impression that the oiled cartridge was a plot to break the native's caste, and entrap him in Christianity. After the outbreak, political aspirants, who guided and molded it into an attempt at governmental revolution, fanned the raging flames into greater fury by reporting that the English had mingled ground human bones in flour that had been sold to the

natives, for the same purpose of making them Christians; but a more intelligent conception of what Christianity is, and of the mode of its propagation, is spreading in the country, and the possibility of a mutiny through such superstitions will be precluded.

November 18.—In the morning, with Alexander, visited a village about a mile from camp. The villagers were so scattered, and occupied with their morning's work, that, for a time, it seemed we were to have no hearers. As we started to leave the place, I stopped to address a few words to some boys, who were warming themselves by sitting in the sunshine, close to an old mud wall, enjoying the direct and reflected rays of the sun. As I talked away, asking them questions, and trying to say pleasant things for them, one and another and another villager came up, until a good crowd was attentively listening to a discourse on sin and redemption. An old man opposed the doctrine of fate to any use on their part of trying to think or act for the improvement of their moral condition. The stern mold of fate had stamped an inflexible destiny on all human events, and all human effort to recast the smallest thought or action was perfectly vain. The great religions of the East—Mohammedanism, Hinduism, and Buddhism—all prostrate their votaries before a cheerless, stern, inflexible fatalism; and how stern and cheerless it seemed, as that old man, with a resignation sad and gloomy, observed that he could not tell where he would go after death! It was an existence full of dark and awful uncertainty upon which he must enter. How emphatically "life and

immortality are brought to light in the Gospel!" Christianity, as it advances over these vast Asiatic countries, will literally pour floods of luminous life and immortality over these crowded millions.

In the night, one tent had been sent forward to Saadatgunge, a large village eight miles distant from Hatnipore. After breakfast, at 9 o'clock, the remaining tents were struck and sent on, while I stopped for a few hours in the village chaupal. A number of natives called to see me, and seemed pleased that I had determined to build a helper's house at this village. A site had been selected for this purpose. I found but little time to read a book and newspaper, with which I had thought to entertain myself while waiting for camp to get forward and be ready. If a European stops in a village, and shows himself friendly and communicative, the natives will ply him with many a question, curious to find out the history and habits of his people. My visitors did full justice to their instincts on this occasion. They wanted to know what kind of caste there is among English people, and who the white soldiers are, and why they are so bad, and how we make our marriages and cultivate our fields. I answered these and similar questions in a familiar way, always trying to give the conversation some turn that would honor Christ and his religion. A great, burly zemindar brought out a new gun that some officer had given him as a present, and wished me to initiate him in loading and firing, as it differed from the rude matchlocks commonly used by the natives. I measured him a charge of powder, loaded

and fired the piece. He then wished me to arrange for a hunt with him, by way of giving a more extended lesson; but I declined, saying that his Brahmin friends formerly chided me for killing game, and told him that I had ceased to carry a gun. "To be sure," said some one in the crowd, "the sahib is a great *sanyasi*" (a kind of sacred devotee). The man put up his gun, and, by and by, I was alone.

As I sat there and read, I could but mark, with fresh disgust, what I had often marked before, the extreme laziness of natives who can afford to live without labor. The zemindar's son, a young man who is also the father of a family, came into the chaupal, and soon wrapped his shawl about him and composed himself to sleep. To labor when you can help it; to walk when you can ride; to do with your own hands what other hands can be made do for you, is degrading. Inactivity, freedom from care, rest, is the highest bliss. Wealth is desired and valued, because it enables its possessor to eat plentifully, smoke incessantly, lounge constantly, and sleep to his complete satisfaction. The highest bliss of the highest divinity is profound rest and slumber, and it would seem that this conception has molded the instincts and aspirations of the Hindus; yet they have fine mental capabilities, and a country of magnificent resources, and are destined one day to present to the world a grand theater of sanctified activities.

I left the chaupal, and the young man to his slumber, and rode away toward camp, passing fields that were ruined by the drought. They lay in local-

ities where the periodic rains alone are depended on, and no means of irrigation is provided. Whole fields were dry and bare, just as when they had been sown, the grain having not even germinated. In some places, an attempt had been made to sink wells, without success; in others, a little water had been found, as was attested by a small surrounding patch of green.

The rainy season lasts about four months, including June and September. The crop that is sown in this season, and ripens soon after it, requires no irrigation. But the cold-weather crop, which includes the staples, wheat and barley, requires watering, as, generally, no rain falls from September to June again, except some showers about the end of the old or beginning of the new year, being the "latter rains." Several modes of irrigation are resorted to. Most commonly, wells are sunk among the fields, when water is found. A pulley is fixed above the well, over which a rope is drawn by a yoke of bullocks. A large leather sack, made from the entire skin of an ox or buffalo, is attached to the rope, so that more than a half-barrel of water is drawn up at each lift, as the bullocks are repeatedly brought to the well and driven out the length of the rope. Sometimes two large earthen pots, or buckets, are attached to each end of a rope, which passes over the pulley, and the whole is worked by a man who fills and draws up the buckets alternately. A pole, working over a post as a pivot, is often made to elevate the bucket from the well, just as it is sometimes seen in the United States. This is well irrigation.

All over the country, there are large tanks and little wet-weather lakes, which are filled during the rainy season. This water is exhausted in irrigating the cold-weather crop, in a peculiar manner. At each end of an elongated, trough-like, close-made basket, holding six or eight gallons, two ropes are affixed. Two men, a rope in each hand, swing the basket in such a way as to fill it at each sweep, and deliver the water high upon the bank, where it can run off on the fields. If the elevation is great, two or more sets of men take the water at successive steps, until it reaches a height sufficient to deliver it to the entire field. Water is drawn from rivers and creeks in the same way. It is let on to the fields by a ramification of little canals, which finally leave the water in small beds of a few yards square, marked off by a slight ridge of earth. When the "early and latter rains" come in their season, abundant crops are produced, in a sandy soil, by this supplemental irrigation. But if the rains should fail, the smaller streams and tanks also fail, and the wells do not suffice to make a crop. Famine and distress, and often starvation, is the result.

The present year, there has been a failure in the midsummer rains, and consequent scarcity is producing distress. Should the rains fail at the close of the year, it is difficult to foretell what suffering may be experienced in the famine that must follow. India, with its wonderful productiveness of soil generally, is subject to seasons of scarcity and famine, from occasional failures in the periodic rains. The English Government has projected artificial irrigation

on a grand scale, to preclude the recurrence of famine. These canals, in their ramifications, measure thousands of miles in length, and water thousands of square miles of cultivated fields. The water is admitted to the fields, at fixed rates for the bigha (about half an acre), the rates depending on the kind of crop irrigated. This irrigation system is being extended every year, and is an inestimable blessing to large tracts of country, while yielding the government about five per cent on the capital invested in the canals.

I reached camp as the sun was sinking below the distant, hazy plain. Found my tent up, but no dinner ready. The cart that contained food and dishes had broken down, a few miles back. But the native helper's wife, thoughtful soul, had some fish and chapatees ready, which, save being a little too hot with pepper and other spices, made an excellent repast. Several villagers came up to give their salam (peace), and presented me with a fine, large fish, just caught. They call it "rohu," and it is almost as well flavored as the salmon.

November 19.—In the morning, made the usual round of preaching, with Abraham. Our camp is in a magnificent grove of mangoes and the *ficus indicus*, or Indian fig-tree. The ground is bare of grass, but hard and smooth, almost, as a marble pavement. Near by among the great, wide-spreading trees, is a threshing-floor, where lazy bullocks turn their sluggish rounds, treading out the grain. Several naked, dusky children play almost the live-long day among the piles of grain and chaff and straw. As their

merry voices ring through the grove, they send me away to my distant home, and back, through intervening years, to the dreamy days of childhood, when I too romped and tumbled among piles of straw, thoughtless and happy as they. At times, something in the passing mental mood wonderfully elongates the vista of years adown which I look. The scene of those childhood gambols seems so far away that the gleesome voices of the rompers and tumblers sound faint and vanishing. Again, all seems inverted; the scene comes near; I am a boy again, sporting with the companions of years long gone by. The mellow, hazy afternoon, so like the Indian Summer days in America, was favorable to dreamy recollections and musings. A measure of loneliness came over me, and my thoughts turned wistfully to wife and the little pets of girls, absent now for days.

November 20.—In the morning, rode to a village called Subalpoor, with a zemindar who has a horse to sell. He accompanied us to exhibit the qualities of his steed, which he did with the complete airs of a regular jockey—the first native, in India, who has reminded me of that character, as found in America. The English government is making an effort to improve the horses of the country. Good stallions are kept at different points over the country, and a better stock of horses is growing up. The government reserves the right of purchasing these improved horses for its cavalry and artillery. They are all branded when of the right size, and can be sold to others than government purchasers only by permission. Formerly, all the horses required for the army

came, at great expense, from the Cape of Good Hope and Australia. The present arrangement is likely to prove a great advantage to the government, as well as in furnishing the country generally with a better stock of horses. The native horses, as found in the plains, are chiefly a breed of little, ill-shapen, spiritless brutes, hardly worthy the name of horses. The zemindar's animal was a pretty three-year-old Arab colt, which fell under the government size. He was anxious to sell it to me, as one good avenue of sale was thus closed. He kept drawing disparaging comparisons between his own and the thin little pony that the native helper, Alexander, was then riding, but became measurably crestfallen and silent when the helper dashed off and outran him in a sharp little race.

As we neared the village, a glaring white Hindu temple, with its fantastic adornment of rudely made monkeys, lions, and peacocks, gleamed through the trees of a sacred grove. The zemindar here is a wealthy native, and he has thus consecrated some of his property to the gods. Near the temple, he has erected neatly built quarters for the entertainment of some stupid, lazy fakeers. When we came up, they were sitting by a feeble fire, inhaling the vile fumes of *charas*, a very injurious, intoxicating drug, made from the flowers of wild hemp. One is often astounded at the strange delusion of the Hindus in fancying these lazy, filthy, driveling, and often exceedingly licentious fakeers to be saints; and yet, as such, they are entertained and supported, as a very meritorious act.

We took a turn in a garden laid out round the temple. The walks were rather tastefully arranged; but the selection of flowers showed the taste of a savage, rather than of one accustomed to floral cultivation. Prominent among the plants was what the natives call *dhatura*, the seeds of which have a wonderfully intoxicating effect, and are often smoked with tobacco. This plant, they say, is the food of Mahadeo, the god of destruction, the third in the Hindu triad.

Leaving the garden and temple, with its hideous, grinning idols, we repaired to the village chaupal, in going to which some one, with an air of pride, led us into the zemindar's private sitting-place, that we might see where he "keeps honor," as the native idiom has it. Two wide, rude divans were covered with carpet, upon which pillows, large and small, were placed, for propping the body in all attitudes and elevations. An indolent, languid, reclining position, the native helper tells me, is deemed here an indication of wealth, luxury, and rank. Bottles of perfume and rose-water were arranged on shelves.

Passing on to the chaupal, we found a few lads reading, under a Mohammedan teacher, although all Hindus. While I examined them briefly in reading and geography, a crowd assembled, to which we turned as our morning congregation. A man attempted to apologize for the conduct of those who travel on in the way to hell, by intimating that God had made the place, and men are under obligation to fill it. Strange as it may seem, this excuse is sometimes urged for going to hell.

"Who made hell?" asked the villager.

"Who made the district jail?" I inquired, in turn, anticipating the drift of his objection, and, Yankee-like, answering his question by asking another.

"The magistrate," somewhat puzzled.

"For whom?"

"Bad people."

"Did he make it that people might become bad and go there, or that, if any should become bad, they might be shut up and punished there?"

"The jail was not made to make people bad."

"Is it an excuse for badness?"

"No," having penetrated the argument.

"Will the magistrate be happy if the jail be full, or pleased if it be empty?"

"Empty," in a tone of defeat.

"Now, my man, apply all this to God and his jail—hell."

"*Achchha*" (very well).

The object of his silly quibble was an apology for a life of sin. Hell was made to be filled with wicked people, and some must be wicked to carry out the plans of the Almighty. We found several of our religious books and tracts in this place, with two or three copies of Gospels. The teacher seems to have encouraged the purchase of books from the colporteurs, which is quite remarkable, as he is a Mohammedan. Off he sent a man running, to bring his tract and show us how well he could read it. The man soon brought the tract, and read a few lines for us.

The North India Bible Society is doing a good

work in the system of colportage it has organized. This, in connection with the North India Tract Society, furnishes large numbers of Scriptures and religious publications for distribution, by sale or gratis, throughout the country. The Scriptures are bound up in all forms, so that the Old Testament may be purchased in two volumes, and the New Testament in one volume, or fragmentary portions may be purchased in separate binding. The Bible Society supports numerous colporteurs, who traverse the country in all directions, and insinuate the Scriptures and religious publications every-where. These publications are making an impression on the people. We often find them in unthought-of places, and in hands where we had little expected to meet them. The missionary cause in India finds able support in these societies.

In the evening, an hour before sunset, we went into our camp-village, going this time to a different chaupal, by an alley that led between high, tottering mud walls. The villagers pointed to a place where a wall had fallen, in the last rains, and crushed some cattle to death. During the continued and deluging rains of the wet season, it is no uncommon thing for natives to be crushed beneath the old walls of their mud houses. Hundreds of such deaths are reported. We found the chaupal on a high elevation of earth, quite overlooking a large part of the village. In the damp, rainy months, an elevation like this is deemed by the natives a great comfort. The gong was sounded, and a half-hundred hearers came together. All listened in the best of spirits; and

the teacher of the village school, who was present also, urged us to come to the school for another meeting, which we promised, and returned to camp for the night.

November 23.—Was up long before dawn of day. Lights were suspended from the trees, while the tents were struck and loaded for the march. As the "gray streaks of the morning" stole up the sky, the carts were ready to put off on a two days' march to Tilhar, where the camp-meeting is to be held. I pushed forward on horseback, intending to preach by the way, and reach the camp-ground by a different route. First, I pulled up at a village called Saingeny, passing an encampment of gypsies, called here, Kanjars. They are the lowest, and most degraded and vagrant class of people in the country. They have no settled home, but move about the country, stopping for a time on the outskirts of some town or village. For habitations, they live, wet season and dry, in little, low booths, made of reeds, which they can take up on their heads, or carry away on their wretched little ponies, when they move. Ostensibly, they work at making baskets, sieves, and a kind of thatching, from light, pithy reeds, called sentha; but, for them, their most profitable trade seems to be thieving. They are notorious rogues, filching and stealing whatever they can carry away. It seems often a mystery how they live, during the heavy rains, in such habitations as they have; yet they flourish, and seem happy as the most favored of the populaton. They have become hardy as the wild animals of the jungle.

They eat the flesh of snakes, lizards, dogs, wolves, jackals, and indeed of any animal, and of animals found dead, if not too far decayed. One of these Kanjars showed me the way to the chaupal of the village, where a good crowd soon collected. They listened attentively, sitting round a little, sluggish fire, meantime passing the hukka from mouth to mouth.

Leaving this village, I galloped down the road and across a field to another village, called Lainara. In one end of the place, surrounded by a high mud wall, I found a large, well-built chaupal, where I sat down, and sent a man to call a congregation. In the chaupal were some dusty, English, cane-bottomed chairs, while from the walls were suspended a few native paintings, representing some of the gods and goddesses of the Hindu pantheon, suggestive enough of those ancient days when some of these divinities fought and figured in this abode of mortals. Some strong, thick, leather shields, embossed with brass, hung side by side with the pictures. As I looked on these, I thought of the dim, uncertain past in Hindu annals, when the incarnation, Krishnu, the Hercules of Hindustan, slew huge monsters and fought brave battles; and when King Rama, another incarnation, aided by an army of monkeys, pushed his victorious campaign against Rawan, the monster king of Lanka, or Ceylon.

Meanwhile, a crowd of natives had come in and seated themselves in two groups, the highest caste in one, in another cultivators and coolies. The higher caste fellows appropriated the chairs and cots

under the roof of the chaupal, leaving their countrymen, of less "gentle blood," to sit on their heels outside. This they did with a matter-of-course air, and turned up good-humored faces, to hear what I had to say. Although this village is at a distance from any we have before visited, I found that my hearers had some knowledge of the Christian religion, and were not unfavorably disposed to hear. I talked to them of the sinfulness of the human heart, and presented Jesus as the Divine Savior from sin and endless ruin. All heard in a hopefully acquiescent spirit; not wrangling, and "answering again," as they do in many villages. Several questions were asked in a true and sincere spirit of inquiry.

I felt, as I left the village, that a great and urgent want among the people is faithful, intelligent, kind-hearted men, who can go about the country, and *live* the Gospel which they preach to the villagers. We need more simple, popular preaching, full of stories and illustrations, such as an Oriental likes. European missionaries are too few in number to supply this want. Moreover, they can move about the country but a few months in the year. During the hot and rainy months they are of but little use for this work. As yet, we have but few native preachers of the kind needed. Too many of them are wanting in the religious and mental character requisite for this work. We have a few real evangelists among the native brethren. More of them are a felt want. May the Lord of the harvest speed the day when a large number of them, with heart and brain touched with the Divine fire, may be "all

scattered abroad throughout the regions of" Rohilkund and Oude!

Pushing on down the dusty road, that led, by a gentle declination, to the Ramgunga River, I passed the carts and men, laboring through the abundant white sand that lines the course of Indian rivers. Over the river, by an undulating bridge of old boats, I soon reached Khera Bajhera, where I was to spend a day. Khera Bajhera is a large village, or, rather, pair of villages, where one Colonel Gowan was sheltered for some months in the houses of two Hindus, during the fearful mutiny of 1857. In gratitude to his preservers, he has caused a good school-house to be erected here, in connection with houses for teachers and a native helper. He has put up these buildings at a cost of eight thousand rupees ($4,000), and settled an endowment of five thousand rupees on the school. The Colonel was saved, in a wonderful manner, from death at the hands of the savage mutineers, and carries a lively impression that a special interposition of Divine Providence preserved him in those awful days. He was a captain over a company of Sepoys when the mutiny broke out at Bareilly. A number of officers and civilians were murdered; and, in the excitement of that desperate hour, he got separated from a party of men who were escaping to Nynee Tal. Escape being cut off in that direction, he set out alone to make his way south, hoping to reach the English lines, where the mutinous infection had not yet spread. He was overhauled by natives, who did not care to murder him, and robbed of every thing

he had, even to the last bit of clothing he had on his body. Several attempts were made, by hostile natives, to murder him; but friendly villagers concealed him in the jungle, and gave him a part of their own clothing. He was led away from the main road, and from village to village, eluding his pursuers till he reached Khera Bajhera, where a poor Brahmin named Gunga Ram took him in, after he had been repulsed from the door of the chief village zemindar, who, although not showing him actual violence, refused him any kind of aid. Gunga Ram was this zemindar's servant. He and his friend Bika Sing kept Colonel Gowan concealed in their houses several months, and completely deceived the hostile natives as to his being there. Without, all over the country, raged the awful storm of fire and blood, while he remained for long months, in painful anxiety and suspense, in this seclusion. How he spent his time may be learned from his own words:

"When I first was taken in by Gunga Ram, he gave me a bed in a hut full of *bhoosa* (chaff), on the top of which I used to lie all day long; and very hot it was. At night, I used to sleep in the open air, among the cattle. This, however, was for but a few days, until he built up the walls of, and covered in, a house which had fallen down. This hut was the size of a hill tent, having one door, and the upper part of one end left open. In this my bed was placed, in a corner; and the rest was left bare, except that some straw was placed near the door, to make believe that the house was used to store straw in, but really to hide my bed. At first, I used to

wear the *banyan* and *paijamas* (native pants); but, from the great perspiration thereby induced, I was soon covered all over with prickly heat, and became as red as a lobster, so that it was agony to me to wipe myself dry after bathing. Bika Sing, consequently, advised me to dress more lightly, which I did, discarding the *banyan* and *paijamas*, and wearing a *dhote* (hip-cloth); and the prickly heat soon disappeared. In my den, I used to walk up and down, eight paces at a time, and, by counting the paces, was able to ascertain the distance walked each day—five, six, seven, or eight miles.

"As may be supposed, my days appeared very, very long, even though I shortened them by sleeping as much as possible, getting up very late, which, also, was necessary from the late hours the family kept. I used to awake before day-break, take my bed inside, and then go to sleep again until about seven or eight o'clock, when my friends would awake me, bring me water to wash, a piece of a neem-bough for a tooth-brush, and afterward my breakfast, which usually consisted of *chapatees*, milk, curds, and sweetmeat of some kind. After I had eaten the breakfast, fire was brought for me to light my *chillam* (pipe). According to circumstances, my devotions were performed, sometimes before, sometimes after, my breakfast. After the smoke, I used to take my exercise by walking up and down my den until I had completed one, two, three, or four miles, when I would sit or lie down, or perhaps have a smoke first. Thus about the first half of the day would have gone, and the brothers would

come in from their field-labors to bathe and eat their dinner.

"I should have mentioned that Gunga Ram gave me, on the first day, a copy, in Nagri, of Deuteronomy, which he had received from a missionary at Shajehanpore, while he was yet a sepoy; and I used to read a chapter or more of this at a time, not only morning and evening, but also whenever I lay down, receiving the comfort and consolation which is conveyed by a prayerful perusal of any part of the Holy Word. Bika Sing afterward gave me a copy of Luke's Gospel, and of the Acts of the Apostles, so that I had the additional benefit of studying the conduct and life of our Great Exemplar, and of his most energetic apostle. And what new light was thrown on the Scriptures! I had read and read the works now before me over and over again, and was very well acquainted with not only the facts, but the phraseology; but never did I read with so clear a perception of the meaning, or feel how applicable the various parts are to ourselves, as a people or individually. I am thankful to think that I derived great benefit from my reading, and pray that I may never forget the lessons I then learned. I had but these three books for two and a half months.

"When Gunga Ram or his brother had finished their *pooja* (worship), one of them used to bring me my dinner, which consisted of *chapatees* and curried vegetables in general, though sometimes I had *kheer* (that is, rice boiled in milk and sweetened), and other delicacies. The food, though plain, was very

palatable. The only fault I had to find with it—and this was corrected as soon as I mentioned it—was the amount of *ghee* (melted butter) and of salt, as well as red pepper, in the curries. The *ghee* was very good, pure, and fresh; but I never could bear much grease in my food, and natives are proverbial for the quantity of salt they consume, as well as for their fondness for hot spices.

"When I had gone to Bika Sing's house, my manner of living was much the same; but the house was larger, and I did not see the females, the building being separated into three inclosures by high walls. I was, also, permitted to speak aloud, and was left less to myself, as there were several males of the family, and these did not follow the plow. Bika Sing is a pundit, or one learned in the religious works of the Hindus, has traveled a good deal in Oude, and as far as Jagarnath, and is fond of talking, so that here my time fell less heavily on my hands. At the outer door of his house was the chaupal, where the gossips assembled of an afternoon, and where all the current rumors were uttered, and many of them concocted, or at least improved, much in the manner reports are set afloat or improved at our coffee-shops. All were brought to me, and my opinion asked as to the truth or otherwise of our having 'leather guns,' of our being able to fire off a number of guns at a time, which it was said was done at Cawnpore, when our forces reached that station, and other such questions. Of course, I was frequently asked as to the cause of the mutiny, and invariably told them that it was the hope of

getting the rule into their own hands, on the part of the Mussulmans, and of avarice, on that of the Sepoys; that the latter knew well enough that none of the rumors about 'greased cartridges' and 'bone-dust atah' [flour] had the slightest foundation in fact, and that they would in time bitterly repent of their folly. I also told them that I was perfectly well aware that not one single regiment, regular or irregular, cavalry or infantry, was to be trusted, but that, notwithstanding this, I was sure we should in the end subdue all our enemies; for that, though we had numerous shortcomings, yet I fully believed that God would aid us; and that, though the Mussulmans slew every European in the country, England would never loose her hold on India, for that India was her life-blood—India given up, England must die; and therefore that, for every Englishman killed, three at least, if not five, would come and wreak vengeance on the murderers of women and children, and the destroyers of the tombs of our relatives and friends. I said that this vengeance would be one worthy of England—not a petty, malicious one, as they expected; that, though our women and children had been murdered, we would not follow the example set us, but show our detestation of those crimes by sparing the defenseless. I told them, and Gunga Ram here corroborated what I said, that in the Sutlej campaign, although the Sikhs murdered our poor wounded soldiers, whom they had found being conveyed in doolies, yet we had had the Sikh soldiers, who had been wounded, conveyed to our hospitals, and there cured. That was our custom in

war; that we detested cruelty, and admired a brave foe; and fought with armies and rebels, but not with individuals. Bika Sing responded to a good deal of this, but said he hoped we would exterminate the Mussulmans root and branch, or, as he expressed it, 'destroy the very seed.'"

When the English columns began to retake the country, Colonel Gowan escaped from this place, and was conducted by these faithful villagers to a party who had approached to rescue him. When order was restored in the country, he had Gunga Ram, Bika Sing, and others that had befriended him, rewarded with grants of confiscated land.

Joseph Angelo, a native helper, and his wife, Mary, live at Khera Bajhera. As I neared the house, riding through the trees of the grove in which the school-house and other buildings have been erected, the first being I saw was old Joseph, looking shorter and more frizzed and grizzly than ever. I had not seen him for some months. He was my native colleague, in Budaon, for nearly three years. As usual, he was dressed in a nondescript garb, neither Hindustani nor English, but such a blending of both as to make him look ludicrous enough. On his feet were old clouted English shoes, while over a long white shirt, worn outside of his pants, he had put on a shabby English vest. After salutation, up came Mary, his wife, the best native Christian woman I have met in India. She is a short, corpulent little woman, with a rotund, laughing face; and, although still young, is the mother of seven children, who were soon about us too, grinning and chattering.

One little girl held up the baby, which I had not before seen, exclaiming, "Sahib, this is Nebuchadnezzar." Nebuchadnezzar, a little sable fellow, about six months old, sprawled his naked legs and arms about him, quite unappreciative of the exhibition that was being made of his babyship. Tip, a gaunt spaniel, which had not seen me for a long time, came up, with an affectionate grin of recognition, flaunting his long bushy tail in a most welcome and friendly manner.

I put up in the school-house built by Colonel Gowan, occupying a suite of rooms he had made in the house for the accommodation of Europeans who might wish to stop here.

My native Christian friends, old Joseph and his wife, were most assiduous in their simple-hearted kindness. I had some food with me, but they insisted on my eating something prepared by them while I stayed; so Tip and the swarm of little swarthy Angelos became beneficiaries to what I had brought.

Soon Mary had a plate piled with smoking palau before me. Palau is a dish of meat and rice, cooked together in some savory way that makes it, to my taste, very palatable. With palau and chapatees, and a good hot omelet, which Mary had somehow learned to make excellently well, I fared like a king, finishing a hearty breakfast with a capital cup of tea.

After a short nap, to make up for my early march, and to remove the weariness of a long ride, I was ready to inspect the Khera Bajhera school. First, I went with Mary to a girls' school, which she

keeps up in the village. A dozen little girls, some of them very pretty, were sitting on a mat, conning away, in a noisy hum-drum, at their lessons. Mary silenced her pupils, and I heard a lesson from each of them in turn. They then recited what they knew of the multiplication-table. A pice, thrown at the feet of each little girl, made their jetty eyes sparkle with delight.

The question of female education is now exciting the attention of the English government in India. The education of boys has called forth thought and legislation and effort, worthy of so great a nation in its domination and guardianship over this great country. A most successful educational system has been established throughout the British Indian possessions. Thousands of schools have been opened, colleges have been erected, tens of thousands of pupils are attending school, millions of rupees have been spent—but all for boys. The national and social prejudices of the natives have withheld the boon of mental light and culture from the female mind of India. Woman, in being taught, would be unwomaned, and rendered capable of mischief, was the sentiment of the people, small and great. But a change is coming over their minds on this vital question. In the circles of native society it is being mooted, while the government, catching at the desirable opportunity, is taking up the matter wisely. Generous financial aid is offered for girls' schools, and a system of inspection is growing up. Already many schools are at work, and we have the dawnings of mental day for women in India. The natives act

slowly, and many of them suspiciously regard the whole movement, as a hurtful innovation, fraught with danger to the social weal. The girls' school here is supported by government. Under the impulse of some panic or suspicion, two or three times, the pupils were nearly all withdrawn. Again they returned, and the school now enjoys more confidence. All regard the native Christian mistress as a most estimable person, I find.

I also examined the boys' school, in the house where I stopped. About fifty lads are enrolled, eight or ten of whom are trying to study English, with not very flattering success. They need a good teacher very much. Old Joseph's boy, Johnny, does the best he can as teacher, but needs teaching himself yet. There are some consonants in English which try the native vocal organs much, as *s* in the beginning of words, which, with difficulty, they avoid prefacing with a short *i* sound. Many have difficulty in enouncing *sh*, failing to combine the *h* with the *s*. Again, *r* is made to vibrate too much from the point of the tongue pointed toward the teeth, and is uttered as the common *r* sound in Hindustani. The variations of the vowel sounds into long, short, broad, etc., perplex the learner very much in pronunciation. The position that the English language will take in India is yet problematic. The government is doing much to encourage its study, and tens of thousands of pupils are learning English.

The whole question of education is a very important one to the missionary. Some have held

extreme views on the subject: on the one hand, regarding schools and an educational department of missionary work as an unjustifiable innovation, not authorized by the Word of God or primitive missionary practice; while, on the other hand, a few missionaries have seemed to regard education as the highest and most hopeful means of destroying idolatry and evangelizing India. A medium view, no doubt, is the true one, and is adopted by nearly all Indian missionaries. They look upon schools and educational effort as an important auxiliary in the evangelization of India, and hence devote a part of their time to educational enterprises. The most obvious advantages of schools may be stated thus: They enlighten the people, and open the way for the truth; they conciliate the people, and secure access to them; they constitute audiences for the religious instructions of the missionary; they rapidly affect public sentiment by sapping the foundation of heathenism and idolatry. Thus education has a vital connection with mission work; and the fruit of the schools in converts, being larger than from any other source, and with less labor, demonstrates their value.

One of the teachers in this school, a Brahmin, I found to be a rather interesting character. He is a grim-looking fellow, affected with a muscular twitching in the right side of his neck, accompanied with a stoppage in his utterance. He professed to be greatly out of conceit of the goodness of his heart, stating that he was much troubled with anger in particular. The New Testament, he said, as he read it, is a most excellent book, I urged him to keep

on his reading, accompanied with prayer, assuring him that Jesus can save from anger and all sin. This man has become very friendly and intimate with the native Christian family at this place.

Missionaries, after a time in the country, become wary of inquirers when they first present themselves. They are so frequently deceived that they learn to be cautious. Natives often come to the missionary as inquirers, and are taught and encouraged for a time, secure some advantage in some way, and then withdraw. Often they wish to get into favor with the missionary, as a means to some kind of employment; and, having gained their object by securing a recommendation to the magistrate or some European, they abandon their investigation of Christianity. These unworthy characters go back, in the end. True seekers can be distinguished, after a time.

During the day, one of Colonel Gowan's old friends called on me, bringing, as a present, a *lota* (brass vessel) full of milk. He is a Brahmin, who assisted in concealing the Colonel from the bloodthirsty insurgents. In return, he has received half the lands of a small village, as a grateful gift. I found him to be a stupid kind of man, with but little to say. He sat for nearly an hour, looking at me, with a friendly, half-silly smirk on his face, speaking only when prompted by a question. By and by, he left, taking his empty *lota*, but was back, toward evening, parading a gun, which he had just purchased. I eulogized his gun, inspecting it from end to end, which evoked a pleased simper in his

vacant face. In questioning him about his family, I learned that he has two brothers, who have withdrawn from the world, and are living the lives of holy hermits, in a little, thatched mud house, a half-mile out from the village. He told me, that, for some years, his brothers have eaten nothing but cow's milk, in some form. To a Hindu, any thing from the cow, even the vilest excrement, is holy and purifying. Living, thus, on cow's milk, is considered very sanctifying and meritorious. I had some little difficulty in getting rid of my quiet, simple-hearted friend. It seemed to be a satisfaction to him to sit and look at me, in a vacant way.

November 24. — The sun was pouring a flood of golden light through the trees, and round the grove-embowered school-house, when I awoke in the morning. A window, near my bed, opened in the direction of old Joseph's house, which was near by. Others were up before me. Some of Mary's children were already racing about the yard, merry and noisy, as children are, the world over. Old Joseph, in the hybrid costume of his odd fancy, was feeding a motley group of domestic fowls, while Tip wagged his heavy tail, and looked on. A squall of mortal terror, from one of the fowls, I afterward found, had been called forth on my account. My taciturn Brahmin friend of yesterday was on hand, when I stepped out, with another *lota* of milk, which he presented, and I received with thanks, which evoked a good-natured grin. I breakfasted sumptuously off the fowl, which was made into a curry, and placed by a plate of smoking rice. The

curry, suggested by some one to be the "savory meat" of the patriarch, was just "such as I love," such as only a native can make exactly to my taste, bating a little too much pepper.

Went to the village bazaar with Joseph in the evening. It was a noisy, crowded place. First, Joseph preached, meeting a little opposition from some wranglers; and then, in turn, I tried to point the hearers to Christ as the only true incarnation and savior from sin. Generally, the by-standers listened with manifest interest, although one obtrusive fellow, with an impudent face and manner, thrust some frivolous objections on us, which I have heard and answered and silenced so many times that I confess to a feeling of impatience sometimes, when they are introduced anew. Here were a number of people, who evidently wished to hear what I had to say about the "great salvation;" but this fellow manifestly intended that they should not hear, and tried to get up a diversion for this end. This is an old trick of some of our enemies. He began with some offensive kind of remark about the Son of God, and the impropriety of God having a wife. I saw where he proposed leading us, and kindly remarked that it was not pertinent to my object just then to drop the subject that I was trying to impress on the listeners, and take up the point that he so irreverently presented; and, leaving him, continued talking to the crowd. But he was persistent; and, seeing that he was not likely to divert my attention, he also turned and began to harangue those about him. Fortunately, I was on an elevation a little above him, and

was the owner of lungs more effective than his—advantages of which I fully availed myself. The intruder's voice was drowned, and the attention of the crowd riveted, to his evident disgust, as he threw up his arms with a contemptuous gesticulation of refusing to hear, and pressed through the crowd and was lost. I simply went on, and had a quiet hearing. Joseph sometimes has a sorry time with these pestilent fellows, no doubt.

In the evening, I baptized his youngest child in the large room of the school-house, a number of the natives, men and children, being present. They had never seen such a baptism before, and manifested no little curiosity. Mary had made a special dinner in honor of the occasion, for a full share of which I was brought in, getting, in addition, a fresh lot of milk from my quiet friend, the Brahmin.

November 25.—Early in the morning I set out, on the saddle, for Tilhar, the town where the tents had been sent forward, and where it was proposed to hold a camp-meeting, in connection with a session of the district association for native helpers. Tilhar was distant twelve miles, and I had sent one horse forward as a relay. Now trotting, now galloping, I soon reached a little river, where the horse I was riding at first utterly refused to go on the ferry-boat, nor did any amount of coaxing and pulling and flogging avail; when, at last, I bethought me of blindfolding him, which carried the point. But as the boat touched the opposite shore with a thump, he staggered, and was within an inch of pitching off at the end into the water.

Over the river, I dashed away, and soon came up to my second horse, which quickly carried me over the remaining six miles. Well laid on blows were ringing through the grove, as the tent-pitchers were driving stakes and putting up our canvas houses. Two rows of tents were pitched, forming a street, among the magnificent mango-trees, at the end of which an immense pavilion was put up for the meetings. Mrs. Scott and the children had arrived from Bareilly. Here we remain for several days, holding an association for native helpers, not unlike the district preachers' meetings in America, and conducting a camp-meeting, as at home.

December 2.—Camp-meeting closed with glorious success. It was a "time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." No new names have been enrolled among the Christians; but a number of the enrolled have been converted, and others greatly blessed and encouraged. Too many native Christians are merely such in name, knowing nothing of the "new birth" and of the "witness of the Spirit." They may be sincere enough in their profession of Christianity, but have not fully "learned Christ." Frequently, native helpers, themselves, know but little of comfort in the Holy Ghost, have but little acquaintance with "experimental religion."

One leading object in appointing this camp-meeting was to secure a baptism of the Holy Spirit on the native Church. About one hundred native Christians were present. In the opening of the meeting, a sermon was preached from the text, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye be-

lieved?" It was designed to awaken deep heart-searchings in the native Christians. They were urged to seek for a baptism of the Holy Ghost, that would fill their hearts with love, and thrill their souls with holy joy. They were told that it was for them to enjoy a blessed sense of pardon, and to know that God's Spirit gives witness, in their spirit, of their acceptance with God, and adoption into the heavenly family. Self-examination was aroused in all, while some were led to dispute the possibility or reality of such a communication of the Holy Ghost to man's heart. When the missionaries confidently affirmed the matter, and gave in proof personal experience, they were still more confounded, and said among themselves that "the missionaries would hardly lie," but the gift of the Holy Spirit, of which we spoke, seemed impossible. So the unrenewed mind apprehendeth not the things of the Spirit.

Our meetings continued, and it became manifest that the Holy Spirit was awakening conviction in some hearts. Confessions of sin and unworthiness were fully and frankly made, and tears of true contrition freely flowed. Here was a real awakening. Then an opportunity was given for any who were seeking for the gift of the Holy Spirit, to seek it in special meetings for prayer. Several of the native Christians, among whom were some exhorters and preachers, presented themselves as "seekers." In some of these meetings, there was earnest pleading with God, accompanied with strong cries and tears. It was an old, familiar scene to the missionaries, witnessed again, after years, and in a strange land.

Sometimes it so happens, that, after a lapse of years, and under widely different circumstances, a familiar sound—the chirping or whistling of a bird, a strain in a well-known song—calls up, with life-like vividness and freshness, scenes that seemed far distant from us, and fast blending with the hazy memories of the past.

These meetings carried us back to the camp of Israel, in our distant home, with its songs of triumph, and shouts of new-born souls emerged into light and life. We lived those scenes over again, and were greatly refreshed. Missionaries, "in a dry and thirsty land," often long for a season at home, that they may go up with the congregation to the sanctuary, and triumph once more, "when times of refreshing come from the presence of the Lord." These meetings were not in vain. God had sent his Spirit; with it came a genuine "revival." At least twenty persons professed to have received a precious blessing. Some were the clearest cases of conversion. First came deep penitence and contrition, then the struggle for pardon and acceptance, till, at last, hope and persevering trust were crowned with the overwhelming wave of joy and love that rolls over the new-born soul which has struggled into life. One and another and another testified of the "sweet Savior" they had found. That holy joy, that overflowing love, told us that the experience was a genuine one. Who could mistake those sudden, earnest longings for the conversion of friends and relations—who, that has felt the same tender yearnings go forth from a new-born heart? One convert immediately

began to talk about his wife's five heathen brothers, in the mountains, declaring that he felt as if, were he on a bed of sickness, and unable to walk, he could pitch himself off, and gladly, rolling over and over, reach them with the joyful news, and persuade them to come to the Savior. Another began to talk of his unconverted heathen relations at Calcutta.

The work was a blessed one—blessed in its immediate results, and blessed in the foundation of good it has laid for the future. Now, as in apostolic days, native Christians often become alienated from the missionaries. The exercise of needed discipline among them has much to do with this. Often, those who have been the subjects of wholesome reproof, become a disaffecting element in the native Church, spreading discord among others, and begetting ill-feeling toward the missionaries; besides this, difference in nationality, in manners and customs, in habits and tastes, separates the missionaries from the native Christians, who are often far too exacting in their notions of what they should expect from missionaries. As missionaries, we had often seen and felt this alienation, and had discussed measures for bringing the native Christians and ourselves nearer together. This revival just touched the point. It fused the native Christians and ourselves together, as we had never blended before. Well might one sister remark, "How much nearer they seem to us!" The real difficulty had always been a low grade of piety among the Christians, on account of which they were not prepared to appreciate our motives and conduct toward them. More complete one-

ness and sympathy was an immediate result of this revival.

Again, it is of immense value to the native Church that the Christians become experimentally acquainted with the "new birth," and the "witness of the Spirit." A clear, practical idea of conversion has been a difficult point for the native Christians to gain. It is a blessed fact that, at this camp-meeting, some, emerged into day, have learned what it is to "be born again." Living "epistles, known and read of all men," will be our best argument in preaching Christ to this people. Often, in presenting the claims of the Gospel, the fact is urged that Hinduism and Mohammedanism have done nothing to purify the hearts of the people, as may be seen in their unholy lives. Sometimes this argument is retorted by a reference—alas, too appropriate—to the spirit and conduct of many native Christians.

IX.

THE RETURN HOME.

DECEMBER 3, 1868.—With rejoiced hearts, we broke up camp early in the morning, and started toward Budaon, intending to stop again, on the way, at Khera Bajhera. We drove part of the way with brother Judd, of Bareilly Station, as our road for a distance lay in the same direction. Elma and Alice were sent in a dooly by a near way, while we drove farther round, to get a good road for the vehicle. When we reached the place, some five miles distant, where we expected to join them, they had not come up; so, leaving Mrs. Scott to go on in the conveyance to a place where we were to take the saddle for Khera Bajhera, I waited for the coolies to come up with the children. Soon the faithful fellows appeared, with their precious charge all right, trotting and grunting in their own peculiar way. The children were chatting and happy, alone with their swarthy carriers.

A walk of three miles brought us up to the saddled horses. We had been delayed, and were still to ride eight miles without breakfast, and it was now ten o'clock in the morning. Mounting, we started across the fields for Khera Bajhera, keeping near the coolies as they grunted along. How hot

the sun seemed to us, without breakfast! We bethought us of tea, which, fortunately, we had in the dooly. People in India often carry tea for such emergencies. Bearing from our course a little, we pulled up in a grove near a village, for an attempt at getting a cup of tea. Fire was brought, and soon the coolies had a lota of water steaming away over some blazing sticks. The tea was made in a fruit-can from Martinsville, Ohio. How delicious that tea and bread seemed, partaken in the friendly shade of those mango-trees! Our cups were improvised from stiff wrapping-paper, in which the bread had been put up.

Refreshed and remounted, we pushed on to Khera Bajhera, passing several villages. One in particular, embowered with tall bamboos, had a charmingly sequestered air as we rode by. We put up where I had quartered a week before. Old Joseph and his excellent wife, Mary, were on hand. I marked, for the first time, that his head begins to shake slightly with age. He was not able to tell me his exact age, but said that he was a smart boy when Lord Lake captured the city of Bhurtpore, and remembered the event well. This was in 1805; so that, taking him to be a lad of eight or ten years old at that time, he is now past seventy. Mary is not thirty yet, and, looking plump and fresh, is in striking contrast with the gray old veteran whom she calls lord. They seem to live happily together, and Mary manages their domestic affairs generally. Joseph seems to have acquired complete confidence in her ability to do so, and cheerfully concedes to

her the direction of his household, and she conducts all in a model manner. Old Joseph confines his authority to blurts of angry vociferation at wayward members of the numerous family, from time to time. I used to fancy him in a passion, and spoke to him once on the subject of calmness in family government; but found, just as Mary remarked, it was more a noisy habit and style of administering reproof and enforcing obedience than actual anger. I observed, too, that the little sable brood of Angelos were not at all frightened at him. On the contrary, I find that Mary alone is the one that carries real parental authority in this family.

I had to correct Johnny their oldest boy, a lad of about twelve years, when here a week ago. "See here, why did you do so and so?" he would ask, in a tone and look that seemed to assume the responsibility of his father to himself for his conduct. This is not the usual attitude of children to their fathers in this country, but the contrary.

Well-ordered Christian families, with true affection and fellowship between the parents, and true filial regard in the children, with gentleness and kindness among themselves, have a grand mission in this land.

The wife occupies a very servile relation to her husband, and there is generally but little affection between them. Older children assume, and are by custom allowed, an unpleasant authority and precedence over younger ones. As a rule, there is no free, happy home circle, as known among enlightened Christian people. It is reserved for Christianity

to infuse true harmony and freedom into the family relation.

December 4.—Our tents were sent forward, very early, eight miles, to Sulempore, beyond the river, where we were to encamp for a few days. Mrs. Scott visited Mary's girls' school, and was pleased with it, as I had been. Late in the afternoon, we left Khera Bajhera, on horseback, for camp, while the coolies trotted along, with Elma and Alice in the dooly. It was nearly dark, when we espied our canvas abodes among the great trunks of a magnificent mango grove. I was much vexed to find that no grass had been secured for the horses. The native helpers had reached camp in good time; but the village zemindar, an ill-tempered, unmannerly fellow, refused to take any interest in supplying fuel and provender. I thought of Nabal, the churl of David's day. Generally, the zemindars, or native landlords, have a pride in caring for any one who may encamp near their village, and give any thing needed, "as a king gives unto the king." I called the village watchman, and sent him to search for a bundle of grass somewhere in the village, as I must have it. He soon returned with the grass.

It is true, as Alexander remarked, when we reached this place, some of these zemindars, when any kind of government official comes near them, are as servile and cringing in their bearing as slaves; but, if a missionary encamps near their village, they show their craven and insincere spirit by utter indifference to the wants of his camp. "It is only the *padri sahib* (clergyman), and he has no authority,"

say they. We were, at last, all comfortably cared for, for the night.

December 5.—Was up early; and, as the sun, like an immense crimson globe, gleamed across the plain and through the trees, started, with Fazal Ullah (grace of God), to a village two miles off. Fazal Ullah is an old Mohammedan inquirer, who is now ready to renounce the religion of Islam and take baptism. The rite will be performed when we reach Budaon. We desire to have it done in a public congregation, before his old friends.

When we entered the village, it seemed "deserted;" but, as we passed round, we met a man, who told us the villagers were all in the fields, drawing water to save the perishing crops. From where we stood, we could see them, in groups of six or eight, about the wells, of which there were four or five in a place. Clatter, clatter, creak, creak, clatter, clatter, creak, creak, went the rude pulleys, over which a rope and earthen vessels were worked in drawing the water. I proposed constituting some of these groups of men our morning congregation; but Fazal Ullah thought they would not hear well in such a noise, and suggested that we go on to another village. These villagers are struggling to stave off famine and starvation from their doors.

A walk of about a mile brought us to another and larger village, relieved, on one side, by some clumps of tall, beautiful bamboos. As we passed through the winding alleys, among the houses, in search of the most public place in the village, we saw a man stretched on a cot, prostrated and

tortured with cholera. One gets used to such incidents here.

In an open place, beneath the feathery branches of a large neem-tree, we found a small group of natives, crouched around a little fire, low and smoldering, as usual. The fire smoked, and the natives smoked. We, too, drew near, and they opened the circle on one side; but I told them to close in again, as I did not feel the cold. Another and another villager joined us, as they passed by, some carrying plows, some with ropes and pulleys for the wells. By and by, we had a good crowd; and, when I ended an amazing description of Winter in America, with its snow and cold, all were requested to listen with as much attention to the message of salvation, to deliver which was our particular business with them. We talked to them of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come, when Jesus Christ, whom we preach unto them, will come to reject and punish those who now reject him. Most of the hearers were poor cultivators; but they seemed to hear gladly.

Thus it is, the world over; and thus it has been, in all time. Pride of rank or wealth or learning interposes a barrier to the ready reception of the Gospel, propagated by the "foolishness of preaching;" but, although the "rulers and Pharisees" are slow in believing, the common people "hear gladly." He whose "foolishness is wiser than men," when he appeared in our world, robed in human flesh, as the Divine Teacher of our race, knew what hearts are most accessible, when he selected his little school from the more simple-hearted Jewish

peasantry. Every age and clime demonstrates the wisdom of that course. "The humble poor believe," and eventually "confound the wise." To the poor, then, we will preach gladly. We returned across the parched fields, and through the languishing crops.

In the evening, went with Fazal Ullah to Katra, a village just visible from camp, through the haze and trees, toward the declining sun. A walk of something more than two miles, across blighted fields, where irrigation did not seem to be available, brought us to a squalid-looking village, where we found some hearers, most of whom looked squalid enough, too. They were not indisposed to hear, but opposed the dreary, inflexible, awful doctrine of fate to what we had to say. All that had happened, that was happening, and that would happen, comes from an impenetrable, unchangeable, eternal, inexorable fate. The popular idea among Hindus is, that, inside the skull-bone of the forehead, all the acts and allotments of a man's life are unalterably traced by the pen of fate. I have sometimes been amused to hear Hindus supplement this affirmation with a half-doubting, "I have never seen it so." In a country where the dead are often simply thrown into the rivers, and the skeletons frequently cast on the fields by freshets, abundant opportunity is afforded for observation; hence, the skepticism.

This doctrine of fate seems to be universal to the old religions of the East. It furnishes a sad example of the wide-spread, blighting influence a vicious idea or doctrine can work, when generally received.

From the Red Sea and Mediterranean, all round through the swarming millions of Asia, to the Pacific Ocean, the idea of fate has repressed and blighted and vitiated human life, as the breath of a vast and deadly pestilence. Every bud and opening flower of virtue seems blasted by it; every growth of vice and crime seems fostered in it. It crushes human progress in good, but forms a favorable atmosphere for the development of wickedness. Thieves, robbers, murderers, and monsters of debauchees complacently offer, as an apology for their stealing, robbing, murdering, and debauchery, "Kismat" (fate). The only answer that I could get from a rogue of a milkman one day, when he brought some filthy watered milk for money advanced him, was, "Kismat;" but he did not do so again, when he was told that *kismat* would reveal some sharp punishment for him if the milk came so another time. Poor wretches plod on in a most miserable kind of livelihood, taking, from time to time, a dismal sort of comfort in the reflection that it is their fate. The cultivator looks over his blasted crops, and settles himself down to a season of stint and partial inactivity, placing all his misfortunes to the credit of fate. Fate is the cause of all adversity — of all prosperity. Miserable wretches, firm in the fatalistic faith, who all their life-time have deemed their ups and downs the allotment of "unalterable decree," not unfrequently go and hang themselves to escape fate, illogically enough, to be sure. Great lazy louts of beggars wander about the country, asking for alms; and, to a suggestion to go to work for a living, they reply,

with an air of calm resignation worthy of a better cause, "Kismat." Again and again, hearers reply to us, in a passive, unconcerned tone, "If it is in our fate, we will adopt your religion." It is well that the native instincts and impulses of human nature often, and in many things, rise superior to a debasing idea, otherwise the evil wrought would be much greater than it is.

Our hearers antagonized all we said so stoutly, with the doctrine of fate, that our words seemed wholly lost on them. I tried with little apparent effect, to illustrate their practical unbelief in the doctrine. A smiling, good-natured fakeer, with his alms wallet slung over his shoulder, dirty and jolly, came by. He was, very evidently, neither oppressed with the cares of this life, nor concerned for what fate might have written inside of his frontal bone. He halted at a door near by, and, with an easy, merry tone of authority, called for something to be brought him. A handful of coarse flour was dropped into his dirty wallet, and he then came near us, as I beckoned to him. I began to tell him about Jesus; but he seemed to think the story would be a long one, so, with a serious gesticulation of head and hand at the gathering darkness, said he must be off, as his home was several miles distant; and away he went, with a cheery salam, while we too, hopeless of any good there, started across the fields to another village near by, hoping for better ground for the Gospel seed.

Darkness was settling over the brown huts of the village as we passed in, and little lazy fires, kindled

for the evening groups, were beginning to send up sluggish wreaths of smoke. We selected the one that was most likely, to all appearance, to afford us a congregation, and sat down on a cot that was vacated for us. As the villagers came by from the fields, with their rude agricultural implements, or carrying bundles of fodder or grass on their heads, one after another stopped at our fire, until we had a quiet group of hearers. They listened in such a passive, assenting manner, that I fear they did not comprehend how the spirit of our message antagonized and condemned the life they lead.

There had been signs of rain, and the still rarefied atmosphere became so charged with the mingled smoke of the fires and the native pipes, and dust kicked up by the cattle that trudged home from their grazing, that I was glad when we left the place. As we passed out, stacks of fodder loomed up in the darkness, to the left. These, we were told, had been collected for the lieutenant-governor of the North-west provinces, whose camp is approaching, with a train of forty elephants, besides many horses and camels, the natives say. He is making a tour of inspection through the country. Sir William Muir is a genuine friend of missionaries.

We struck across the fields by the light of our own camp-fires, and were soon in tent for the night. God's word has gone forth, and, although not always with present encouragement to us, his promise is that it shall not return void.

December 6.—I usually take the native helpers along with me by turns, as we do not all go together.

They fare much better supported by a European. Sometimes, when alone, they get terribly browbeaten and contradicted. Poor fellows! often they get very much tried and provoked by their unbelieving countrymen. In some places they fail to get an audience at all.

In the morning, went across the fields, with Abraham, to Rohura, a large village about two miles from camp. As we entered the place we met the zemindar, walking about with a fine English double-barreled gun in his hand. Salam was interchanged, and the gun, paraded with no little pride, was examined, and pronounced a superb acquisition to the man and his village. We then asked the way to the chaupal; at which the zemindar, laying his gun across his arm with a look of pride, led the way thither, remarking, meantime, that he had other guns to show us there. The village zemindars pride themselves very much on a display of guns, which they are allowed, since the mutiny, to keep only by written license. A man feels himself important somewhat in proportion to the number of guns he can keep. English guns are much prized over the long, shabby-looking, bunglesome native matchlocks.

When we reached the chaupal a crowd was following us, prompted by the usual idle curiosity to see and hear. The zemindar pulled up a large English arm-chair, and invited me to sit in it while he brought out the rest of his guns. He came bringing two more double-barreled pieces, eying them askant with evident satisfaction. I praised them also, congratulating the man on the good fortune

that had attended him in this line. In his chaupal I observed, besides the chair in which I had been seated with some show of etiquette, several common English dining-chairs. These, I was informed, had been brought from Bareilly, some thirty miles away. In many things, one can see a tendency in the natives to "ape the English." They like to pick up some articles of English furniture, as chairs, couches, tables, buggies, etc., and a good gun, which is a prize worth aspiring for. They like to get English shoes, and cut some articles of dress with an approach to English styles. Far-fetched as it may seem, all this has something of hope in it for missionaries. Among the people of Eastern countries, inflexibility in habit, custom, thought, and religion, is a great barrier to progress. An appeal to ancestors is too often law. Hence, any tendency to yield and change, even in unimportant matters, prognosticates well for the religious future. A little leaven of change may leaven the whole lump. When the potato was first introduced into India, the natives shunned it as something worse than poison. They reported that it was originally, in some way, eliminated from hog's blood. Time and familiarity have taught them that it is a most wholesome article of food, and now it is largely cultivated and used.

After the gun business was over, and a few general questions had been asked and answered, I invited attention to the object of our visit to the village. I told them that I had come thousands of miles to teach them the way of salvation from sin, I urged the worthlessness of their religion as a

means of salvation. Meanwhile, a Mussulman chaprasi, or runner, a kind of government servant, came along, and sat down among the hearers. He had a disagreeable face, and soon proved himself a most impertinent fellow, by interjecting sundry irrelevant and insolent questions in the midst of my talk. Some of these were stupid enough, and have been answered and refuted so often by missionaries that patience in replying to them has ceased to be a virtue. He kept on, in a rattling, dogmatic, defiant tone, loudly asserting that we Christians are utterly off the track; that Christianity is not what it once was; that the New Testament has been abrogated, and that the copy we possess is a miserable corruption, to serve our purposes of religious fraud—glancing round anon on the little crowd, who were nearly all Hindus, to catch perchance some look of approval of his demolition of modern Christianity, and I merely caught him at an interval where he was taking breath, and asked where and in what Christians had departed from the faith.

"What about the eleven and a half *topees*, or crowns?" said he. "In the time of Jesus there were twelve topees; but a half has been lost."

I had heard this vague objection mentioned before; but have never been able to make out to what it is an allusion. It seems to be a stupid confounding, in some way, of the ten lost tribes of Israel with something Christian, and is meant as an argument that Christianity has not remained complete, but has met with loss and confusion, and as a system is in ruins, which we are making mad and

vain efforts to keep up. Able to get nothing out of this senseless allusion, I asked the fellow whose salt he was eating, and whose religion he was berating in such an unreasonable spirit. He understood this hint at the insolent position he was putting himself in, as a servant of government, and hushed, on which I proceeded to finish my talk. Abraham also had a quiet hearing. After exhorting all to consider these things well, we walked home.

In the evening, rode on horseback, in company with Alexander, to Datagunge, a large village, the capital of a division of the district. There is a dispensary here, comfortable and commodious, for the accommodation of sufferers who may resort to it. All over the country the government is establishing dispensaries, and natives are beginning, though somewhat slowly, to appreciate the European practice of medicine. It is a remarkable fact that the strictest castes of the Hindus will now take foreign medicines gladly. Formerly, the thought of this would not have been entertained for one moment; now, when they come for medicine, they are only too glad to get it from the English "Doctor Sahib," as they call him. In our surgery the natives find the most palpable evidence of European superiority in medical knowledge. Benefited as they may be by the occult working of the drugs and nostrums of pharmacy, it does not impress them so much as to see a broken, mangled limb trimmed up, straightened out, and reunited, ready for use in a few weeks, or to see an immense tumor or deformity lopped off. The scalpel and splints seem to them

like magic wands. Missionaries are beginning to see the happy availability of medical science for purposes of mercy and evangelism.

Returning to the bazaar, we took our stand by a wall, a little apart from the busy throng and their wares and grain, that we might get a more quiet hearing. Many were Mohammedans; but they were respectful. An old gray-headed moulvy, or Mussulman D. D., with a long, white, patriarchal beard, attempted to urge the corruption of the Sacred Scriptures, as proved by the various readings of the MSS. He was silenced in a moment by referring him to the marginal readings of the Koran, intimating that his argument, proving too much, would damage it too. Alexander then spoke at some length, and with point; but in the midst of his talk a native policeman came rushing into the crowd, shouting and flourishing his mace about him, to the imminent danger of the heads and limbs of the hearers. I stepped toward him, and, in a tone of surprise, demanded an explanation of such strange conduct. With some difficulty I got his attention, as he went on laying about him, evidently trying to disperse the crowd. He came up, and said that he had an order to close the bazaar at six o'clock. "But, my good fellow," I said, "this is not the bazaar;" and I went on to explain to him that the people who were buying and selling, and their shops, were the objects of his order, and not a peaceable crowd, like the one he had so injudiciously interrupted. He looked confused and defeated when I referred him to an act in the "Indian Penal Code," by which he

could be punished for such a riotous and aggravating infringement of the peace. His simple object was, under pretense of public duty, to break up our audience. Most likely others had put him up to this refractory movement; but, when I suggested the idea, all loudly disclaimed any part in the matter. Skulking, cowardly wretches often plot disturbance, when we are preaching in the bazaars. I took the policeman's name, from a bystander, as a wholesome hint.

Natives have a most salutary fear of being called to account for their conduct before English magistrates. The Roman power, in the days of Paul, was not more a subject of wholesome fear than English power in India. A timely hint is as useful here as it was to Claudius Lysius, the "chief captain" at Jerusalem, or to the Philippian magistrates, or to Demetrius and the uproarious craftsmen of Ephesus.

It was late, and the noise of the bazaar began to die away, as the villagers, having done their dealing, were dispersing to their houses. We, too, rode away to camp, reflecting on the discouraging antagonism that the Gospel meets in this land. It was dark when we reached the tents; and I had been in but a few moments, when the offending policeman appeared at the tent-door, affecting to look quite penitent and heart-broken for having committed so flagrant an act of impropriety. He was out of breath, too, having followed us rapidly across the fields on foot, in hope of arresting at once any reference of his name and conduct to the magistrate. With hands joined and uplifted most imploringly,

he asked for pardon. I could hardly suppress a hearty laugh and command sufficient seriousness to caution the man, for his own sake, not to throw himself in the way of punishment again soon, deprecating any necessity for ever renewing his acquaintance in such a connection. He bowed a most grateful assent, and disappeared in the darkness.

After a refreshing cup of tea, we all repaired, for an evening interview, to the chaupal of the village near which we are encamped. The gong was tapped a few times, by way of announcement, and the villagers came straggling in. By and by, the zemindar presented himself, affecting to be very happy at my visit. He said,

"Why did you trouble yourself to come to me? Why did you not call me to your tent?"

I knew enough of native etiquette to understand, that, if he had desired to be civil or polite, he would have called at my tent to make his *salam.*

"O," I said, "I don't stand on ceremony; but, when people don't come to see me, I go to see them."

He hemmed, and affected to be quite touched at my "humility, being such a great personage." One gets used to the hollowness of these fawning epithets in India. I merely replied that it was no act of self-abasement on my part, but that I came from a cheerful sense of duty to him and to his people, which duty I soon began to discharge by rehearsing the oft-repeated Gospel story, and urging its careful consideration on him and others present, as by far the most important subject that had been

presented to them in all their lives. Alexander and Abraham each made appropriate remarks. All we said was received without opposition, and in a disheartening spirit of coldness and indifference. The zemindar remarked, with a satisfied air at having shifted the responsibility:

"When the *tahsildar* (a native revenue officer of some importance), and other men of weight, become Christians, then I will too."

"But," I said, "some of these very men have referred me, in this way, to you."

This led to a brief digression on the folly of thus attempting to shift responsibility, to which there was an indifferent murmur of assent from some, and we withdrew to camp for the night. It must be work away, "whether they hear or whether they forbear."

December 7.—Crossed the cloddy, drought-blighted fields, with Abraham, to the village I had visited, with Fazal Ullah, before. The cholera patient had survived his attack, and, although haggard and racked, was hopefully convalescent. Near the shop of an active, loquacious little *bunya* (shop-keeper), a few natives were smoking, around a smart fire on the ground, the inevitable *hukka*. We seized on these as the nucleus of a morning congregation, and unceremoniously joined them round the fire. As they deferentially slipped the long, ungainly pipe to one side, I begged them not to be disturbed in the least, as I would not be, in my visit, by this emblem of their sociality. Natives will not, usually, smoke in the presence of those whom they regard as superiors. Reassured, but with a little hesitancy, they

bubbled and whiffed away at their hydraulic pipes, while a few general questions about the weather, crops, the sick man, etc., were under commonplace consideration.

We then, in turn, laid before them the Gospel message, concluding, as usual, with urging its acceptance as their only hope of safety. The logic of this conclusion did not seem to be at all impressive or decisive. The talkative little shop-keeper had kept admirably quiet, considering his propensity; but, with an air of having unburdened himself, and having relieved his soul of responsibility, he here observed that when the rest became Christians he would, and walked away. Several took the same position. I tried to illustrate the folly of such an attitude by the supposed case of a boat going to pieces, and the struggling swimmers crying to one another, saying, "I will make for the rock and be saved, if others do." In vain, I insisted that Christ is the only means of safety, and that it can be but poor satisfaction to turn away from him, refuse his proffered salvation, and perish, simply because others do not accept him.

I am frequently somewhat at a loss to know just the bearing with which the acceptance of Christianity presents itself to the natives, in some instances. They patiently hear the presentation of its uncompromising claims, in appearance accept all as a true representation, and yet do not seem to appreciate the imbecile and evasive subterfuge to which they resort for putting off those claims. They seem to be insensible to the force of what it must be for life

to be a religious failure. With difficulty, they cast off the delusion that the mistake, after all, may not be so bad, but better, perhaps, than the inconvenience of being a Christian, apart from relatives and old friends. Sometimes it would seem that the question in their minds is simply between a good thing and a better thing. The Christian religion is excellent, they admit—indeed, a most wonderful religion; but then their own old religion, with which they are already familiar, has become handy from use, and they will make out to get on with it, although it be in reality much inferior to the admirable religion we have troubled ourselves so much to bring to their notice. Good-natured old fellows have often remarked to me, with great *naiveté:*

"Ah, what a religion! delightful! O, well," with resignation, "mine will do me. It is hardly worth while to change now."

Of course, at such a time, one must try to draw for these resigned and self-depreciating souls a trenchant line, that may separate for them what is absolutely worthless and vicious from what is absolutely necessary for them as a religion. They must be made to feel that the religion of Him "whom we preach" unto them can make no compromise with any rival. This is often no easy task; and, when performed, sends away sorrowing some who seemed friendly, and well disposed toward the Gospel.

In the evening, rode with Alexander to a village called Koela. A half-hundred hearers assembled at

the chaupal, and listened with remarkable attention. I first asked them:

"How many of you are on the way to heaven?"

"Do n't know how many."

"But you should know."

"No one knows," positively.

"You can know."

"How?" with interest.

I then explained to them that there are two roads running through this life—one the way to heaven, the other the way to hell. I explained to them that the way to hell is broad, lying through all forms of sin, and that the way to heaven is through Christ and purity. They were then urged to take their own bearing, and determine which road they were on. All remained silent; but it was manifest that they had gained some new ideas on an important point.

Natives often urge that they can not know whether they are on the way to heaven or not, as if the whole matter depends, not on moral character, but simply on the unrevealed caprice of the Supreme Being. When impressed with the truth that the way to hell is through wickedness, and that the way to heaven is a "highway of holiness," they see clearly the importance of avoiding sin and seeking purity.

We returned to camp, leaving an apparent good impression behind us.

December 8.—We went to the chaupal of our camp village about an hour after sunrise. We found the zemindar sitting near a little fire, washing his

feet, and evidently not in a good humor. He did not seem disposed to take any notice of us; so one of the helpers rang the gong, as an announcement to the villagers of our presence. On hearing the gong, the zemindar's elephant, which was standing at its stable near by, moved off rapidly to some distance, and carefully eluded its keeper, who tried to get it in hand again. They said that the elephant thought the sound of the gong to be the ringing of its *howdah* (elephant saddle) bells; and that, fearing it would be taken out for a march, it was trying to avoid the labor. For some time it managed to shun the keeper, plunging at one time into a deep pond, where he could not follow. This little episode over, we tried to get the attention of the zemindar to our message; but he acted in an insolent manner. To an invitation to come and sit down for a while, and hear what we had to say, he replied, with a haughty air, that he had something more important to do. Knowing where his vanity and chief fault lay, I remarked to him that wealth is a poor thing on which to lean, and that it can do nothing to save the soul. He replied that those who wished to hear my message would go to me, and that I need not be intruding myself unasked on them. I answered that those who are least inclined to hear our message need it most, and that we feel it to be our duty to hunt such out and go to them. He sullenly refused to reply after this, and I went on to warn him not to "trust in uncertain riches," nor let his heart be hardened and completely turned away from God with pride.

Finding but little encouragement here, we turned

away to another part of the village, in quest of a better audience.

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" This may have been literally true of the Jews in the time of the Savior's sojourn on earth. Certainly it was, if they were in spirit and practice something like the natives of this country. The light and power of the Gospel of the Son of God has so changed the character of society, in Christian countries, that commentators are not prepared to receive the plain, literal meaning of some "hard sayings" in Scripture; and hence come forward with modified and far-fetched meanings. An acquaintance with non-Christian society often justifies fully the Scriptural or inspired language, in its more literal sense. Dr. Duff once remarked that he never could fully justify the apparent spirit of the imprecative Psalms until he passed through the terrible Indian mutiny of 1857. So inhuman, so utterly fiendish, was the conduct of some rebel leaders, that it seemed like a Divine instinct to pray God to crush and blast them, and save the innocent. Some of David's enemies were just as brutal and worthy of an unmitigated anathema. Rich men in India are almost universally rendered, by their wealth, all the more godless and difficult to reach with the Gospel. They are proud, haughty, selfish, oppressive, self-sufficient, and wicked, far above other men. One can see that they are farther from the kingdom of God than any other class of men. Others may enter with comparative ease; but, peculiarly and emphatically, only the almighty power

of God, with which "all things are possible," can save these.

We passed through to the other side of the village, and had an encouraging talk at a sugar-cane press, where numbers of persons assembled. "The common people heard" us "gladly." We sat and talked, while the lazy bullocks slowly turned the rude machine that pressed out the cane-juice. A Mohammedan present seemed to be the most yielding and liberal man of his creed that I have ever met. He was apparently desirous of keeping on good terms with the Hindus.

In the evening, I went with Abraham to a village called Kattra. We sounded the gong, and sat down at the chaupal for some time before any one came. The men seemed to be at work still in the fields. At last a few children came up shyly, to whom we spoke kindly, and they soon became at ease, and talked familiarly with us. Meanwhile, a few men gathered about us, among whom was a little, obese, gray-headed, old fellow, with the teeth on the left side of his mouth worn quite short from the frequent use of the pipe-stem. Once started, he kept up a constant talking till we left.

"Who is Christ?" he asked, propping himself in a standing posture on his stout bamboo club.

"Christ is the true Incarnation, who came into the world to save sinners."

"Well, give me a village, and I will turn Christian," with emphasis.

"But this is avarice."

"I formerly had a share in this village, but lost

it. I will do any thing to get it back again," he rejoined.

"But you must seek the salvation of your soul."

"I must eat. Let me have the village, and I am ready for any thing—heaven or hell, just as it may turn out."

"You do n't seem to know any thing about heaven or hell"—and I here explained to him something of what is revealed about both in the Christian Scriptures.

He again put in:

"Well, write me down the village, and I am a Christian."

"No; if you would become a Christian thus for one pice [less than a cent], I would have nothing to do with you."

"Well, then, if you won't give me a village, give me a hundred rupees [$50] of your salary, and I will become a Christian."

"I tell you, my old friend, if you and your whole family would become Christians for the offer of one hundred pice, I would not baptize you."

Here the old man gave up, amid a hearty laugh from the hearers.

I then tried to impress on the minds of all that they must seek Christ for the salvation of their souls, and not for "loaves and fishes."

The children had kept so attentive and quiet that I scattered a handful of pice among them, which they snatched up with great glee.

December 9.—Went with Abraham to Kurna, a village visited a few days ago. We went to the chaupal, where a zemindar had displayed his guns with so much pride. The gong was sounded in vain. No one came at its call; so, having waited for a time, we set out in hunt of a congregation somewhere in the village. We wound and turned through the narrow, dirty streets in search of hearers, seeing they would not come to us.

The village, in each country, has a character peculiar to the country. An Indian village has its peculiarities. Often dirty and unsightly, yet some of them are picturesque with trees and groves. The streets or alleys wind and turn about without any reference to regularity. The houses are built of mud, and thatched with long grass. They are built square or oblong, one low story high, with no chimney or window, and generally but one door. They are little huts, rather than houses. The floor is simply the ground, rendered hard by pounding, and plastering it with clay, often mixed with cow-dung. Generally, a few rude cots are the only furniture. The zemindars' houses are better than others, having several rooms. The cows and goats often occupy quarters near by, quite as good as their owners, or, like Pat's pig, "the gintleman that pays the rent," live in the same apartment. Hungry, vagrant dogs wander and lie about the alleys, usually the special property of no one, but gleaning a precarious subsistence from scraps picked up here and there. They are notorious thieves, noiselessly snatching away some unguarded native's dinner. The villagers

look upon them as a rather useful class of citizens, in keeping away jackals and wolves at night. Poorly fed, they often lie down and die, from starvation and scurvy. Natives generally refrain from killing a worthless dog, from a superstition that it will take revenge on them after death. Frequently, a herd of most unsightly hogs may be seen feeding, on the outskirts of the village, attended by the lowest of the low-caste as herdsmen. None but an Oriental can fully appreciate to what a depth of degradation the prodigal son was reduced when he accepted such an occupation. The plains of India are thickly dotted with villages of this description.

Having passed through the village, we stopped by the side of a large tank, just at the entrance, and addressed some men and boys who were loitering there. Others joined them, until about twenty-five hearers were present. They were suspicious of us and our message, and listened uneasily. Some of them set up a defense of their devil-worship, on the ground of safety. We urged them to worship God alone, and trust him for protection.

In my remarks on the sins common among the people, I referred to their *gali*, or abuse, which corresponds to profanity among Europeans. *Gali* is vile, obscene language, addressed to persons, or even animals, generally in fits of anger. Indeed, it is indulged in just as the profane swearer interlards his more familiar conversation with oaths. The indecent, polluted language that is thus used is utterly unfit for repetition by way of illustration. The natives give this *gali* to one another, to their domestic

animals, and even to inanimate things, when annoyed by them. Thus, a native will abuse, at one time, the bullocks; at another, the plow drawn by them. When I referred to this foolish, sinful habit, a fellow attempted to defend it, on the ground that their work would not go on well without it. He seemed to think that language could be made more effective by these filthy expressions, just as foolish men, amid greater light, seem to think their profanity contains some element of effectiveness. I told the apologists for vile abuse that God will call all such "filthy dreamers" to a terrible account for their wickedness. Our interview here was a discouraging one, and we returned to camp.

In the evening, went with Abraham to Datagunge, this being bazaar-day. Found the usual noisy throng of buyers and sellers. We stood upon a little elevation of earth, just on one side, to deliver the Gospel message. Abraham spoke first, but had not proceeded far, when he was interrupted by an impudent *moulvy*, who stepped up and stood by him, shoulder to shoulder, and, utterly ignoring his presence, began to harangue the crowd of listeners who had collected. His object was to turn away their attention, and prevent them from hearing what the Christian teacher had to say.

"One at a time," said I, taking him firmly by the shoulder.

"I must speak, too," doggedly.

"Hear the teacher first," with firmness.

"But he is misleading the people," indignantly.

"You can speak afterward," still firmly.

"The people will go away. You are teaching error, and we have no chance to reply," somewhat subdued.

"Collect them any time you please, and talk as long as you please; but you must not interrupt us when we are talking."

"This is your way—no chance to reply," falling back.

"We don't collect crowds for your convenience. Tell us when it will suit you, and we will come and discuss these matters, as long as you desire, before the people."

"I will discuss with you from morning till night," with great bravado.

"Very well, when?"

"Any day."

Friday following was named, and the Moslem champion walked off, with an air of great bravery, leaving us to preach to the crowd, who had stood, with upturned faces, all the while.

When Abraham closed his remarks, I spoke of sin, and the importance of getting free from it in some way. A villager, with a few pounds of grain slung over his shoulder, attempted to neutralize all I had said, by bringing forward pantheism. Every thing is deity, and deity is every thing; hence, the folly of urging any distinction between vice and virtue. Said he:

"All men are manifestations of deity. Earth is deity; every thing is deity."

"What is a lie?" I asked.

"Deception."

"Do men lie to one another?"

"O, yes."

"Deity lies to deity—deceives deity?"

Again:

"Do men get angry and give *gali?*"

"Yes."

"Then deity gets angry with deity, and abuses deity."

To the man's confusion, the crowd laughed, and I tried it again.

"Is that money deity?" pointing to his change.

"Yes."

"Are you deity?"

"Yes."

"Is that grain deity?" pointing to what he had tied up.

"Yes."

"Then deity takes deity, and buys himself with himself; and deity eats himself!"

The crowd again laughed, at this absurd conclusion, and the fellow walked off with his pantheism in confusion.

We returned to camp, and started one tent forward, in the night, for a large village called Saingeny.

December 10.—We broke up camp, early in the morning, and set out for Saingeny. It was 10 o'clock, as we neared the village, lying just over a little stream of clear, flowing water, that looked doubly refreshing and beautiful in this now dry and thirsty land. Some bathers were performing religious ablutions. A loafing native chanced to be sitting on the opposite bank; and, when I inquired for

the proper track in crossing, he gratuitously rushed into the water, which was but shallow, after all, and, with an amusing show of caution, beckoned us hither and thither, till we reached the shore. He then persisted in running before us, to point out the way to the tents, until I ordered him off, and dashed all his hopes of *bakshish* (a gift) by telling him that he would not get a *pice* for his needless pains.

We found the tents pitched among a small clump of trees, where the Hindus of the village burn their dead. The half-calcined bones, in two recently consumed funeral piles, lay scattered in the ashes. Natives have great superstition about such places, thinking that the ghosts of the departed often hover in goblin forms about them, not always kindly disposed to the passer-by. Alexander told me that his wife asked him, in surprise:

"Why have you brought us to this unholy place?"

"O," said he, "we are holy, and need not fear."

Abundant as the evil shades that hovered over the ashes of those Hindu pyres may have been, the place was wanting in the friendly shades so much needed as a protection to tents from an Indian sun.

Three years ago, I encamped in this place, with Mr. Reid, a magistrate of the district, a man who does much, by his sympathy and money, to strengthen the hands of missionaries wherever he is. I have a vivid recollection of seeing a native whipped here, for stealing, at that time. Here is the tree where he was strung up, and received thirty sharp, heavy stripes. Petty larceny is thus most

effectually punished among these villagers, I am told. Many thieves have not the slightest repulsion from a short imprisonment: but they shrink with wholesome fear from a sound flogging.

In the evening, I went with Abraham to a village called Bhagautipore. I preached in it three years ago. A large number of children, with the curiosity of their age, gathered about us, and listened quietly, with our older hearers. When we had finished our talk, the zemindar of the village remarked, with a meditative and assenting nod:

"When the great and wealthy lead the way, then we will all become Christians."

I replied that, just to the contrary of this in these matters, the poor have to set the example for the great. Here some one put in:

"The poor will become Christians for bread."

"But we do not hold out such inducement. We wish men to seek salvation from sin."

"When they get salvation for their stomachs, they will think about the other salvation."

Thus it generally is with these poor souls. They cling most to the promise that has reference to the "life that now is."

December 11.—In the morning, started with Alexander to Datagunge, to fulfill our engagement for a discussion with the moulvy who had interrupted us a few days previously. We find discussion useful in our work, sometimes, in arresting the attention of some who would not otherwise hear us. Paul, the great missionary, not only "disputed in in the market daily with those that met him"—that

is, the promiscuous multitude—but also in the synagogues of the Jews, and "in the school of one Tyrannus."

Crossing a little stream that came up to the horses' breasts, we turned in for a talk at Parsidpore, a village lying in our way. In Datagunge, we were told that the inhabitants of this village had abandoned idolatry. Round a little fire we soon collected a congregation; and, on inquiry, found that the villagers have really forsaken their idols, and believe only in God. The fact is a remarkable one, and we learned that for a number of years, under the instructions of one of their number, an old man, they have, in their way, worshiped only God.

How strange it seemed to find such a village, among tens of thousands full of idolatry! Each village has its local divinity. A little mound of earth, or the sacred peepul-tree begirt with a few cotton threads, points out the place where the idolater and devil-worshiper resort. These things are not found in this village.

But, although these villagers had given up idolatry, still we found them "far from the kingdom." They seem to be groping about in some kind of deism, which is doing nothing to purify their hearts. I tried to impress this fact on their minds, in pointing them to Christ; but their gray-headed old leader withstood us stoutly.

Winding across the fields, here and there covered with a tall kind of pulse, we reached Datagunge. I sent word to the moulvy to meet us at the dispensary for

the proposed discussion; and, while they were hunting him up, the tahildar, a native official of some importance, came up and began to talk. He is a Brahmin, and a man of excellent sense, and has picked up a good deal of information on places and things outside of India. He seemed inclined to talk about religion; and, from his remarks, he turned out to be a kind of vague, liberal deist, entertaining a spirit of toleration for almost all religionists. He apologized for the idolatry of the Hindus by saying that it is only symbolical, and not absolutely necessary to worship. Idols are only symbols of a presence and assist the soul in worship. He referred to the kneeling and devotional attitudes of Christians, by remarking that they are only signs of a moral and mental attitude, and not absolutely needed in worship.

"But," I asked, "you believe there is one true God?"

"O yes."

"Well, now, is it not likely that this one true God has made a revelation of his will to man?"

"Yes."

"And is it not highly probable, at least, that this revelation is preserved in a written form?"

"Yes," with some hesitancy.

Thus we settled on the probability of the existence of an inspired book containing God's will. I then urged that, if such a book severely condemn idolatry in explicit terms, this should be final on that question. The claims of the Christian Scriptures, and their teaching concerning idol worship,

were briefly considered. He was requested to study the claims of the Sacred Scriptures.

He then referred to the existence of numerous sects among Christians, and to the deadly spirit of intolerance and persecution that has marked their history at times. He had even heard of the rack and fagot. This seemed to him, naturally enough, like an adverse comment on the Christian Scriptures. I had to enter, as I best could, into an explanation of this unfortunate phenomenon in the history of Christendom.

The conversation then turned on the Brahmos, the modern Hindu deists. They are reformed idolaters, and their creed embraces the following cardinal points:

1. There exists one eternal, supreme God, infinite in all his attributes, good and merciful.

2. He is Spirit; hence, without form.

3. From his worship and service alone can happiness be enjoyed here and hereafter.

4. The worship of God consists in acts of devotion and praise, and his service in the practice of virtue.

5. The soul is liable to transmigration, until thoroughly purified, and prepared for the region of eternal blessedness.

6. The only true revelation is pure intuition, by which the thoughtful and virtuously disposed can discover truth and the path of duty.

The main points on which these reformers insist are, a renunciation of idolatry and polytheism; the abolition of caste, polygamy, and infant marriages;

female education; the introduction of woman into society; and purity of morals. Their form of worship is considerably modeled after that of Christian congregations.

The tahsildar remarked, with great shrewdness, that the Brahmos will split up into factions and fail to effect any thing. He saw the weakness of a religion founded simply on intuition and the light of nature.

We had walked back and sat down at the dispensary. The tahsildar withdrew, and I had the native doctor prepare some hot water, with which I elaborated a delicious cup of tea. The dry tea I had brought in my pocket. The native doctor proved an exceedingly kind and polite fellow, bringing me milk and some native cakes, and standing by as a servant while I ate. Breakfast lunch over, I went into the verandah for an interview with the moulvy, who had come up. At first, he sent word that he was employed, and could not come; but I sent him a second message, to the effect that I was surprised at the suddenness with which his great religious zeal had vanished. I reminded him of his effort to combat error a few days before, and intimated that now he had an open field. Well, there he was, but much less confident, and much more modest than when I saw him first. A number of hearers had assembled. I then proposed a calm discussion of some of the points on which Mohammedans take issue with Christians. He asked to be excused from any discussion, remarking, very meekly, that he had not the ability to engage in it

with me. He had come forward, on that evening, under a thoughtless impulse of zeal; but really, although he had dropped a challenge, had no thought of a discussion with me. I tried, in vain, to get him to enter into a friendly discussion of some points, having my mind on benefiting those who were present to hear. But he begged off; and I let him go, to his manifest satisfaction. He was evidently afraid of being worsted before his friends, and chose the mortification of a retreat rather than of a defeat. I let him go, feeling that, as it was, a moral advantage had been gained for the truth.

Mohammedans, until they are brought in contact with us a few times, are often rampant, and anxious for discussion, thinking they can put us to shame and confusion at once. A few conversations generally make them more modest and wary. I visited this village a few years ago, and, while preaching, a lad rushed up, and tried to draw me into discussion by demanding if God has a wife. He was for attacking the title of our Savior as "Son of God."

From the dispensary went into the bazaar, to make the best of our visit to Datagunge. We preached several rounds, standing on the side of the street. When I got tired, Alexander talked; and when he needed rest, I talked. Of course, our congregation kept changing all the time, as the street passers came and went. Generally, they heard well; but one gray, burly, old Brahmin tried to withstand us. When I referred to the *gali* (abuse) of the natives, he retorted by saying that English people also give *gali*. He gave, as an instance, the fact that some

men call a servant *suar* (hog), when annoyed at him. I felt that this must sound bad to the natives, in a country where this animal is detested so much. He remarked, too, that many Englishmen, when angry, say "damn yer." This phrase he repeated with such a pronunciation that I could not understand him at first, but at last gathered that he had heard it from angry soldiers. I was sorry to admit that some men, whom they might take for Christians, do sometimes use very bad language.

December 12.—In the morning, I went across the dry fields to Saingeny, about three miles distant. The outcry of all was, "Rain! rain!" The poor people are suffering for lack of food. I tried to turn their thoughts to God and the other world; but they did not get into sympathy with the subject. Some one intimated that the Christian religion, at any rate, is no better than any other; hence, why should they abandon their own for it? This position was maintained by a reference to bad Englishmen again. I was obliged to put this unpleasant question in its proper light before these hearers once more, hoping that it might be understood. As I returned home, the sun was very hot, and I got my head "touched up," as they say in India. From some cause, at times an hour's sun will give one a pain in the temples or back of the head and neck. This usually passes off, in the evening. Abraham was sick, and laid by for the day.

In the evening, rode with Alexander to a large village called Jamalpore. We rehearsed the "story of the cross" to a large group of hearers, who

assembled in the chaupal. A large part of our preaching must be a repetition of this story. The facts of Christ's incarnation, life, sufferings, death, resurrection, and ascension must be preached and rehearsed until they are familiar to the people. Wescot, in his "Introduction to the New Testament," suggests that, long before the Gospel history had a written form, it had a verbal circulation, and was widely known, in perhaps nearly the form in which we have it from the evangelists. Thus we are trying to preach Jesus, the risen Savior, all over this country; and we look for the Holy Spirit to make this story, this Gospel message, "the power of God unto salvation" to many.

The villagers listened to us kindly here, but said they could not see their way of escape from the *devees* (divinities), who would surely harm them, if forsaken. Some one in the crowd proposed that they abandon their gods and devils for a month, when, if no harm befell them, they could venture further. I then explained to them our mode of worship, our family and private prayer, and the keeping of the Sabbath. Natives often have a great curiosity to know how Christians worship, and are almost always favorably impressed with the simple, rational way in which they worship God, or should worship him.

Sunday, December 13.—With the exception of having worship for camp, at the tent, we usually work among the villagers, on Sunday, as on other days. We never march, or allow any merely secular work done. In the morning, went with Alexander

to Bhagautipore, a village about a mile from camp. We found a little knot of men around a smoldering fire, chatting and smoking, and, joining them, soon collected a good morning congregation.

The conversation in some way turned, for a time, on the mutiny of '57. A man complained that he had received no reward for his friendly services to the government in that time of trouble. He had done wonderful things against the rebels, and had rendered most important services; but, while others had been liberally rewarded by government, under similar circumstances, there had been no recognition of his worthy deeds. Such growlers I had met often before; and I merely remarked, dryly, that, if he had done loyal service, in an hour of trial, to his government, he had but done his duty.

When the Indian mutiny was over, the British government very liberally rewarded many natives, who had not only remained loyal, but had, in some way, befriended English people, in those awful days. Some natives secreted Europeans, and saved them from death. Others resisted the rebels, and conveyed information of their movements to the English lines. Such were rewarded, either with large sums of money, or the confiscated lands of insurgent leaders. Some poor men were thus raised to affluence and dignity. No doubt this has had a happy effect on the native mind. Another mutiny would find thousands only too willing to risk their lives in protecting and saving Europeans, and aiding the government, in hope of reward.

Dropping the mutiny question, I asked the

attention of the villagers to the Gospel message—to their rebellion against heaven, and to the mode of reconciliation provided. I had not proceeded far before some one tried to retort the charge of avarice and covetousness on the English government.

"Why do you take land-tax, if you are not covetous?"

I here explained that government could not be carried on without revenue. The revenue secures the officers for justice, an army for protection, teachers for their schools, doctors for their hospitals, and general public improvements. I called his attention to the security that all enjoy under the British government, and to the fact that hundreds of men are getting rich. I expressed to him my surprise that he and so many of his countrymen do not think of and understand these things. The man became silent for a moment. He did not wish to be convinced, but desired to grumble and withstand us. Again he broke out:

"Since you first came to our village, it has dried up. See what a famine is prevailing."

I referred him, much to his confusion, to the greater distress then existing in Rajputana and other native states. I asked them all to call to mind the fact that formerly, under native rule, dreadful famines often occurred, in which thousands perished. Now, through the system of irrigation established by the English government, such calamities are fast disappearing.

I then called them back to the object of our visit; but they heard with great indifference. We

left them, worried at the difficulty of arresting attention and impressing truth. Often, after a hard day's preaching, from the effects of the sun and the worriment of continued talking and opposition, I have had feverish dreams at night, in which the scenes of the day were re-enacted in some aggravated form. At midday we had service in the tent.

In the evening, went with Alexander to Jamalpore, where we had been before. A large crowd assembled. After repeating the Gospel plan of salvation, the conversation turned on the utter folly of worshiping and trusting in the Hindu divinities. A kayat, or writer, listened with great attention, and then gave his experience as confirming what I had said. He had lost several children, and in each case had strictly followed the instructions of the Brahmins, to no purpose. He had made all the offerings, and given the specified alms, to no effect. In spite of all, his children had died. His faith was shaken, and he would abandon their worship; but the female members of his family stubbornly insisted on keeping it up. He and other men in the village had, at different times, resolved to give up idol worship and calling upon the village gods. Then some sickness came—the women got frightened, and drove them back to the idols and tutelary gods. He was convinced; but what could he do under such circumstances?

Here the village Brahmin, who had been modestly listening all the while, came to the rescue. His theory was that the children died because they were born on certain unlucky days. These village

and family priests pretend to be able to foretell, from the month, day, hour, and minute in which a child is born, its future career. They write the child's horoscope for the anxious parents; but the predictions, like the classic oracular responses of old, usually have such a doubtful or double meaning that a failure in fulfillment is far from apparent when it happens. This fellow insisted that an unlucky astrological conjunction was the cause of these deaths. Here Alexander dashed all the zealous priest's hope of retrieving his wavering cause, by remarking that, when his first child was born, a Brahmin had told him, very plainly, that it would not live beyond a certain time. It had not only far outlived that time, but was a remarkably healthy child. The defendant of horoscopy was confounded.

A good impression seemed to be made; and a sturdy-looking villager, whose muscular limbs bore testimony to his ability and courage, but whose faith in the existence of malignant divinities was hardly fully overthrown, here courageously observed that, if the *devees* "would meet us face to face, we would fight them." His point was that, when the invisible enemy assails them with disease, it is hardly a fair fight. What can they do but appease the hidden assailants with some kind of religious compromise? I urged them not to fear, as the whole is a fabrication of vain imaginings, perpetuated by the Brahmins for their own profit. Even the apologetic priest looked thoughtful as we rode away.

December 14.—Had a cup of coffee before sunrise, and sent one to Abraham, who was laid by

with fever for a day. We then started for a village with the pretentious name of Sultanpore (Emperor City), about three miles distant. In India, one is reminded of the large-sounding names of sundry petty villages in some parts of the United States.

As we pushed out, the sun rose wonderfully large and lurid through the mists of the morning. Now we cross fields drought-blasted and forsaken; now pass on where available wells and tanks had produced a bright green surface, promising the husbandman a return for his toil; now we went, by cow-paths, through a jungle of low underwood, called by the natives a "bun." Emerging from the *bun*, fragrant with the large, heavy blossoms of some low trees, we enter wide fields of *arahar*, a tall, many-branched, woody plant, bearing a kind of pulse. The pulse forms a large part of the food of the natives; and these fields promise a fair harvest, in this season of pinching scarcity. Irrigation has done its work well here.

We reached Sultanpore, so pretentious in name; but found it to be a little poverty-stricken village, with half of its huts deserted, and their thatches tumbled in, and the mud walls crumbling down. Altogether, it wore a vile and wretched air. Save a few shy-looking women and a wan-looking man, we found no one in the village. The man told us that the other villagers who live there were at the tanks, putting the only water that remained on the fields. To the fields we went, in quest of hearers to whom we could talk of the "water of life," and invite them to drink, "without money and without price." We

found a half-dozen men at two tanks, relieving each other by turns, while the steady, measured swash, swash, swash, as they threw the water up, greeted our ears. Abraham took one group, I the other.

Sitting down near the muddy stream of water that flowed off on the thirsty fields, the message of life was opened. I talked to them of sin, and the great Savior that had been provided to deliver us from its power, now and forever. I urged them to forsake, as English people had done long ago, the gods of their vain imaginations. They worked away by turns, listening attentively all the while. Then one of them, with great apparent sincerity, remarked that, when ten or fifteen men in some neighboring village come out and, joining us, abandon the gods, they would venture. But to venture alone seemed to them hardly practicable and safe.

It is probable that a conviction of the truth and infinite superiority of Christianity will gradually permeate the mass, long before the people, in large numbers, turn openly to Christ. Then the movement will begin—family will follow family, village will follow village, in a rapid spread of true and nominal Christianity. Now we must work away, scattering broadcast the seed, till for India also glorious "times of refreshing come from the presence of the Lord."

Exhorting our hearers to hold fast the word of truth spoken to them, we returned to camp, skirting the fields of tall pulse, the fragrant jungle, and passing the village where I met a colossal zemindar a day or two before. We did not stop, as the sun

was already quite hot. Reaching camp, we breakfasted, and then made preparations for the march to Budaon.

In the first place, a cart was caught, "begar" (impressed), as the native tongue has it. The custom that compelled Simon the Cyrenian to bear the fainting Redeemer's cross is commonly practiced at the present time here. When Europeans or ruling natives need carts, or vehicles of any kind, and cooly labor, they simply impress them, whether the owners and coolies are willing or not. The correct hire and wages are generally given, however. Such is the indolence, shiftlessness, and want in the natives of a disposition to accommodate, that this really seems the only way to get on among them. For instance, here were carts idle in this village. The full hire was offered to the owners, and yet, until they were forced to come, not one of them would move. The forcing is usually done by sending a servant, with a bit of authority, who scolds and threatens, and perhaps pulls the cart away and has it loaded. The owner, in a sulky enough mood, submits. Sometimes carts can be obtained without such measures. Often, too, great injustice is done a poor villager who may be passing where a cart is needed. His cart will be impressed, and he compelled to go scores of miles out of his way, to his great inconvenience. At such times he may bribe the servant with a small sum of money, and get off; but some one else is then caught up in the same way. A roguish servant will at times carry on this game, until he has "made a nice thing of it," getting a pocket full of change,

and then holding on to the last cart, meeting thereby the demands of the case.

In the evening, went with Abraham and Alexander to the bazaar of a neighboring village, for our last effort in this place at present. The bazaar was held in a large mango grove, just outside of the village. We improvised a pulpit from a cart that had done duty in carrying some kind of produce to the bazaar. A very large crowd assembled, and listened with good attention. A murmur of assent was heard, now and then, to much that was said. One fellow, who was manifestly harboring some kind of disaffected feelings toward the government, wanted to know how the English obtained Bhurtpore, a city captured in the early part of the present century.

Coming to India simply as a missionary of the Gospel, one does not fancy being constituted a political diplomatist, to be catechised, now and then, for a justification of the acts of the English here. But it is to the interest of Christianity that the oppressions of British power in India be made to appear lawful. Fortunately, in most instances this can be done. Lord Lake captured Bhurtpore in a campaign against the offending Maharattas; but I am not sure that the act was justified in the eyes of the villager that evening. Generally speaking, the Hindus are happy and prosperous under British rule, and feel it to be a deliverance from Mohammedan power; yet the fact is not disguised that many of them look upon the English as intruders in India. They feel that, in some way, the country

has been wrested from them, the ancient, rightful owners. The feeling is similar to that entertained by some of the American Indians, and makes them uneasy under taxation phases of British legislation and power. They undoubtedly prefer British to Moslem rule, but do not recognize their own incapacity to govern themselves in a prosperous and enlightened manner. I exhorted all to think more about God and his government, and prepare for the eternal world. How hard it is to turn this people to the Lord!

December 15.—Was up before daylight, and getting ready for an early march. One tent had gone off, at midnight, that a tent and resting-place for breakfast might be ready midway to Budaon. A cartman tried to beg off; but one gets accustomed to the ways of the natives, and little heed is paid to what they say at such times. When he saw that he must go, he went cheerily to work, loading his cart. Often, the natives raise a whine about the inconvenience of doing a thing, in the hope that greater inducement may be offered to them; but the trick loses its force against those who have been in the country for a time. The natives become accustomed, too, to be driven, and do not grieve much on that account.

Tents struck, we set off in the saddle, the children in their dooly (palanquin), while the coolies who carried them kept time, in response to each other, with their peculiar grunt. We passed through a long stretch of *bun* (jungle), thick and tangled in places, looking like a famous retreat for wolves.

Emerging from this, a rise of a few feet brought us up on a delightful plateau of green fields, among which we wound, and turned away to Machli, a village, where we found our tent pitched in the pleasant shade of a few mango-trees.

Breakfast over, went with Abraham to the village chaupal. We sat down at the chaupal, and sent the *chaukedar* to notify the villagers. Soon a crowd gathered up, fringed, in front, with noisy children. All were requested to keep quiet, while we talked to them about Christ and his salvation. For a time, they heard well. Interruption came, at last, from a native, who put himself forward as spokesman for the villagers. He urged that all are helpless, the victims of *maya*, or the great illusion which has gone forth from God.

"Nothing," said he, "is real. Every manifestation of matter and being is a divine illusion. These dreams must be broken, in some way, and an escape effected from this ideal existence. All will then be merged in the divine reality. God alone exists."

This is popular idealism among the Hindus. It causes thousands of infatuated fakeers to undergo most painful asceticism and torture, to break the illusive spell. I made use of some simple illustrations, to show the hearers how irrational the illusion theory is. We tried, without much apparent success, to turn their minds to Jesus and the blessed reality of his salvation.

When the sun had descended well down the sky, we struck tent, and, mounting our horses, rode away toward home. It was a delightful, calm evening.

My mind ran back over the tour just completed, with mingled feelings of pleasure and sadness—pleasure at having been able to carry the message of light and salvation to the homes of so many dark, sin-enchained souls; sadness at the indifference and opposition so often encountered, and at the reflection that numbers of these will perish without Christ. "Thanks be unto God, which maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place;" yet to some "we are the savor of death unto death," while to others "the savor of life unto life. And who is sufficient for these things?"

X.

CAMP AT ALIGUNGE.

MARCH 12, 1869.—Nearly three months have elapsed since my last tour among the villages. Meanwhile, the fifth session of the India Conference was held, and my appointment changed from Budaon, where I had labored for about six years, to Bareilly. Having become settled, I begin to look round and explore my new field.

Aligunge is a village of seventeen hundred inhabitants, about fifteen miles distant from Bareilly. Cyrus Burge, a native helper, has been stationed here for nearly a year and a half. A cart, with tent and camp equipage, had been sent on the previous day; so, after an early cup of tea, with toast, I drove from the mission-house, at a sharp pace, down the stone road that led over the Ramgunga River and toward camp. As the brown-thatched villages began to appear, here and there, over the well-tilled plain that stretched, with a grand expanse, "far and wide," and fell away in a gentle descent to the river, I felt myself to be in my parish once more. Files of chatting women, carrying heavy baskets of fuel, trotted up the road, going to the market in Bareilly. I pitied the slender girls, who seemed to bend and quiver under their burdens, and longed for

the day when women in India will be less like beasts of burden, and be happy in the great salvation.

Reaching the bridge of boats, I sent back my *tum-tum* (two-wheeled vehicle), as it is called, and passed over the bridge on foot, and found my second horse waiting for me. It had been sent on, as a relay, before daylight. Numbers of Hindus were bathing in the river, and muttering their morning prayers. One blind, old man had spread his coarse blanket on the bank, and, rolling his sightless, disfigured eyes toward the rising sun, simply repeated, "Ram! Ram!" (the name of a god), with devout, weary emphasis.

Mounting, I rode away to Aligunge, and was annoyed to find that the careless men had only put part of the tent on the cart. "Let patience have her perfect work." Well, if "practice makes perfect," here is the place to graduate in this desirable virtue. Here I was, with all hopes of comfortable shelter dashed, for this time. The best thing I could do was to take up quarters with Cyrus, the native helper, in his low mud house. He has a wife and three children. My greatest annoyance is a rascally odor, hinting that the place had been occupied by goats. Smoke from the little hearth, where my native brother's wife cooks their food, pours into my quarters, to the discomfort of my eyes, while a school of twenty lads actually yell their lessons, in an adjoining room, to the distraction of my helpless ears. "All's well that ends well;" and, if God only blesses our entrance among

this people with the salvation of souls, what a glorious reward!

While a "bite" of breakfast was preparing, I examined the little school that Cyrus keeps up. About twenty boys read English and the vernacular. They are not very well organized; but there is a nucleus for a good village school. I arranged for some rewards for progress in study and good attendance; and the eyes of the boys sparkled at the prospect of getting something nice as prizes. This school is an important part of our work in this village. Already, the fathers of the pupils are becoming more kindly inclined toward us, while no earthly power can erase the lines that are being traced on the minds and hearts of the pupils.

After breakfast, a *pundit* (Hindu religious teacher) sent in his *salam*, with a request for an interview. I found him to be a plain, frank-spoken man, who talked freely and intelligently about religion. He disavowed all sympathy with idolatry, confused and bewildered me with a shower of nasal-toned Sanskrit *slokes* (quotations), from the sacred books, displaying something of the accustomed vanity of his profession. I managed to stay the resounding *slokes*, in some way; and we talked about sin for a while. The *pundit*, with amusing simplicity, told me, that, when he was a boy, he used to steal fruit from his teacher's garden, and that, to this day, the condemnation of this rested on his heart. He asked me, with great apparent sincerity, how he could get free from this condemnation. Christ, the Savior, was presented to him as able and ready to deliver him.

I placed a copy of the New Testament in his hand, requesting him to read it carefully, and learn what a Deliverer it reveals.

Toward evening, Fazal Ullah joined us from Budaon. He has been baptized, and is now preaching among the villages, and bids fair to make a most useful helper. He himself is good evidence that our labor is not in vain in the Lord. This was bazaar day in the village; and we went to the bazaar place, and found a large crowd assembled in a narrow, dusty street. On the elevated sidewalk, where bundles of grass lay exposed for sale, we stood up and preached to a most attentive audience. To our remarks on the nature of sin, the folly of idolatry, the necessity of a Savior, and the claims of Christ as the needed Savior, not one objection was urged.

From the bazaar, we took a turn in search of a place to build a native preacher's house, to contain accommodations for the school also. In all such villages we should have permanent quarters in our own possession, where we are not likely to be disturbed at the caprice of the villagers. Cyrus lives in a rented house, which the proprietor has desired him to vacate several times. A good site was found for a building; but a more difficult question now is, how to get the money with which to build? If the good people in Christian lands only knew more fully how, with greater liberality, they could wonderfully strengthen every missionary enterprise, and how the work often languishes in discouragement for want of funds, they certainly would be more "ready to communicate."

At night, I took tea in the open court-yard of the helper's house, glad of the free air. Fazal Ullah and a Mohammedan young friend, who came with him, drank a cup with me—a very unusual thing on the part of the Moslem. Mohammedan bigotry, in India, precludes the taking of food with Christians. The "Great Bear," with his tail stretched across the sky, was before us, while the "pointers" indicated the North Star. Fazal Ullah had read somewhere of the usefulness, to lost travelers, of being able to recognize this pivot of the starry sphere. The mode of applying this bit of useful information was divested of its mystery.

When I retired to rest in the little thatched veranda, with its grass and bamboo mosaic sloping over my couch, I was annoyed by a few persistent mosquitoes, that buzzed and sung in nocturnal orgies about my ears. They did not bite much; but the last sound of which I was conscious was the siz, siz, uz, uz, iz, iz, iz, of the little tormentors, as they hovered about my ears.

March 13.—Was up early, and performed my simple toilet in the court-yard. The "Great Bear" had swung quite round the sky, and was fast fading in the morning twilight. A cup of tea and bit of buttered toast—my only food till ten o'clock—were taken, and we put off to Beehara, a village near by. We first went to a little house that gleamed with stucco, in striking contrast with the lines of mud huts around it. It was a native sugar factory. As we entered, a huge yellow dog rolled lazily from a round cane stool, where he was coiled up, and

greeted us with a kind face and a friendly wag of his tail. I gave him a friendly pat in return, at which the natives laughed, and the dog kept close by me for an hour, while we stayed in this place. We found a number of coolies at work in the establishment, which is the property of six brothers. In making the sugar, the cane-juice is boiled to a semi-granular state, and then put into small, coarse, woolen sacks to drain, from which it is turned out somewhat dry. In the hands of these workmen the process is by no means a remarkably cleanly one. We found that the proprietors belong to a sect of Hindus called Kabeerpuntes, from the name of Kabeer, a sage who lived in the beginning of the fifteenth century. Although he lived only about four hundred and fifty years ago, and was a noted reformer, yet the place of his birth is involved in obscurity. He is claimed, both by Hindus and Mohammedans, as a saint of their calendar. At the place where he was buried, two rival tombs are erected, one by the Hindus of his sect, the other by Mohammedan admirers. That he was a man of marked ability, is witnessed by the impression he left on succeeding generations. He discountenanced idolatry, seeking to recall his countrymen from it.

Some of his sayings are remarkable for the striking truth inculcated. For example: "He who has no check upon his tongue has no truth in his heart. Keep him not company; he will kill you on the highway." Again: "When the master is blind, what is to become of the scholar?" "When the blind lead the blind, both will fall into the well."

These sound much like teachings found in the New Testament.

The tendency of his teachings was, upon the whole, good. He is claimed by his followers to be a divine incarnation, and is adored in prayer and the singing of hymns.

Two of the brothers were present. They conducted themselves very politely toward us, bringing out seats, and spreading mats for our comfort. The huge yellow dog kept close to me all the while, giving me now and then a heavy, friendly rub from his side, which called out invectives of disapproval from his master. The object of our visit was divined, and the two brothers, in a smiling and most affable, but assured, manner, entered into conversation with us, taking the initiative even, by becoming our catechisers. One of them sat down before me, and composed himself, with crossed legs, *à la* tailor, and, with an emphasis and look suggestive of difficulty, and anticipatory of perplexity on my part, asked me for the locality of heaven. I told him that, in the Christian religion, this is not deemed a question of prime importance, however curious it might be, and that generally but little speculation is indulged about it, as nothing is clearly revealed. I informed him that, in the Christian system, the first and most important question is, how may we be saved from sin and its just punishment. A little disconcerted, but not diverted from his object, the fellow, with great blandness, suggested, interrogatively:

"You believe, then, in a heaven?"

"O yes."

"Did you ever see it?"

"No. What then?"

"How do you know there is a heaven? Sight, in the matter of such physical realities, is the only complete and indisputable proof."

This led to a diversion on the nature, variety, and strength of evidence. I illustrated to him that the existence of places we had never seen might be matter of perfect assurance to us, and that, in the case of a place that no human being alive on the earth had ever seen, certain kinds of testimony and proof could amount to a moral demonstration. I then turned him again to the question of salvation from sin, as all-important to us now.

The other brother, who had been stalking about all the while on wooden sandals, touching only on the heels and toes, halted near by, and proposed his theory of the non-destruction of animal life as the great principle by which purity could be wrought in the soul. Fazal Ullah parenthetically inquired if he wore wooden sandals to avoid crushing insects. Many natives do this. Others continually wear a cloth over their mouth and nose, lest they may inhale and strangle some hapless gnat, which would be worse than to be strangled by it. He smiled, and said nothing in reply to the inquiry. I then explained to him the weakness and extravagance of such a theory, and applied the New Testament illustration of "straining out a gnat and swallowing a camel." But little account is taken of lying, stealing, debauchery; but it is all-important not to destroy the

life of an ant or worm. He then good-naturedly turned the conversation back to heaven, and, with an affected air of mystery, said he could show any one heaven who would take on him the Kabeer faith. Five days would initiate one, and unfold to him the heavenly vision. With my hand and head, in native style, I shook an emphatic disbelief in such nonsense, and affirmed that the man who dealt in such folly was a deceiver. Fazal Ullah toned down the bluntness of this warm denial by telling the man that he might be imposing on himself and others by some strange fancies, and we both urged him to look into the Gospel system and learn something of Jesus.

About a score of men heard us in this place. We then went to a carpenter's shop, where they said we would get many hearers. The brothers smiled us out, and sent a boy to lead the way to the shop. A crowd soon came up, to see and hear some new thing.

In a familiar talk, I tried to impress them with the folly of idolatry, and particularly of bathing in the much-trusted Ganges for the expiation of sin. Christ was held up as an all-sufficient Savior for every man. A good impression seemed to be made, to the apparent annoyance of a cross-looking Brahmin, who leaned against a cart, contemplating me with a savage frown. Several voices murmured, "We will not go to the Ganges again."

"Show me Christ," said the cross Brahmin, with a triumphant toss of his head, "and I will believe what you say."

I merely kept on with my exhortation, for a time, determined, if possible, to finish my point and strengthen the impression. Then, turning to the Brahmin, I retorted:

"Now, you show me Ram, and I will believe on him."

This was a thrust that he had not anticipated; and he squirmed, and tried to mutter something, but without the least success. Fazal Ullah then read part of the fifth chapter of Matthew, as a specimen of the beautiful and sublime teachings of our book of faith. Expressions of admiration were called forth. As we left, several said, "Come daily and teach these things, and we will thus learn them."

Alas! there is a great harvest, all white, while the laborers are so few! We look out on the vast plain, stretching hundreds of miles away, and dotted with thousands of villages. In how few of them, then, can we preach the word, much less come "daily" to teach them! Down the future, the eye of faith turns wearily, trusting, but not able to penetrate the problem of how these millions will be sufficiently instructed in Christ.

At midday, a couple of Mohammedans paid us a visit, from a neighboring village. One of them was a rotund, portly man, with a genial face, and much inclined to talk. The other was smaller, quiet in manner, with a hard, pock-marked face, from which a harsh, frizzed beard stood out, parted at the chin. After some general talk, I urged them to think more of the condition of their hearts, and seek

after freedom from sin. The man with the hard face attempted to say something about fate, and all these matters being in the hand of God, on which I made some remarks about human freedom and responsibility, to which no effort was made to reply. A word "in season," mayhap, was spoken.

In the evening, went with Cyrus and Fazal Ullah to Untpore, a village two miles distant. The sun, now far down the sky, beamed warmly in our faces, over the ripening fields. Reaching the village, went to the chaupal, and, calling the watchman, had him take a turn in the village and notify the people. Two fine-looking fellows, whose naked limbs swelled and waved with athletic thews, were beating out some half-ripened barley. Each had bound to his right arm, above the elbow, a *tawiz*, or charm, which is simply a bit of metal, with some letters or words engraved on it. This is supposed to avert all kinds of misfortunes. Similar charms are tied on the necks of goats and cattle, for the same purpose. Mohammedans engrave on these charms words from the Koran, just as the Jews attached portions of the law to their person. These stalwart fellows were beating out this barley, they said, to stay the cravings of hunger these hard times. The half-ripened grain is parched and freed from its chaff, and eaten thus whole, or ground and made into a coarse bread. This year, the new crop is hardly half-ripe, until the poor, famine-pressed wretches have pounced upon it.

The watchman soon had a good crowd collected. I told them plainly that we had come to make, if possible, Christians of them all, and then explained,

first, what it is to be a Christian, and then the ceremony by which persons are brought into the Christian Church, and how they are expected to live and act when in it. Several voices, in concert, acknowledged the reasonableness and goodness of all that was said.

"Come, then," said I, "and let us build a temple in your village for God, and for Christ, his true incarnation."

I explained to them how six days would be spent in work, and the seventh devoted to rest and special religious worship. A serious impression seemed to be made. Fazal Ullah then added some very sensible and appropriate remarks, after which we started back to our village.

As we passed through the narrow, winding street, in one place, a villager called after Cyrus, "Will you smoke the *chillam?*" (bowl of the pipe.) This was a noteworthy mark of friendliness to the Christian teacher; for natives usually, in these villages, have a great antipathy to even touching any thing belonging to a Christian. Where natives are of different castes, but are friendly, they take off the earthen bowl of the pipe, and smoke it through their hands.

Just as we emerged from the village, a miserable little boy, stark naked, and reduced quite to a skeleton, came walking in from the fields, with a bunch of green pulse, plucked from some field, in his hand, picking away at it with the avidity of starvation. His limbs were wasted till there was little more left than skin and bone, while his abdomen was distended to an unsightly size, from gorging food fit

only for a ruminant animal. We halted the little fellow, and ascertained that his mother was a poor widow, with other starving children to feed, and earning only two or three *pice** a day as a cooly. While this investigation was going on, the starving boy, fearing something sinister in all this, scampered away. The villagers brought him back to receive a *rupee* (half-dollar) that I held out for him. They told him to take it to his mother, to buy some grain. The little fellow dropped the bunch of green pulse, seized his prize, and, with a happy grin, put off, with a crowd, to tell his mother.

As we kept on to Aligunge, darkness gathered over village and field. The stars came out, and beamed mildly down from a serene sky. Our day's work was over; and a sense of having earnestly striven to do the Savior's will, brought serenity to the sky of my soul.

Sunday, March 14.—In the morning, in company with Cyrus and Fazal Ullah, crossed the fields to Parea, inhabited by *aheers*, or cow-herds; but this caste do not necessarily all look after and deal in cows. Many of them are cultivators. We found a grim, withered old man, seated on a cot, by a wall, sunning himself; and we fixed on him as the nucleus of a morning congregation, knowing that others would soon gather about us. The old man turned out to be quite deaf; so he did not prove a very promising subject for our message; but others soon came up.

Fazal Ullah began by asking them whom they

* The *pice* is something less than a cent.

were in the habit of worshiping. Several answered, giving the names of some demons and divinities. It was asked:

"Do you obtain salvation from these?"

"Who knows," quickly replied some one, "whether he is saved or not?"

This led to a discussion on the real nature of sin. It is not a thing that adheres externally to the skin. Hence the folly of mere bathing to wash it away. He then described how, instead of becoming pure by bathing in the Ganges, many contract sin there rather. Hundreds go simply to see the spectacle of naked women as they bathe, while many shameless women, too, expose themselves on purpose.

There seemed to be something in these plain statements that gravely impressed the listeners. They seemed never before to have thought of the intrinsic worthlessness of this ceremony, and the shameful abuse to which it leads, instead of begetting purity. One gray-haired old fellow, with an immense grizzly mustache, sat all the time, listening with great attention, puffing anon at his long pipe. He proved to be the head man of the village. Near by was a well, at which women came to draw water. I observed one rather old woman remain listening for a long time, dallying all the while with her rope in the well, ostensibly drawing water. Mouth, as well as ears, was open, revealing one huge tooth, which, surviving the ravages of time, glistened white enough in the setting of her sable face. It is a rare thing to see a native with bad teeth. As a rule, to old age the teeth remain full in number, and unde-

cayed. The warm and hot drinks of most European countries injure and destroy the teeth. Natives do not drink when they eat, except it may be a little cold water at the close of the meal. We have good eyes and bad teeth; the natives have bad eyes and good teeth. This climate is very hard on eyes.

We urged the helplessness of the gods and demons to save from sin. I insisted that Jesus can so save the soul from sin, bring it such a real salvation, that it may be experienced and perfectly known as a fact. This seemed to strike the hearers as a great mystery, and I am not sure that any one was inclined to think it credible.

As we returned across the fields, Cyrus told me that this village has a very bad reputation for stealing and robbing. He mentioned that, not long ago, a lahree, or native carriage, passing near this village at night, was attacked and robbed, and the ornaments stripped from a woman who was riding in it. Two men were also robbed and killed one night, not far from here. British law has done much to suppress theft and robbery here; yet, where the mass of the people are depraved and indifferent to the rights of each other, it is impossible for a few rulers to establish justice and security to life and property. One needs only live in a country like India to be practically impressed with the vast superiority of Christian countries over heathen and Mohammedan countries, like India.

The native helpers affirm, and my own observation confirms it, that those who act as watchmen in the villages are themselves almost invariably thieves

or the abettors of thieves. Set to guard the village and watch against thieves, they collude with the thieves of their own village, and facilitate their nocturnal depredations. An instance of this was mentioned in the case of the chankidar (watchman) of a village near Budaon. The watchman entered an old woman's house in company with another thief, and, while they were trying to make way with some property, she awoke, and boldly seized the watchman and raised the alarm. He wrested himself away, but, in the struggle and haste to escape, lost his long bamboo club, a weapon carried by almost every common native. The old woman recognized his club, and carried it to the chief zemindar, or head man of the village. Without any difficulty, the burglar was made out to be the watchman himself; and then, what did the zemindar do but hush the whole affair up, and keep it from the ear of justice. Another instance was mentioned of some natives in the same village, who, in collusion with the watchman, no doubt, stole a large quantity of sugar from a shop at night, and were detected in the act of secreting it. The leading village landlord, in this instance also, screened the parties as far as he could, letting justice fall on an unimportant accomplice, but saving the real offenders from punishment. Still another instance was mentioned as taking place in the same village, which is but a sample of all villages. A common custom, with natives, is to hide their money in the earth. They bury it somewhere about the earthen floor, or in the fields or by the road, somewhere, as a greater

security from thieves and fire. They hide it just in the way the unfaithful servant in the Lord's Parable did. Now, in this village, a shopkeeper had collected, in silver, about fifty dollars, and for security had hidden it beneath the earthen floor of his house. The place of concealment became known, in some way, to his sister-in-law, who discovered the "hidden treasure" to the village watchman's brother. The two managed to extract it from its place of concealment, the sister-in-law coming in for a small share of booty. The theft and the thieves were in a short time discovered; but, instead of being punished, as they richly deserved, part of the money was restored, the whole affair was compromised and hushed up in some way. In a week or two after, the leading zemindar's son, in company with the watchman, broke open that house again, hoping to find money secreted in the same place. They dug in vain, however, and were discovered in the house, and attacked, for their pains, by the annoyed shopkeeper. The zemindar's son lost his turban in making his escape, and, with this evidence of the burglarious attempt, he was confronted and convicted. But the wretched villagers, by general consent, again hushed this matter up, thus winking at crime, to the defeat of law and order.

A more striking instance still occurred in the same village. A native of an adjoining village was cutting grass in the outskirts of this one, when a fellow attempted to drive him off, claiming that he was trespassing. A quarrel ensued, in which the intruder from the other village maintained his

ground, and went on cutting grass. The other, enraged at his persistence, quietly went to his own house, and brought out a long, heavy, bamboo club, and, going back to the place, deliberately walked up behind his opponent, who, busy cutting away, did not observe his stealthy, murderous approach, and, with one heavy sweep of the club, smashed in his skull, and left him dead in an instant. The act and the murderer were soon known to the watchman and the whole village. The act itself could not be concealed; but when the English magistrate tried to discover the murderer, so completely did the villagers unite to deceive him that he failed in the attempt. I remember the investigation, and what mystery hung round the murder of the man found lying in the field with his head crushed in. That mystery was cleared up for me by one of those villagers who afterward became a Christian.

Thus, the natives themselves are enemies to justice, and strangely unite to conceal and perpetrate the very crimes from which they suffer. They frankly acknowledge the justice and propriety of the laws established for the suppression of crime and disorder; but, from wicked and depraved instincts, do not co-operate in their execution, but, on the contrary, obstruct them. British law, in India, is centuries in advance of the moral and social condition of this people. Still, it is a grand school for their rapid reduction to a purer and better civilization.

A short time after we reached our stopping-place, the Brahmin, who visited me the day I came

here, called on Fazal Ullah, and had a long talk with him about the new religion. He took a more antagonistic position than before me, saying that he would believe our religion when we could bring down the sun, and lay it before him on the ground. He affirmed that, formerly, Brahmins could do this. Fazal Ullah objected to such a mode of testing truth, and illustrated the absurdity of his story by asking how it looked to talk of laying a ghara (large round earthen vessel) on a pea. Such, he showed to the astonished Brahmin, are the relative sizes of the earth, on which his miracle-workers stood, and of the sun laid upon it. Perhaps the Brahmin went away with a new idea in his head.

In the afternoon, old Ghasi, a native peddler, came up with a bundle on his back, while two coolies, heavily laden, trudged behind him. These native peddlers are most useful fellows to many of the English residents of India. They carry about all kinds of little English articles, constantly needed, but not obtainable in every place, and often sell them, in some way, much cheaper than they can be obtained at an English shop. Ghasi made his salam, and asked, with the true peddler ring, if I wished to buy any thing.

In the evening, we visited a large village called Gynee, where it was bazaar or market day. After a turn through the crowd of buyers and sellers, we ascended a small knoll on the left of the crowd, and secured a position for preaching. I explained the Savior's discourse about eating with unwashed hands, trying to impress upon the hearers that external

purity, consisting in certain ablutions and ceremonial observances about food, is not real purity. I tried to expose the superficial purity of the Hindus, and lead them to seek for a purity of the heart. All listened attentively.

Meanwhile, a Mohammedan school-teacher pushed himself impudently to the front, and listened, for a time, in uneasy silence. At last, he impertinently began to fling in objections, and call off the attention of the crowd. He asked attention to the apparent discrepancy in St. Matthew's statement of the last division of the genealogical table, pointing out only thirteen generations, where fourteen are claimed. This was a proof of corruption and uncertainty in the Gospels. Objection was made to Paul's teaching that the Mosaic dispensation was not perfect. Paul, he urged, was in conflict with Moses, the great lawgiver and prophet, and could not be trusted. Paul's meaning was explained; but, before a word could be said in behalf of the genealogical table, he demanded why I had affirmed that no one could save but Christ. He referred me to the success of Moses in interceding for the Israelites, when they had incurred the sore displeasure of the Almighty at the foot of Sinai. I explained the relation of Moses himself to Christ, and tried to show him the vast difference between a prevailing prayer like this, and a work of redemption, like that undertaken by Christ, but, I fear, with but little impression on this ranting fellow's mind; for he still, with a blatant flourish, demanded in what Christ was better than Moses.

A few years ago, the lamented Dr. Pfander held a discussion with a Mohammedan doctor in Agra. This led to the publication of books from both sides. A large volume was issued by the Mohammedans, containing all kinds of objections to modern Christianity and the present sacred Scriptures. Obscure and difficult passages, and apparent contradictions, are urged as evidence of the untrustworthiness of the present Scriptures. It requires patience and a good exegetical knowledge of the Bible to meet these objections promptly. This book, called "Istifsar," or "Investigations," is the fountain from which almost all the Mohammedans, in this part of India, draw their objections.

Darkness was setting in, and a portentous yellow cloud was swelling up, with awful grandeur, higher and wider in the somber west. The fitful wind that precedes a dust-storm already began to stir the sultry air. We hastened, for shelter, to a police-house near by. Standing at the door, we looked back at the lurid, tempest-charged expanse that rolled toward us, enveloping the wide plain and darkening half the heavens, and illumined anon with vivid gleams and frenzied streaks of lightning that played through it. At last, the advancing eddies of the moving storm began to stir the leaves and dust at our feet; and then came the sudden rush of mighty wind, as it broke over us. The stifling air was filled with dust and flying twigs and leaves, as it raved and whistled around our shelter. A few sharp peals of thunder, and then came a heavy shower of driving rain, mingled with great hailstones, which rattled and bounded

from the vaulted brick roof of the well-built police-house. The shower of hail was something wonderful. The ground was soon white with the stones, numbers of which were as large as walnuts. Two hours after, they had not completely dissolved.

These dust-storms are not generally accompanied with rain. Often, they are terrific and awe-inspiring. A vast, lurid cloud rolls up rapidly, darkening the entire heavens; animals run wildly about; birds wheel into the troubled air; the wind sweeps by with a confused roar; the darkened atmosphere becomes filled with penetrating dust. Sometimes the dust-storm sweeps down, with scarcely a moment's warning, and the darkness of night settles over earth and sky.

When this storm was spent, we stepped forth from our secure shelter. All nature seemed refreshed. The air was delightfully cool and balmy. It was night; and we went back to our lodgings, over the now muddy road, which was still jeweled with the white hailstones.

March 15.—Early in the morning, we started across the fields to a small village called Amroli. Placid pools of water lay about the fields that only yesterday were parched and dusty. Cyrus accompanied us, for a short distance, to show us the nearest foot-path across the fields of standing grain. He pointed out a spot, marked by the stumps of small trees, where, a few months ago, a gang of gamblers had a lair. Gambling is forbidden by British law, such an institution of robbery and ruin had it become among the people. It was found that this

thick clump of low trees had become the resort of a band of gamblers, where, in concealment, they could carry on their rascally game. The place was cut down, and the resort destroyed. The natives generally gamble by some rather simple game, played with small cowries. They also gamble by throwing down coins, upon which flies may alight, this determining the game in some way. They stake money, and often ruin one another. Cyrus mentioned instances where even wives were staked and lost. The passion for gambling, among the natives, is something wonderful. Cyrus, having pointed out our village, across the level fields, returned to his school.

We found Amroli to be a dirty village, with tattered thatches, and skirted with conical piles of cow-dung fuel. We hailed some men in a mustard-seed threshing-floor, and invited them to an interview at the chaupal. Mustard is raised in large quantities, for the oil yielded from the seed. The oil is used both in food and for light. We found a few loungers already at the chaupal, and the watchman soon called up others, so that a congregation was found. Some of them frankly told us that they do not now worship the village gods. All were urged to accept Christ as the true Savior from sin. Some one put in:

"The English have begun to lie."

"In what?"

"They formerly settled but eight *anas* (twenty-five cents) a *biga* on our land, and are now demanding more."

I explained to them that the value of land had increased, which justified an increase of tax. This seemed to be satisfactory, as far as Cæsar was concerned, and we tried again to turn their thoughts to God and salvation in Christ. Some one again interrupted, by suggesting that the belly was chargeable with all their lying; in its behalf all their duplicity and falsehood originate. The fallacy of this apology for sin, in his ungracious insinuation touching the abdominal viscera, was exposed, and it was insisted on that "honesty is the best policy." This was illustrated by a shopkeeper, who would certainly obtain, in time, a large and profitable patronage, if he would deal fairly. Natives often defend their lying and rascality on the score of necessity. They affirm, in all apparent sincerity, that they could not make a living in an honest way—hence, do not pretend to have the slightest regard for truth or fairness in their dealing.

Fazal Ullah spoke for a time, and in some way was led into an amusing exposure of the sham reverence of the Hindu for the cow. There is a saying among the Brahmins that the cow should be regarded as one's mother. Said Fazal Ullah: "The cow is, really, simply an animal; but while you claim that it is more, and should be treated as one's mother, how do you treat this two-horned, four-legged mother? You often belabor this mother with a club; and when she dies, poor thing! you drag her to the outskirts of the village, tear off her skin for the shoemakers, and leave her to be pecked at by crows, torn by vultures, and gnawed by snarling

dogs. And if the cow is your mother, you ought to deem the ox your brother. Now, come, take your turn in the yoke sometimes with your brother. You see the nonsense of the Brahmins in all this." He then dwelt on the moral character of their so-called incarnations. He referred to the licentious love of Krishna, the eighth incarnation, with the cowherdesses of the country where he is said to have figured. They were then asked if they could trust such an incarnation as that for purity and salvation. Several persons replied, "No!" with a laugh of derision. He then read Christ's denunciation of the Scribes and Pharisees for shutting up the kingdom against seekers, and applied it to the Hindu and Mohammedan teachers, and warned the hearers not to be misled by them.

It was bazaar day in the village where we were stopping; and in the evening we went where the crowd was assembled, and, standing on the side of the narrow street, addressed a large audience. They listened, for a time, with great attention. At last, a little, gray-haired, asthmatic old man, who had given good attention broke in with an incoherent harangue about the delusion of all things visible. He accompanied his piping tones with wild, spasmodic gesticulations, quite exciting one's "risibles."

"Only show me," he said, "how to escape the delusion that worries and wearies me from day to day in supplying food and clothing for my family."

He then went on to give us quite an exposition of idealism and pantheism, showing what a trackless ocean of speculation and conjecture he was sailing in.

The sad results of a bad doctrine can be seen in a very marked manner here. This delusive notion, that every thing is but a manifestation of God's boundless, multiform being, undermines all correct ideas of virtue and moral responsibility. Sin and virtue are alike unreal; and motives for avoiding the one and striving after the other are rendered almost powerless. The instincts of human nature generally assert themselves sufficiently to prevent the full consequences of the doctrine; otherwise, it would work much sadder havoc in human life. Thousands would, by violent hands, seek to break the painful dream, and throw off the incubus of this mortal life. As it is, such a course is not unfrequently taken here, rather than continue to dream on the same weary dream.

I told the gray little man that Christ could break the dream for him, and lead him into real life. He reflected for a moment, and then, with a half-believing, half-incredulous shake of the head, turned, and pressed his way out through the crowd.

Just then a haggard Mohammedan fakeer, with a coarse blanket thrown over his shoulders, and a very prominent, comic-looking chin, stepped forward, and said he had a "petition to make"—the native idiom for a request to say something. He was politely told to speak on; and then followed the most irrelevant, incoherent jumble of sentences I ever heard any sane man attempt to utter, accompanied by awkward gesticulation that would have done credit to a harlequin. And yet the man was not insane, as was plain to be seen. Despairing of getting any

clear conception of this evolution of heterogeneous ideas, I turned to the native helpers; but they were equally at a loss to know at what the grotesque ascetic was aiming. He was requested to stop, as we could not make out his meaning, and, apparently not quite assured that he had any, he turned away, looking somewhat confused.

March 16.—Early in the morning, we went to Bachera. It rained again in the night, and the fields were thoroughly watered, to the great benefit of sugar-cane and vegetables—however, not benefiting the now ripened wheat and barley. We soon called up a large crowd to the chaupal. Some one made a remark about the recent fall of rain and hail, on which I asked him if he knew the causes by which rain and hail are produced. He then gave the common Hindu theory, which is that the clouds are a kind of spongy animals, that visit the ocean and fill themselves with water, which they carry away and sprinkle over the earth. The hailstones, he supposed, are obtained in the same place, and scattered down when it is the pleasure of the strange aerial carriers. I explained the true theory; but a pock-marked fellow, with a light cap pulled over his close-shaven head, and a dirty blanket thrown around his shoulders and tucked under his arm, objected to it as not satisfactory to his mind. Further explanation did not seem to enlighten his reason much; but yet increased his faith in the true theory. He arrogated to himself the part of spokesman for the day, and asked various questions as I went on to present the Gospel message.

I urged the practicability of their abandonment of idolatry, by citing the example of Europe.

To our invitation to accept Christianity, natives often reply that their abandonment of the religion and altars of their fathers for a new religion, even if better than their own, is something not to be thought of. God made their religion, they say, for them, and for ages illimitable it has come down through the passing generations.

I explained to the hearers how, formerly, the people of Europe were gross idolaters, tortured by superstitions, and accustomed to offer human sacrifices; how they were then vagrant and depraved and ignorant; how Christianity had elevated, refined, and humanized them. I insisted that they also could change their religion for Christianity.

The spokesman of the shaved head and pitted face here put in that, since Christianity and the English government have come to this country, the price of every thing has greatly risen, and now all are obliged to labor. Formerly, the labor of one man supported ten—one worked, and the others could sit at ease (the native idea of happiness). We here had a little diversion on political economy, in which I tried to make plain the idea that cheapness of provisions is no evidence of prosperity, nor idleness of happiness. I referred to the fact that, formerly, a sparser population lived partly off the wild productions of forest and field; and that while, of the ten, one man was working, the nine, who sat still in the day-time, went abroad pillaging and marauding at night. I referred him to the walled

towns, of former times, as evidence of these facts.

"But," said the fellow, "the government eats us up."

I explained that government expends all its revenue for their good, in public improvements.

Little by little, some rays of intellectual and religious light penetrated their minds; and, as we left, several voices said, "Come and teach us for a month, and we will comprehend the whole matter." One man, who had heard us in the bazaar at Gynee, came up, and asked further explanation about the matter of eating with "unwashed hands;" and, on rehearsal, understood the discourse better.

From the chaupal we passed to the sugar factory. One of the factory men had come up just as we closed, and, smiling with the same inimitable blandness, walked with us to his place. As we passed a small pond where some swine were feeding, Fazal Ullah, with his Mohammedan instinct of hatred to this filthy animal—more filthy, if possible, in India than elsewhere—asked me some question about the hog. He remarked that he had heard that a hog could not be skinned, and asked something about the quality of its abominable flesh, knowing that Christians devour it. Our placid Hindu friend—the most vital and fundamental point in whose creed is not to eat any kind of flesh—here put in his protest against animal diet, on religious grounds. I asked him if his objection was based on a radical difference in animal and vegetable substances, rendering one fit and the other unfit,

morally, for food. He claimed such a difference, but was somewhat nonplused when I went on to show him that the identical constituent matter of flesh could be extracted from grain, and *vice versa;* and that it remains, then, simply a question as to the most convenient and available form of securing this matter as food.

Having reached the sugar factory, we sat down in the long veranda running in front of the building—I, on a cot; the others, cross-legged, on a palm-leaf mat. An older brother, with a low bow, seated himself near me on the mat, and, with his head slightly to one side, fixed his eyes on the floor, with an air of profound penetration. He was anticipating some religious conversation, and was prepared to enter upon it in a way worthy of his creed. I asked him to state his belief in religious matters, that I might understand his position. He was disposed to talk, but refused to use any name for the Divine Being, or even to use the name of the founder of his sect. The using of names, he intimated, would materialize pure truth. He displayed some vanity in attempting to throw an air of mysteriousness around his conversation. The heaven question came up again, the man affirming that heaven can be seen in this life by the duly initiated. He persisted in saying, that, until we could give him a sight of heaven in connection with our teaching, he would not accept it. In as polite a way as I could, I expressed my conviction that his avowed visual revelation of heaven was a humbug, in which he was either deceived or deceiving—

the former, I charitably hoped. He smiled patiently. I again stated the Scripture teaching in regard to heaven, showing that its reality is a matter of faith to Christians in the flesh. Then, knitting his brow, with a look of painful penetration, he asked me, by way of suggesting a new topic, what the spirit is. I stated briefly my creed touching this subtle, vital, conscious essence.

"Can the spirit be seen?" he interposed, catechetically.

"No."

"It can," dogmatically.

"Prove it."

"I have seen it."

In apology for my not trusting his statement, I begged to suggest hallucination of some kind as the most charitable solution of his visions of the invisible. Our swarthy mystic smiled graciously, and we closed this apparently unprofitable interview. I urged them to look into the Christian system.

After breakfast, sent off my camp to Bareilly, intending to follow in the evening. In the afternoon, we all went to Gynee, where I had promised to meet the Mohammedan, for the discussion of some points. After winding through sundry crooked, dirty alleys of the village, we reached the chaupal, in which the Mohammedan was teaching some boys. A large crowd soon assembled. The teacher was as haughty, bigoted a Moslem as I ever met. He could hardly condescend to the courtesy of offering us seats. He had on hand an array of books, prepared for a destructive onslaught. Among

them was a copy of the Old Testament in the Urdu dialect.

I stated to the crowd why we had come. The teacher had demanded of us, in the bazaar, a day or two before, to point out in what particulars Christ was more excellent than any other prophet—for instance, Mohammed. We had come to converse on this point. While I was trying to make this explanation, the teacher kept interjecting some impertinent remarks all the time. As a point that might be appreciated by all—for there were Hindus present—I mentioned the sinlessness of the Savior as something in which he excelled all prophets, and particularly a man like Mohammed. Here we struck issue.

Mohammedans have been puzzled to find in Christ even the semblance of sin or moral weakness, and have seemed to feel his infinite superiority, in this respect, to all prophets, true or false. The statement is current among them that it was revealed to Mohammed, that, in the day of final judgment, Jesus, the son of Mary, will be put to shame, because the people were allowed to call him the Son of God.

But, to-day, another line of attack was adopted. Said our Moslem antagonist, with great affected gravity and wisdom:

"You Christians claim that Deuteronomy xviii, 18, refers to Christ, do you not?"

"Yes, for the apostle Peter so applied it in the New Testament."

"Well, now, it reads, that, if that prophet, spoken

of by Moses to be raised up, should speak a word that the Lord had not spoken, he should be cut off. Was not Jesus cut off?"

"He was; but you make strange confusion of Scripture, and deal in false logic. The particular prophet spoken of to be raised up is not the "any" prophet of the following verses. Moreover, if your line of argument is worth any thing, it proves that every martyr prophet has died for some misconduct, a position which you dare not take."

Dropping this "*non causa pro causa*" fallacy, he then quoted, with great assurance, the passage, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree," as an indication that Christ had partaken of sin and its punishment. This led to an explanation of Christ's vicarious sacrifice, and the atonement thereby provided; but it was most difficult to get any thing said with satisfaction. After every few sentences, some interrupting remark, equally impudent and stupid, would be made.

In vain, I insisted on his making his remarks, and then hearing mine. His object, as Fazal Ullah, the native helper, afterward told me, was to keep up a confused skirmish, in which I might not find any opportunity to say any thing impressive. Fazal Ullah also tried to talk, but was talked down. I never engaged in a more unsatisfactory attempt to say any thing among a crowd of natives before. Impudence, impertinence, ignorance, and noise combined to make a very unpleasant interview. At the close, I dropped a few words to the Hindus, and we turned from them.

It was nearing sundown, when I mounted my little pony, and rode away toward home, eating a lunch the native preacher's wife had prepared for me. Now galloping, now walking, I reached the Ram Gunga River after nightfall, and, in passing over the bridge, I was reminded, by the chorus of croaking frogs, of the swampy tracts of country away in Western Ohio, where I used to preach when a student in the Ohio Wesleyan University. How the notes of a bird, the croaking of a frog, or some familiar sound, can divert the current of one's thoughts to far-off days and distant scenes! I felt a deep interest in missions in those days, but did not know that God would send me to India. With all the discouragements of the work, the disheartening apathy or opposition of the people, the depressing character of the climate a large part of the year—yet "I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that he counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry" in India. Only a missionary in India knows the real trials and discouragements encountered here; "but none of these things move me, neither do I count my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God" among these idolatrous Hindus and wicked Mohammedans. Blessed be the Lord for present fruit, and for the promise and hope of a full and glorious harvest!

It was the time of a Hindu festival, celebrated on rivers by a beautiful rite. Tiny boats, often made of flour, kneaded and baked, and containing a little

oil and a burning wick, are launched upon the stream with a steady hand. If the little boat-lamp keeps up long, the omen is good; but if the unpropitious waves or ripples engulf the tiny bark, it is deemed an evil augury. A number of these little lamps, gliding off on a stream, make a very pretty, and often brilliant, scene. From the bridge, I could see scores of lights gliding down the stream, some of which went suddenly out as the little boats dipped water.

As I rode away to the Mission House, with my head bared to the evening breeze, which now began gently to blow, my heart went up in a prayer to God to hasten the day when the infatuating light of Hinduism shall thus go out forever, and when, for the deluded millions who have been following for long ages the great *ignis fatuus*, "the Sun of Righteousness shall rise, with healing in his wings," over all the plains and mountains of populous India.

XI.

AFTER HEALTH IN THE HIMALAYAS.

"Better hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught."

THE climate of India is a trying one. Although not seriously ill, I had determined on a month in the Himalayas, in a climb to the "eternal snows," with a view to toning up health, after several years of work in the hot and debilitating climate of the plains. I set off in a party of three, August 23, 1869, for the Pinduree Glacier. My fellow-tourists were Rev. S. Knowles, a brother missionary, and Dr. Harris, a surgeon of Her Majesty's Indian army.

Our touring equipage consisted of a little tent, with three cross-legged cots, as many camp-chairs, dishes and cooking utensils, and food packed in small compass, a few small trunks and satchels for clothing, three guns for any game that might be met—the whole carried by twenty coolies. We had two ponies for the party, to be ridden by turns.

Leaving Nynee Tal—the lake of the goddess Nynee—nestled away up in the outer Himalayas, we clambered up to a pass, and made the descent that led us across a stream that lay in our route. Dr. Harris proved a bit of a botanist, and we plucked and examined many a flower, as we walked

and rode down that winding way. It was a grand opportunity, too, for geologizing, as magnificent ledges of rocks cropped out along the mountain sides. The bed of the mountain stream, down which our way led, was strewn with splendid bowlders, many of them fine composites—"pudding-stones." The stream roared its wild mountain music, as it dashed down here, and tumbled and churned away in foamy whiteness there. The notes of many a bird rang through the forest and tangled bushes that lined the grand old mountain sides.

We halted at the traveler's bungalow, in a delightful spot in the valley. Below us, a neat little suspension bridge spanned the clear-flowing stream; beyond rose the high and wide frame-work of the mountain, with its little patches of grain, the quiet cattle grazing here and there, and wreaths of smoke rising and dragging along the mountain side.

At the bungalow, we met Mr. Kennedy, who, on account of feeble health, had been sent up to the mountains, to open mission work in a more friendly climate. He spoke of the hill people unfavorably, as compared with the people of the plains. They are, he thinks, more given to deception and falsehood, and are more stolid, ignorant, superstitious, and inaccessible to the truth.

In the morning, we were off early. Magnificent fleecy clouds rested on the mountain-top. Two large yellow foxes, with white-tipped tails, came tamely down the mountain side, and trotted carelessly about a short distance from us. Following the roaring stream, we came to a delightful place,

where the current checked up, broad, clear, and deep. It was a tempting opportunity. We were boys again, and, sticking our alpenstocks in the sand, we stripped, and plunged, cheering, from the rocks into the limpid waters. Ah, what a capital swim! now to the other side, now round and round, now a dive, and we clambered on the rocks again, wonderfully refreshed.

The road frequently lifted us above, on dizzy cliffs, from which we could have leaped into the stream, that churned and foamed hundreds of feet below us. Growing rice-fields lay along the narrow valley that was sandwiched between the steep mountain sides. We left this valley, and began a most difficult ascent. It was no place for a horse, yet on we went zigzag, dismounting at last where a goat could hardly climb. I left a native groom to lead my pony; but the careless fellow pushed the animal back as she was rapidly climbing a steep, narrow passage, and, for a moment, I thought she was gone, as she poised on the brink of a frightful precipice. How the breezes fanned us, as we were lifted high out of that sultry valley. A rest, and we push on, now along the mountain side, now threading a narrow ridge, now climbing and winding about the peaks.

Night came down, as we rode through the pines of Ranee Khet, a military station, and reached the end of our march. Having arrived in the night, we had not been able to see the charming scenery in the midst of which we had encamped; but, when the sunlight lifted the veil of darkness and fog, we

realized the Elysian beauty of the place. Ranee Khet has been selected by the British government as a sanitary station for troops. It is a broken plateau, averaging about five thousand six hundred feet above the sea level. It is covered with a white-pine forest, and is clean and grassy. Through this place, wide carriage drives have been constructed, among barracks and houses for officers and various officials. It is a desirable mountain retreat from the heat and oppression of the plains.

We were invited to breakfast with Mrs. Kennedy, the wife of the missionary we had met. We found her to be a devoted and most interesting old Scotch lady, living in a sylvan hut, prior to the building of a mission house. Hospitality was never more charming.

We pushed off, hoping to reach Almorah, twenty miles distant, by night. Our way lay through delightful mountain scenery. From a turn in the road, we had a magnificent geological bird's-eye view. For a sweep of perhaps a hundred miles, the framework of the mountain lay before us. Below was the winding valley of a considerable stream, on either side of which were seen a succession of hills and cliffs and peaks, manifestly molded and carved by the agency of water. As we moved on, the changing of our position was continually, kaleidoscope-like, throwing the scenery into new and charming positions. Now the road led over a high ridge, from which we could see the golden clouds of sunset piled along the mountain crest, forming such a picture as nature alone can paint.

Darkness came on apace, and we had left our coolies far behind. It was evident that we could not reach Almorah; so we concluded to stop at a tea plantation, five miles short of that place. Nearing this, our way lay along a ledge of rocks, where our progress was dangerous, in the thickening darkness. Descending to the bed of the river, we missed the proper crossing. It was now fully night; and the darkness was enhanced in the deep, gorge-like valley of the river. Our situation became very unpleasant, in the prospect of not finding shelter, and in remaining out all night on the mountain. Heavy rain might fall, or wild beasts attack us. We retraced our steps to what seemed to be the ford of the turbulent and forbidding current; and, with difficulty, I pushed my pony into the rapid stream. Down she went, until the rushing water flowed over the saddle; and, floundering and swimming, we were both almost submerged. She struck bravely for the other shore, and then scrambled up the steep, in darkness most profound.

I soon reached the tea-planter's bungalow. A native guide was procured, who swam the river, and took the rest of the party two miles round, by a bridge. I was glad to change my dripping clothes for a dry suit from the planter, an Englishman, who made every possible demonstration of hospitality. It was nearly midnight before the others of the party arrived, when we ate, with a gusto, steaming food that was set before us. We laughed over our adventure. "We never expected to see you come out of that stream alive," said the others. Recently,

there had been a case of drowning, in an attempt to cross at this place.

It was nearly nine o'clock before I awoke the next morning. We breakfasted with the tea-planter, and then inspected his plantation. The English government has been encouraging the industry of tea-growing in the Himalayas. Chinese cultivators were brought over, numerous plantations were started, and the mountain people taught the work of growing and preparing the tea. These plantations have not been, generally, well managed; but the experiment of growing good tea on the slopes of the Himalayas is a perfect success. Large quantities of tea are now exported, while it is the chief tea consumed in India. The tea-shrubs are planted in rows three or four feet apart, like corn in the United States. These plants begin to yield the third year, and at the proper season, every two or three weeks, they are gone over, and the tips of the fresh shoots plucked off, so as to secure two or three leaves. These leaves are wilted in pans over a charcoal fire, and then rolled by hand, and dried again, into the crisp form in which they are found by the consumer. When the crisping is finished, the tea is spread out in broad, pan-like baskets, in which it is "picked," which is a process of separating the different kinds of tea from the same pan. The older and coarser leaves are distinguished by the pickers, and separated, constituting the cheaper teas. The delicate top leaves, that were just unfolding when plucked, make the best teas. Be it known to all lovers of this fragrant, grateful

beverage that all kinds of tea—Bohea, Young Hyson, Gunpowder, Pekoa, black tea and green—all come from the same plant. A little skill in manipulating, while the tea is preparing, evolves all the colors and flavors and names that delight and delude the tea-drinking world.

Having satisfied ourselves as to the growing of tea, we pushed on, although it was raining. Up the winding road we went. The rain ceased, the sun came out, and the mountain was magnificent. Almorah, the capital of the united mountain provinces of Kumaon and Gurhwal, is situated on a high ridge, about six thousand feet above the sea-level. It was formerly the capital of a native state, from which predatory raids were made into the British territory of the plains. In 1818, a British force pushed a campaign into these mountains and attacked this place. We saw the place where the force came up, fought the Ghurkas, as they are called, lost some men, but drove the enemy into their fort, still standing, on a high knoll of the mountain. The British planted a mountain battery on another knoll, and two well-directed shots did the business of the fort, and a province was added to British India possessions.

Here we met Mr. Budden, the missionary resident, a most genial man, and Dr. Mather, one of the oldest missionaries in India—a descendant of the Cotton Mather family. He has done more in perfecting the Hindustani Bible than any other man in India. We visited Mr. Budden's school, in which some three hundred and fifty native pupils receive

instruction. Mr. Budden thinks these schools are the most hopeful means of breaking down the prejudices of the natives, and of preparing the way of the Lord in these mountains. He thinks that an encouraging knowledge of Christian truth is spreading.

We took a peep, from a distance, at the leper asylum connected with this mission. It is located some distance from the town, on a slope of the mountain, and contains one hundred and twenty inmates. The object of the asylum is to furnish a home and curative establishment for lepers who may wish to enter. Leprosy is a not uncommon disease in India, and is, doubtless, the same as the leprosy of the Scriptures. It pervades the system as a virus in the blood, manifesting itself most frequently in the fingers and toes, which, joint by joint, drop away, till finally the patient, loathsome and loathed, dies. The lepers who resort to this asylum are fed and clothed and taught in a manner that puts the humanity of Christian people in striking contrast with the heartlessness of the natives, from whom the leper is ever a detested outcast. In this asylum the disease is often arrested by medical appliances; and the patient lives for years, in comparative comfort. Elementary education is imparted, and some simple industrial arts are pursued. The lepers live in comfortable quarters, have a school-house, a chapel, and a bit of ground to cultivate. Many of them become Christians, and learn to love Him who can heal the worst of all leprosies.

Turning away from this humanitarian enterprise, we set out for Takula, our next camping-place.

Zigzagging about the mountain, higher and higher, we reached a pass; and then descended, down, down, round and round; and then up again, by a long, serpentine grade that lifted us up to another pass. It began to rain—not hard, but a steady, penetrating drizzle. Once over this pass, a deep, narrow gorge, we dropped rapidly down a descent frightfully steep in places, and reached a stream pouring along through a most charming valley. In places, the overhanging branches of the trees that fringed the stream met, forming a delightful avenue, through which the rapid water danced and plashed along.

Reaching the village of Takula just as night was coming on, our tent was pitched in the rain. Down went a rough carpet, cots were set up, beds were spread, and we were cozy enough for the night—although the relentless rain pelted dull music on our canvas roof. A fire of pine sticks was built by the tent door, which cheerily blazed away, all heedless of the rain. Food was brought, and it never relished better; then a chat, then a reading, and we "turned in" for the night.

Awoke when the sun was pouring light and cheer over the peaks, and adown the valleys. We were in a charming place. Below us murmured a large brook, its banks fringed with many an overhanging tree and gaudy flower, all in nature's most charming *négligé*. Near at hand, a rustic bridge led over the brook, where a little moss-covered temple reared its conical spire amid the dripping branches of the overtopping pines. And there grinned the

hideous images worshiped by these mountaineers—the filthy Mahadeo, bloody Kali, and licentious Shree Krishna. On either hand, the fertile, well-cultivated valley led up to the mountain slopes, which, rising higher and higher, terminated in somber gorges, beetling cliffs, and rocks, where "from peak to peak, the rattling crags among, leaps the live thunder."

Breakfast over, we kept out guns for game, in any chance shot that might turn up. The unfortunate shot came. In a little rice-field, where the hitherto narrow valley had swelled out to a pretty glen, a pheasant, all unconscious of brooding danger, was calling to its mate. Harris and Knowles descended for a shot. Harris fired with one barrel, and then, quick, with the other, to be sure of his game; and, O horrors! a poor village girl sprang up from the growing rice, ran screaming from the field, and soon dropped, groaning, badly hit with the shot. We hastened to her, and found that one charge had taken effect in her feet and legs, the other in her breast and neck. She had crouched in the standing grain, and was pulling out weeds, when Harris, seeing her move, mistook her brown clothing for the plumage of a pheasant, and fired. Fortunately, she had received the shot at a distance, and the pellets had not penetrated deeply. We carried her to a village near by, when some natives, who had fled away on first hearing the firing, came up. For a time, it looked as if they were disposed to attack us. Knowles kept his gun well in hand till we got away from the village. He afterward remarked that

he had known instances where villagers had attacked parties under similar circumstances. We tried in vain to get one of the men to go forward with us to our baggage, and receive some medicine for the wounded girl.

Pushing on up a long, steep acclivity, we crossed a narrow ridge, and dropped rapidly down the other side. Here we met two English officers of the Royal Artillery, returning from a five months' tour in the Himalayas. They had been over into the most elevated plateau of Thibet, and said they had fine hunting, with some little adventure, having been finally turned back as spies by Thibetan authorities. They were dressed in native costume, adopted, they said, to avoid suspicion and interference.

Pushing on, we reached the banks of a river called the Sarju, or Bilotee (Churner), a most appropriate name for the stream, which foamed and churned along over its rocky bed till white as the lacteal fluid itself. Two miles up the course of this resounding river brought us to the village of Baghishwar (Garden of God), where, crossing the river by a quaint wooden bridge, we halted at the traveler's bungalow. I found that the covering in which my hand-trunk was done up had been removed, and an attempt made to open the trunk, which failed, thanks to the faithful lock. These rascally coolies sometimes open baggage, and appropriate money, or any article they may fancy.

The following day was Sunday, and we had a blessed day of rest. On awaking, Knowles and I walked, in our night-clothes, down to the Churner,

which still churned furiously by, and had a refreshing bath in its boisterous waters. Dr. Harris went back to look after the woman who had been shot, and found that she was not in a dangerous condition. He had her sent to the Almorah Hospital, where the shot could be removed.

Monday was a bright, cheery day. We made our entire march up the course of the noisy river on which we had been encamped. The river's ceaseless roar, mingled with the song of birds and the shrill notes of the cicadæ, a kind of katydid, made wild music to the tramp, tramp, of our strength-gathering limbs. Gaudy butterflies flitted across our pathway. Splendid collections can be made in these mountains. I saw a little yellow fellow that I used to capture when a boy. The memory of scenes distant in time and space came vividly over me.

At midday, we halted, for a lunch of buttered bread and cheese, by a headlong stream, that came tumbling over rocks and polished bowlders. It was a delightful spot. Looking up from the little rustic bridge that crossed with a single quivering span, a scene of wild and most entrancing beauty opened to view. Emerging from the rocks and trees up the mountain side, this stream, in considerable volume, came foaming, tumbling down, swashing round the rocks, splashing against jutting stones, circling in little sheltered eddies, where drifting sticks whirled round and round in fruitless endeavors to regain the headlong current. Here and there pendent branches swayed with a regular beat in the stream, which,

rushing madly on, dashed beneath the bridge, and, with mingled motion, tumbling, whirling, splashing, disappeared, with a resounding murmur, in the gray rocks and overhanging wood below.

Nearing camp, at a village called Kupkote, a turn in the course of the river opened a far-reaching vista to the snowy range, giving us our first peep. The fleecy clouds that hung around the mountain crests had parted, and there, far up the distant valley, through a well-wooded gorge—but far beyond—stood the snowy peaks, against the blue empyrean, white and cold. It was a fascinating sight—foretaste of what we were pressing forward to enjoy. In a moment the delightful vision was snatched away by a mass of passing cloud. A blazing fire by our tent door gave a cheery air to our bivouac.

Morning came with a bright sun. Up the valley, in the direction of our route, the prospect was sublime. One's eye could group the far-reaching scenery as a vast painting, limned and hung against the sky by Titanic hands. In the foreground was the cultivated valley, narrowing rapidly to the simple bed of the river, from which the jutting hills and grassy slopes led up the mountain sides. Higher up the rapid river, mountain rose on mountain, pile upon pile, till a cumulous mass of cloud veiled the magnificent scene. Then, far above mountain and cloud, flashing in the sunlight, and crowned with a wreath of haze, towered the snowy peaks. Such a sight, once seen, is remembered forever. I gazed, and gazed again, till the rising sun, lifting a volume of fog from below, veiled all from sight.

My pony was lame from the loss of both hind shoes, and I could take her no farther. The natives told us a gentleman had a fine horse killed by a fall over the rocks in advance of us. These ponies are marvels of activity and sure-footedness. They can climb where a mountain goat can hardly go. I have looked with wonder at the way they climb around cliffs and along ledges where the merest foot-path leads. They will walk up and down steps cut in the rock, or made of stones piled together, with a caution and apparent security that is truly wonderful.

Up the river we held on our way, by many a gurgling stream, that leaped, clear and cold, from the cliffs. It was a practical Yankee who remarked, on seeing Niagara Falls, "What a waste of water-power!" Coming from the heated plains, where cool, fresh water is often a felt want, I often thought, on seeing those copious fountains, What a waste of splendid drinking water! Beneath the branches of some trees that clung to the rocks over our heads, we sat down and ate our midday lunch, drinking cups of purest water that poured from a high, natural wall of freestone. Once the cup brought a leech, that went measuring about the bottom.

Leeches abound in these mountains, not only about springs and streams, but through wet grass and weeds, especially in the rainy season. They often fasten on one, and, when the clothing is removed, a great bloated fellow may be found who has gorged himself on one's life-blood. Thus far on our journey we had often found blood trickling down our legs, where leeches had tapped the sanguinary

fountain, glutted themselves, and then fallen off. They generally make a painless wound.

Once Mr. Knowles had a more trying experience with these insatiable blood-suckers. In coming up the mountain to Nynee Tal, he stooped and drank from a cool stream that sparkled down the mountain. For a month, he suffered from a strange feeling in his nose, and inconvenience in breathing, with slight bleeding at times. One day, in a violent fit of sneezing and blowing of the nose, out came an immense leech, fully three inches long. Investigation revealed the existence of a fellow-intruder, which came away from filling the nasal passage with brandy. It was quite as large as the other. They had found their way in when small, at the time Mr. Knowles drank from the brook.

Domestic animals, in these mountains, are often greatly distressed by these leeches. Invading the nostrils of the horse, they are often decoyed down by holding water near the animal's nose, when the leech, thirsting for the water, puts down its prehensile head, and is nabbed by a pair of tweezers.

Pushing on up the valley, we found abundant flowers, labiates rich and rare, with two varieties of the convolvulus, one of them the "morning-glory." Leaving the valley of the Surju, a long, trying climb up through rocks and bushes and grassy slopes brought us to the village of Lohar-Khet (blacksmith-field), so called from smiths who lived and forged here in former days, when a rajah ruled these mountains.

In the evening, some villagers came, begging

medicine and shot. They thus watch their opportunity to get a little ammunition from passing tourists. Natives, all over India, now know the virtue of quinine. We talked to these men about the worship of idols, and found that, although idolaters, they believed in a Supreme Being—"God over all." These hardy mountaineers are cheerful, manly fellows, and it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when the Gospel will penetrate to them. They are, in speech and physique, a different class of people from the inhabitants of the plains. Many of them have marked Tartaric features. They are short in stature, with powerful limbs, and carry burdens up acclivities, where to us it seems difficult, unburdened, to climb.

Several of them came to us, the next morning, soliciting service as hunters. Many tourists engage in hunting, in these mountains. Bears, leopards, deer, antelopes, wild goats, and sheep are to be found. These hunters employ native mountaineers as guides, and to carry their guns and ammunition. Such natives are called *shikarees* (hunters), and they deem their work a little more honorable than carrying ordinary burdens.

An old man, among those who applied for this post of honor to our party, was quite a character in his way. He was an old professional, having done duty in this line for many years. He sought to ingratiate himself among us by showing wounds received in honorable fights with wild animals, and also letters of recommendation from hunting tourists, for whom he had bravely carried guns and piloted

the way to game. He told us of a memorable hug he had with a wounded bear, in which he got a finger bit off, and had his collar-bone broken. A hunter had shot a bear, and the infuriated beast charged the hunting party, with hair on end and mouth distended. Selecting, as a more easy victim, the *shikaree*, it seized and gave him a terrible squeeze, biting off a finger in the affray. The hunters coming to the rescue, the bear made good its escape.

We had fine views in the mountain this day. Far below, the river appeared like a line of silver, winding along the devious valley, its distant roar now hushed to a faint murmur. A turn in the mountain brought a far-reaching gorge in view, leading up to well-marked peaks, wreathed with clouds. The coolies remarked that the next day we would reach the limit of habitation, and would find no one in the mountains but ourselves and God. All, however idolatrous, have the idea of a supreme God.

Our path lay through a luxuriant forest, abounding in moss-covered oaks, with a few pines, and the brilliant rhododendron (rose-tree). There are several varieties of oak in the Himalayas; but none of them have the large, sinuate leaf of the oak in the United States. The rhododendron is a small tree, bearing large red flowers, and presents a most gorgeous appearance when in bloom. About us, the rocks were beautifully matted and fringed with moss. Wild geraniums, with bright purple flowers, and "touch-me-nots" of many hues, thickly covered the ground. Now we pass a headlong stream that

suddenly bursts from the thick-clustered trees and foliage, and roaring, splashing, foaming among the rocks, flings its spray at our feet, and, leaping by, is soon lost among the trees and rocks below. We quaff crystal water from its current, and climb up the mountain, here almost perpendicular. The zig-zag foot-path was cut in the rock. When far up the cliff, an immense eagle swooped from the trees, and wheeled away into the abyss over the deep gorges and low-lying valleys. In places, a long, fine grass draped the slopes and waved among the rocks. It was a long, hard pull for the coolies, with their heavy burdens; but they kept cracking their jokes, as we could learn from the laughter that rang betimes along the mountain side. These hill men are cheery fellows.

The top reached, a vast amphitheater of mountains was in view—a panorama such as mortal eye rarely beholds. In one direction, silvery cascades were playing down the moss-covered ledges; in another, the distant sweep of the mountains revealed a number of brown stone villages, nestled away on little plateaus. The headlong river we had left at our last camping-place rushed along away below, its deafening roar subdued to a distant murmur. Fleecy clouds hung in calm majesty about the lofty mountain crests, whence cool breezes anon came down upon us; but a grander view was yet in store.

Our way led us up another spur of the mountain, higher, still higher, till on a level with the clouds. Seated on a rock, I gazed in silent wonder

on the mountain world opened out at this greater elevation. Peak rose beyond peak, and range beyond range, till a field of mountains stretched beneath the eye more than a hundred miles away. Around some peaks filmy clouds had wreathed their fantastic drapery and airy forms. The peaks seemed to reach the same general level, and they grew faint, and fainter still, in the thickening haze, till sky and cloud and mountain peak blended in one dark, distant hue. Some of the peaks, touching the clouds, looked like vast pillars supporting the floor of heaven. Far off, in the semicircular sweep of a high mountain side, a shower was falling. One could see the cloud and the shower, with sunshine above and around it. From the somber cloud, as from a huge distaff, down spun the steaming rain on the wooded slopes. The rumbling thunder, like salvos of distant artillery, was heard. Still up the mountain we climbed, gathering some wild strawberries from vines that trailed on the slopes. The wild geraniums, asters, and fadeless flowers looked very pretty. In going from the lowest valleys to these higher altitudes, in a few hours one meets the same flora that would be seen in passing from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes.

We reached our camp, on a little plateau where some shepherds graze their flocks. It was a delightful place. From the oaks, creeping mosses hung in festoons, or floated in long streamers in the mountain breezes. A cloud enveloped us in its chilly, damp vesture just as we arrived, but soon rolled away, and the setting sun poured its level beams across

the mountain world. In the direction of the snowy range, through an opening in the mountain, a white-capped peak was seen towering aloft in the vast empyrean. It flashed the sunbeams like a mirror. As the sun went down, it appeared like an immense wedge of marble piercing the sky, and, although more than sixty miles away, it seemed just beyond us. Again the clouds enwrapped us with a chill; abysmal darkness brooded over the vasty depths of the valleys away below, whence the hollow roar of distant waters reached us. Our camp-fire, built on a rock by the tent door, burned all the more cheerily for the darkness and the cold. Anon lurid gleams of lightning illumed the immense banks of cloud that, high and wide, hung against the distant mountain.

Our position here was about ten thousand feet above the sea-level. We experienced some difficulty in breathing at this altitude. It was a very cold night, and we found it difficult to keep warm, although wrapped in the best of blankets.

The next morning, when the sun lifted away the mountain mists, I walked in my night-clothes down to the icy stream, that rolled, clear and cold, from the snow-clad peaks, and had a tonic bath. Whew! how cold! What a reaction and glow!

We felt a restless interest for the march. Each day and each mile of the journey brought such varied, novel, and sublime scenery to view, that the march was a perpetual surprise.

A short climb brought us to the pass of this arm of the mountain, and we had a glimpse of the glacier

to which we were pressing forward. It was still distant three days' march. Beyond us rolled another river. We could see our next camping-place, ten miles away. There the river forked, and far up each valley, where the mountains met the sky, in a range much above us, two glaciers gleamed in the morning sun. One of these, the Pinduree Glacier, was our destination. It is named after the Pinduree Peak, whose snowy crest, clear-cut, loomed against the sky. We sat down and gazed in wonder; but soon a heavy mass of cumuli rolled between, and nature's matchless canvas was veiled. What could we do but push on, and stand where no cloud could intervene!

It was a long descent down that mountain side; our way leading us through forests of tall oaks and graceful pines, by grassy glens, down, down, into the valley of a rapid river, roaring, foaming, rushing along, like all these mountain streams. We passed shepherds tending their flocks. The sheep are not fine wooled, but their fleeces furnish good blankets for these sturdy mountaineers. They all seem to know how to spin, using a very simple little instrument, something like a short stick with a knob on one end. A roll of wool is kept round the left arm, and the spinning is done by twirling the stick, knob downward, with the right hand. They spin walking, tending their flocks, or chatting round their evening fires. The yarn is collected on the stick, and from it coarse blankets are made, which are the chief covering of these natives, male and female. The blanket envelops the person in a not ungraceful

manner, and is fastened with large pins, so as to leave the limbs perfectly free. On the women it comes down to the feet, but the men wear it tucked up. A single blanket is generally the only garment.

In this valley, we found small fields of the red-top plant often called "cockscomb," growing as a cereal, for bread. Other grains do not grow at this altitude. We found hickory and buckeye trees. Nearing camp at the village of Kartee, we passed a small water-mill turning out coarse flour. In all the plains, grinding for the million is done with little hand-mills, consisting of two stones, not over a foot and a half in diameter and two or three inches thick. This is the "mill" of the Bible. In the mountains, we find an improvement on this, the stones being somewhat larger, and turned by water. A rude dam is thrown across the stream, and a "race" conveys the water to the spot, sufficiently high for the "fall," where the water, running down a grooved log, strikes a horizontal wheel obliquely, so as to put it in motion, which is communicated to the little buhr-stones above.

Kartee is the limit of habitation up the river. In the Summer months the natives go up and graze sheep beyond this, but hurry down when the snow begins to fall. We got some very good honey here, produced in genuine "bee-gums"—hollow trees sawed off, just as I have seen them in the United States. Evening came, clear and calm, and the voices of children driving home their flocks of sheep, goats, and cows, resounded merrily enough

along the mountain. They were attended by dogs of the shepherd type. One large flock of sheep and goats was led by a very small child.

Three more marches would take us to the snows. It is a labor much greater to reach the top of the Himalayas than in other mountains. Here is what may be called a continent of mountains. You must travel for days, cross large streams, and climb lofty mountain ranges, before you reach the highest or snowy range. *Himalaya*—abode of snow—is its true name.

At early morn, we were on the *qui vive*. Opening day gave us a grand view of the mountain. Towering above us, first came out a pinnacle of gold, then a colossal spire; then, as the clouds were more completely lifted away, the vast wedge of purest white, seen the evening before, was again unveiled. Tinseled, filmy clouds floated lightly about the highest peaks. Higher still mounted the king of day, while stream after stream, and flash after flash, came the cheery sunlight over the nearer peaks and down the valleys.

In physique, our coolies were a fine set of fellows. Some of them had Chinese faces; and we found, on inquiry, that they were from families that in former generations came over the mountains from Thibet, and amalgamated with people on this side of the mountains.

On we trudged, through feathery bamboos, near the stream that forever roared its deep diapason in our ears, mingled at times with the shrill fife tones of some feathered whistler, happy in the overhanging

branches. At one point, we got word of three bears that had been seen in the morning. They had carried away some goats, and we saw freshly turned-up earth, where bears had been digging for roots. Our guns were put in order—more, it is frankly confessed for defensive than offensive purposes; for we had heard too much of offended bears wreaking summary vengeance on those who had molested them, to think, for mere sport, of trying a shot on customers of such even-handed justice. But the unanimous conclusion was, that if a bear rash enough should invade us, then we would fire, by all means. These bears, as a rule, are harmless enough till wounded, when they often become desperate and very dangerous. Cases, too, are on record where they have been the aggressors. An officer was hunting, and came suddenly upon a large bear that was quietly turning up the leaves, hunting for roots and nuts. Eying the man for a moment with evident surprise at his intrusion, it charged at him up the slope. A hasty shot merely grazed bruin's head and sharply scratched his back, at which he roared with rage and rushed on, hair erect and open mouth, and received a second ball in the breast just in time to roll him over dead, and prevent the dreaded "hug." We saw no bears, perhaps to our mutual satisfaction and welfare.

We found a large patch of delicious raspberries. The bushes were almost without thorns, with large leaves, more like those of the grape-vine than the leaves of the American raspberry. The fruit, however, was quite the same. Farther on, a magnificent cascade came bounding down the mountain side in a triple

stream, and chimed its ceaseless roar with the deep-toned music of the river near by. Beneath an overhanging ledge of rocks, the guide pointed out three large combs, covered with bees. He said that the villagers descend by a rope and gather honey here. In India, bees build their comb in the open air, and thus store away their coveted sweets.

Pushing on, we crossed the turbulent river by a rude, narrow bridge, that swayed like a pendulum as we crossed the rushing, whirling water. Here we sat down and had a lunch. I was interested and amused at the facility with which the coolies prepared their food. A man gathered up a few pine drift-sticks from the edge of the stream, and, whipping out his steel and a bit of quartz, had a fire in a moment. Another ground up a few spices with a stone, on a smooth rock, while a third man dashed a few handfuls of water from the stream on a flat stone, washing it a little, and proceeded to knead some flour for cakes. Before we were half through with our prepared lunch of biscuits, cheese, sardines, etc., they had baked and eaten their bread, and were sunning their brawny bodies on the rocks. These mountaineers are active, shifting fellows. Each man carries a piece of quartz and bit of steel, with which they are all experts in quickly striking a fire.

Nearing camp, we had to recross the river by a bridge of two logs that had been reported broken down. It was still standing, but hanging with a dangerous slant. I looked at the thundering, surging turmoil of water that rushed beneath, and tried to calculate the chances of swimming ashore, should

the bridge break down. It seemed certain death to tumble into that flood; but the coolies, heavily laden, had gone over, so we ventured safely. It was raining when we reached camp, a place wild and grand. The roaring torrent; the lofty, castellated rocks; the dizzy, far-reaching heights, covered with symmetrical pines; the general air of wild and rugged nature that surrounded us, formed a scene never to be forgotten.

Near sunset, the rain ceased, and the mighty frame-work of the mountain broke out in a slow, curling fog, giving the whole the appearance of a vast, smoldering conflagration, as the fog rose, here and there, from the rocky clefts and gorges, far up the cliffs and wooded monntain sides. It was an awe-inspiring sight, as the flames seemed just ready to break forth from tremendous internal fires. The fog cleared away, and the beams of the setting sun streamed through the peaks and gleamed along the rocky crags in gorgeous tinselings. Far up among the rocks, a sure-footed *thar* (a kind of wild goat) was seen, quietly cropping the soft tufts of grass. With a roaring fire of pine sticks before the tent door, we "turned in" for the night, and slept sweetly beneath that dripping canvas.

The dull patter of the rain on the canvas and the rocks, with the ceaseless roar of the stream below our tent, was the first sound that greeted us in the morning. The guide brought us a quantity of hazel-nuts in the husk. Having breakfasted, we were off in the rain, so desirous were we to reach the abode of eternal snow. Tramp, tramp, tramp

we went along the narrow defiles by the side of the resounding stream, with our alpenstocks clicking on the rocks, and a long line of coolies before us, undulating along the winding path like an immense serpent. The softly falling rain ceased, and columns of fog rolled up the gorges and hung gloomily about the frowning crags and overhanging cliffs.

Chilly breezes began now to blow upon us from above, and we knew that the snows were at hand. We passed an immense drift, lying over the stream, which had cut its way below, and emerged from beneath an arch so regular in its curve that it seemed a work of art. A cloud caught us here in its chilly folds, and again drizzling rain began to fall. We donned our water-proofs, and pulled them tightly about us; for we were not simply rained upon, but seemed to be immersed in the rain and the cloud.

This being our last march, it was important that we get well within reach of the glacier, which must be visited from our last camping-place. We halted within three miles of the glacier, this being the nearest point where wood can be obtained. It is most important to have fire in these damp, icy regions. Our little tent was pitched in the rain, clothing was changed, a good fire set ablaze in front of the tent, and we were soon snug and comfortable, patiently waiting for our dinner, preparations for which were going hopefully forward. When we halted, we were without kitchen or fire-place, and no wood but the wet, ungathered branches of pine-trees, and our fire the spark waiting to be struck from the flint; and yet, in an hour, we sat down to a capital dinner.

Meanwhile, I had lain down on my cot to enjoy the fire at the tent door and indulge a nap. The rain ceased its dull patter on the well-soaked canvas; and, from the half-conscious margin of sleep just stealing over me, I was suddenly called back by Knowles exclaiming, in tones of intense admiration: "O, come and see! Come quick—*quick!*" Out I hurried, followed by Dr. Harris; and there Knowles, with uplifted hands and dilated eyes, was peering away in the direction of the snows. The clouds and fog, which had, during the day, almost to that moment, shut out all before us, were suddenly, like a vast curtain, lifted away; and what a scene! The intrinsic poverty of language is felt at such a time. The grand perception fills and thrills one, but finds no adequate description. There are sublime scenes before which silence seems most befitting.

What a panorama of snow-mantled mountains had been in a moment unveiled before us! Peaks shot up against the sky, white as alabaster. Immense drifts, hundreds of feet high, were piled along cliffs, upon the black, scarped sides of which the snow could not lie; while, down the yawning gorges, long trails of pure snow and ice had descended far below the general snow-line. In some places, long, wide slopes of dazzling snow were curiously marked with lengthened *striæ*, where bits of ice or stones had been sliding down. There was *Devi Kote* (house of the goddess), the loftiest peak of them all, thrust like a vast marble tower against the sky. Around and on it were regions where no mortal can penetrate. What wonder that the

imagination of the natives makes it the home of a goddess, and peoples it with divinities? The terrestrial seemed here blended with the celestial world. Earth, in vast snowy stalagmites, was piled into heaven. Although more than five miles away, so pure is the atmosphere in those elevated regions, this sublime scene did not seem more than a few hundred feet distant. We gazed till gathering fog, and then night, drew a veil over all.

The next morning, we were early on the *qui vive*, pushing forward to see the glacier and stand amid "eternal snows." It was still foggy, and the stunted shrubbery and long silky grass and matted strawberry-vines were dripping wet. Tramp, tramp—click, click—as we thread the stony foot-path, with our alpenstocks clicking and picking against the rocks. Now we pass an immense snow-drift, thrown like a great arched marble causeway over the rushing water. Just beyond is a wide, dark fissure in the lofty wall of rock, like a great door, leading, the guide can not tell where. But Nunda Devi, the goddess, used to live there; for he and companions had ventured as far as the door, and, by a sacrilegious peep into the rocky antechamber, they had seen sundry vessels and packages lying about. Since then these were removed and piled up "just there;" and we were shown, in a niche high up on the vast facade of rock, some stones, looking as if stowed away there by the annoyed divinity, quite out of the reach of mortals.

By and by the rising sun began to roll the fog away and gild the clear-cut peaks with gold. One

after another they emerged from that sea of mist, till the sublime array stood before us. Higher rose the sun, pouring floods of light down the gorges choked with descending snow and ice. Now we reach the "terminal moraine," from which the glacier at this season had retreated, leaving a mass of pebbles, bowlders, and striated rocks. But what a disappointment overtook us! A great cloud came rolling up the valley behind us, solemn and slow, nearer and nearer, till it wrapped us and the glacier and all that mountain scene in its damp, misty vesture, and shut out the cheer of that friendly sun. We could see, with some distinctness, about fifty yards. Our guide tried to comfort us by saying, "It often happens thus here." We determined to explore the glacier nevertheless, and ascended the right lateral moraine, which was upward of a hundred feet high, resembling an immense military earth-work built of gravel and great bowlders. Some of these, weighing a score of tons, were lying on the crest, just ready to topple over; and we had a merry time helping some to a descent, and cheering as they rolled and dashed away with terrific bounds to the ice-covered valley below.

Moving cautiously forward on the glacier, we passed medial moraines, apparently forced up from below by the grinding together of the edges of two immense ice-fields. The stones were crushed and pulverized by the incalculable pressure to which they were subjected in the downward progress of this sea of ice. As we advanced, the accumulation of stones on the surface of the ice became less, and

it presented a variety of colors, green, blue, and, in some places, almost black. We crossed considerable streams that had cut channels in the ice. As we leaped over one of these, Knowles slipped, and barely escaped a fall into the icy depth. His alpen-stock went to the bottom.

The fog still enveloped us; but occasional rifts revealed the mighty frame-work of the mountains piled on our right and left. Sharp, crashing sounds and heavy intonations at times reverberated around us, caused by avalanches, or the cracking of the ice-fields. We reached a large plain of ice, free from pebbles and stones, over which clear brooks rippled along their crystal beds, and in places flashed and gurgled down into frightful fissures. The natives have a superstition that to drink this water produces madness. These brooks are formed by the melting of snow and ice at this season. Collected, they form in places considerable streams, that rush furiously along their glassy floors at the bottom of deep crevasses.

The thawing had produced most charming effects. Large bowlders were supported on curiously carved pedestals of ice. Fairy niches and moldings adorned the sides of curious fissures. Basins of the clearest water, scooped in the icy surface, lay around us. One immense pool of pure water sounded fearfully deep when a stone was hurled into it.

Dimly, through the cloud that rested on the glacier, waves and billows of ice were seen rising in front of us. The guide said we had gone farther then than others ever went; and, a drizzling shower

setting in, we began to return. Leaving the glacier, we lengthened our eager steps toward the place where breakfast was to be prepared. It was an unfavorable day for visiting the glacier. We determined, if a clear day dawned, to go back, in hope of a better and more extended view.

Morning came, but not clear. Nevertheless, so desirous were we to see more of the glacier, that thither again we climbed, hoping for a better day. Nor was it hope in vain. The welcome beams of the rising sun began to illume that vast sea of fog, and it surged and rolled up from the deep valleys and gorges, clung and lingered for a time around the crags and peaks, and vanished into air. Then what a scene was around and before us! One view like that amply repaid any journey. We had entered the valley where we had breakfasted the day before. Then our fog-dimmed vision revealed nothing of its magnificence, nor of the vast amphitheater of snow-clad mountains towering away to the sky.

Where we walked was a thick sward of grass and strawberry-vines, sprinkled with bright yellow blossoms, and the purple flowers of wild geraniums. Farther up the snowy slopes began, leading to heights where awful drifts were piled and wreathed, till Devi Kote, the house of the goddess, and her sisterhood of peaks, glittering in the morning sun, crowned the whole. In some places the bases of these peaks were skirted with vast piles of snow *débris*. The vastness of every thing produced overpowering emotions, as we leaned on our climbing-

poles and surveyed our surroundings. Save the ceaseless plash of cascades, and the murmur of large streams that emerged from the glacier, no sound was heard. The solitude was grand.

Near by, a rude altar of unhewn stones marked the place where offerings are made to the goddess of these wonderful mountains. The guide told us that goats are sacrificed here.

Moving forward, I was struck with the position of the strata, which overlapped one another like huge tiles or shingles, till the top one disappeared over the mountain range.

The glacier now came in full view, from the terminal moraine, where it has registered in a great line of bowlders its farthest advance down the valley, up over the hillocks of ice and crystal plain beyond, and away still in what seemed to be frozen billows, farther and higher, up to the blended peaks and sky. The whole was like a mighty river, which, plunging down its mountain bed, had been suddenly frozen up, fixing every ripple and crested wave fast in the icy embrace.

Long years can not efface the impression of such a sight. The entire length of the glacier, over the terminal hillocks of ice and the glassy plain beyond, and up over the great frozen billows that lay piled away up to the sky, was at least nine miles.

Moving up a moraine, we had a grand view of the glacier nearer its source. What appeared from below to be frozen waves and billows were crags and ledges formed by the cracking and thawing of the glacier. Finding myself some distance in advance,

I sat down on a bowlder, and swept, with wondering eye, the sublime scene around, above, below. Far down the valley, the head of a white column of cloud appeared, moving rapidly round a steep flank of the mountain. On it comes up the great, gorge-like valley, surging upward and expanding outward till it shuts out all below, veils in its vast folds the rocks and snow-clad mountain sides, and, rapidly mounting higher still, hides all the lofty peaks and blots out the sun! Did mortal ever before behold such a scene? It was not dark, but we were submerged in a kind of somber, semi-luminous mist. Thirty or forty paces was the limit of vision; yet, immediately at hand, it was somewhat clear.

A drizzling rain began to fall, or rather to circulate; for an umbrella was but little protection against it. Clothing, hair, and beard were soon saturated with this floating rain. No wonder a feeling of awe was inspired, away there in the clouds, amid such surroundings. Beyond a few yards, sight was of no avail, while dismal and abysmal sounds, caused by the bursting of the ice, the plunge anon of avalanches, in the absence of vision, combined to produce a portentous and awe-inspiring effect. Stupendous, unseen powers seemed to be rallying and hurtling in the gloom-dimmed air. The confused murmur of waters, distant far below, gave a sensation of being suspended over an abysmal vortex of terrific depth, while the blue sky or clouds above, that form a grateful resting-place for the eye in looking upward, was displaced by a somber, hazy expanse, stretching away into infinity. The feeling

was of isolation in a trackless, infinite expanse. I thought of Paul's personifications of height and depth as terrors that, however appalling, can not separate or frighten the soul away from the love of Jesus; and I breathed a prayer that the day may speedily come when such a love will bind the millions of India to him.

Dr. Harris came up; and, while we were lamenting the turn in the day, which had cut off our opportunity of seeing more of the glacier and its surroundings, suddenly the rain ceased, the shadowy mist grew more luminous, gradually the sun came out nearly overhead, the fog faded away, and all that stupendous scene was again before us! We surveyed it long, and with fascinated gaze.

It was now past midday. We had seen enough. Partaking of a hasty lunch, we began to return, pushing on rapidly, in view of the walk we had before us. We passed, near the edge of the glacier, an immense, yawning sub-ice passage, into which a stone was rolled, with an echoing and resounding noise, indicating great depth. Near the terminal moraine, we found a little black flower, the first specimen of this color I had ever seen. The Doctor's botanical proclivities impeded us considerably; and what with stopping to gaze, fascinated anew by the gorgeous display of some splendid cascade; and halting, spell-bound by the wild charm of some mountain rapids, we got on slowly enough in the end. We reached the camp in the evening, very weary from walking and climbing. We spent a cheery evening in our little tent, before a glowing

fire of pine sticks. Wrapping ourselves up in our blankets, and lulled to sleep by the ceaseless intonation of rushing and falling water, we slept soundly and sweetly.

And now, indulgent reader, it is not in our programme, interesting as it might be, to take you with us in the details of our return trip. You may be glad to know, however, that we got safely out of the mountains. It was down, down, down, until our knees ached with the journey. The weather was delightful when we got below the region of the clouds. As we passed to the lower and outer Himalayas, I was struck with the fact that mountain scenery, which, on our ascent, had looked rugged and sublime, now seemed petty and tame by contrast. Late one evening, we passed through some pine-clad hills, with waterless ravines, and apparently not a bird among all those grand old trees. Noiseless and calm, I thought what a world this would be without a chirping bird or babbling brook. From Almorah, the old Ghurka capital, we passed to Nynee Tal, reaching the mission-house, by a different route, late in the evening. I felt that the cool mountain air, and that wholesome, vigorous exercise, had put new life and tone into every limb and muscle.

It remains to add that the glacier, and all that sublime mountain scenery, did not impress me as much with a sense of the presence and power of God as does the ordinary and more quiet state of nature in a level country. The vastness of mountains, and the manifest power of the tremendous

forces so openly at work in the glacier, the avalanche, the rushing mountain torrent, impress some persons with the existence of an Almighty Being; but the unseen power that silently carpets the verdant slopes and plains, clothes the fruitful fields with the waving, golden crop, well adapted food for man and beast, develops noiselessly the luscious fruit of vine and shrub and tree, and molds and paints, with manifest and curious design, a thousand blooming flowers—all this ever impresses me more with the existence and presence of the omnipotent, all-wise Author of nature.

APPENDIX.

GENERAL STATISTICS OF PROTESTANT MISSION-WORK IN INDIA.

NOTE.—Every decade, statistics of all missions in India, Ceylon, and Burmah are collected. The last were to the end of 1871. Some of these items are close approximations to present facts. The missionary agency of India can here be seen at a glance:

Population of India, according to last census,	300,000,000
Languages spoken,	23
Missionary Societies at work,	35
Missionaries employed,	600
Native Ordained Preachers,	381
Native Lay Preachers,	2,528
Native Pupils in School,	143,192
Of these, Girls and Young Women,	26,611
Female Missionary Societies at work,	4
Mission Presses,	25
Bible Societies,	8
Tract Societies,	11
Native Christian Communicants,	85,000
Native Christian Population,	330,000
Increase in ten years,	61 per cent.

At this rate, the Protestant native Christian population of India in one hundred and thirty years will be 138,000,000!

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH MISSION,

END OF 1874.

Native Christian Full Members,	1,145
Probationers,	787
Total,	1,932

Local Preachers,	37
Number of Sunday-schools,	126
Sunday-school Scholars,	5,438
Day-schools,	204
Scholars,	7,577

BOMBAY AND BENGAL MISSION.

UNDER REV. WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Full Members (chiefly Europeans),	718
Probationers " "	524
Total,	1,242

GLOSSARY OF SOME INDIAN WORDS.

It has not been deemed best to encumber this book with any rigid system of spelling and pointing the vernacular words used. Typographical perplexity would have been entailed, and but little practical advantage secured to the reader. The common orthography of these words has been used. For reference in recalling their meaning, generally given where the word first was used, and for accurate pronunciation, this glossary is inserted. Mark that in pronunciation á is long, as in far; o is long; u is short, as in cut; ú is long, as in tune.

Bazaar, or **Bázár**. A market-place or trading-street.
Bungalow (**Bunglá**). A thatched or tiled house.
Bunyá. A grain merchant or grocer.
Bráhmin. A Hindu of the highest caste; priest.
Chapatee (**Chupátee**). A thin cake of unbolted flour.
Chaupál. A common sitting or lodging-place in a village.
Coolie, or **Cooly**. A burden-carrier; common laborer.
Dooly (**Dúlee**). A conveyance for traveling, carried on the shoulders of coolies, like the palanquin.
Fakeer (**Fukeer**). A beggar, or religious mendicant.
Gáli (**Gálee**). Vile, obscene abuse.
Hukka, or **Hookka** (oo as in foot). A native pipe.
Jungle (**Jungul**). A forest, wilderness, desert.
Korán. The pretended revelation of Mohammed.
Lotá. A small vessel for fluids; drinking-vessel.
Maulvy (**Maulvee**). A Mohammedan teacher.

Moslem. A Mohammedan, meaning faithful.
Musalmán. A Mohammedan.
Pádre. A common word in India for clergyman. It is of Portuguese origin.
Pálánquin. A covered conveyance, carried by coolies.
Pice. A copper coin, value something less than a cent.
Pundit. A Hindu teacher.
Rúpee. A silver coin, value nearly a half-dollar.
Sáhib. Sir, gentleman, lord.
Salám. Peace, a word of salutation or adieu.
Sepoy. A native soldier.
Sháster. A sacred philosophical book of the Hindus.
Tahsildár. Native collector of revenues.
Zemindár (Zemeendár). A farmer land-holder.

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